Sept. 30, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Black Comedy—Odd doings during an electrical blackout in South Kensington. A funny invention of Peter Shaffer, which is preceded, alack, by a curtain-raiser called "White Lies" that isn't up to Mr. Shaffer's par. As directed by John Dexter, the cast in "Black Comedy" cannot be faulted. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter casting a cold eye at some curious events in a North London slum. Although the play hasn't much coherence, the actors are worth watching. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 14.)

The Unknown Soldier and His Wife—Peter Ustinov's attempt at a satire on war through the ages fritters away whatever force it might have had into facetiousness. There are, however, quite a few entertaining spots, and the performances are generally good. That of Brian Bedford, as a recurring general, is especially good. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—Four plays by Robert Anderson that concentrate determinedly on sex. Mr. Anderson's creations are sometimes funny but not overly original. However, there is not a thing wrong with the cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon—and the direction, by Alan Schneider, is entirely satisfactory. Starting Monday, Oct. 2, Kathleen Dabney will replace Miss Dillon. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—CACTUS FLOWER: Abe Burrows' study of a slow-blooming dental nurse. Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **DON'T DRINK THE WATER:** A Jewish family from Newark behind the Iron Curtain. Put together by Woody Allen and featuring Lou Jacobi and Peggy Cass. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Dr. Cook's Garden—Burl Ives and Keir Dullea in a melodrama written and directed by Ira Levin. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Keep It in the Family—A play by Bill Naughton, with Patrick Magee and Maureen O'Sullivan. Allan Davis is the director. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Hallelujah, Baby!—Leslie Uggams makes a commendable first appearance on Broadway in this show. The libretto (weak) is offset to some extent by the amiable lyrics of Betty Comden and Adolph Green and the easygoing music of Jule Styne. Miss Uggams has the help of a sprightly cast that includes Allen Case, Billy Dee Williams, and Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri as one of those lovable prostitutes, in an adaptation of the movie "Never on Sunday." Pleasant music and plenty of manly jigging, but not much real substance. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Long Runs—THE APPLE TREE: A musical taken from short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. With Barbara Harris, Alan Alda, and Larry Blyden. Carmen Alvarez substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CABARET:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Betty Grable now has the role of Mrs. Zelia Nuttall. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **I DO! I DO!:** Mary Martin and Robert Preston are the entire cast of this highly sentimental account of a half century of marriage. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35.)... **MAME:** Angela Lansbury in an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Song of the Grasshopper—A comedy adapted from the Spanish of Alfonso Paso. Alfred Drake heads a cast under the direction of Charles Bowden. Opens Thursday, Sept. 28. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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The Birthday Party—Harold Pinter's British play, with Ruth White, Henderson Forsythe, and James Patterson. Alan Schneider is the director. Previews through Monday, Oct. 2. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 3. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Minor Adjustment—A Canadian comedy by Eric Nicol; the cast includes William Redfield and Austin Willis. Staged by Henry Kaplan. Previews through Thursday, Oct. 5. Opens officially on Friday, Oct. 6. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **THE MAGIC FLUTE,** in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Arms and the Man—A revival of Shaw's comedy. The performance just about gets by, but the play, now over seventy years old, is as fresh as paint. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—No apostrophe is used in the possessive pronouns his, hers, its, ours, yours, and theirs. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jonah!—A comedy by T. J. Spencer. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—David Atkinson is now playing the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Now Is the Time for All Good Men—A musical with book and lyrics by Gretchen Cryer and a score by Nancy Ford. Directed by Word Baker. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. No performances Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Oct. 4-5.)

The Poker Session—A play by Hugh Leonard,

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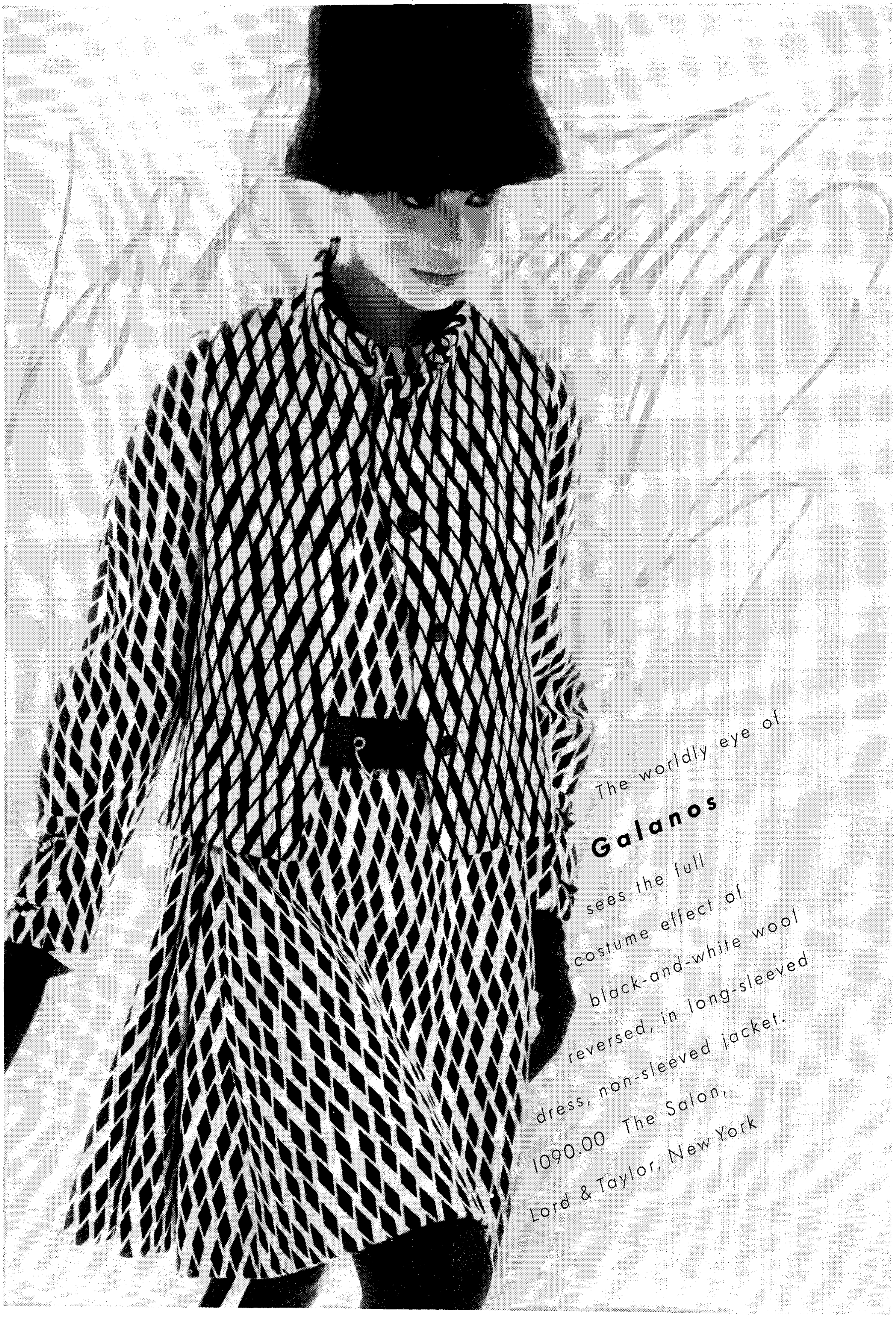

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

imported from Ireland. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Stephen D.—Stephen Joyce and William Prince in the adaptation by Hugh Leonard of two of James Joyce's autobiographical novels ("A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and "Stephen Hero"). Originally seen in Dublin. James D. Waring is the director. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This musical adaptation of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts" is a total delight. The songs, by Clark Gesner; the libretto, by John Gordon; the setting, by Alan Kimmel; the direction, by Joseph Hardy; and all the actors are fine, too. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday, Sept. 28, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Nightwings," "Elegy," and "Cello Concerto."... ¶ Friday, Sept. 29, at 8:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Opus 65," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 2:30: "Donizetti Variations," "Elegy," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8:30: "Pas de Dix," "Incubus," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 1, at 2:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Astarte," and "Con Amore."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Moves," "Sea Shadow," "Astarte," and "Cakewalk." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (CI 6-8989.)

Lado, Yugoslav National Dance and Folk Ensemble—A company of fifty dancers, singers, and musicians, appearing here for the first time, in a two-week engagement that starts Tuesday, Oct. 3, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 15. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays at 8:30; *opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays* and Sundays at 2:30.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Cantabile," "Giselle Pas de Deux," "Dance for Three People," "Devanagari," and "Schubertiaden." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Moscow Circus—Russia's celebrated big top, with Igor Kio the illusionist, a juggler on horseback, stilt jumpers and acrobats, bike-riding bears, and dancing dogs, among other performers of feats of skill and daring. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 4, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 15. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 5:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 1:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Julie London, often leading from strength, is onstage in the Royal Box, where she does a dinner and supper session of song. The intervals between are filled full by the knowing orchestra of Lee Evans. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—As before, there is a Billy Reed to lean on as he patrols his refectory and (from nine until two every evening but Sunday and Monday) his small *palais de danse*.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—A life of ease is the sole objective of the couples who inhabit the floor of the restaurant. The music comes from a Cliff Hall band, which carries on from eight until one or two every evening but Sunday and Monday.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Considered by many fanciers of night school to be an absolutely required course. The instructors are the bands belonging to Lester Lanin and George Anaya, which never pause between eight and three-thirty. No classes on Sunday.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre is not yet an institution accredited by the Ivy League, but the curriculums are the same. Ben Cutler's Yale boys are on the bandstand seven nights a week. Lest Homer and the other old-school metropolitans nod between sets, a guitarist of Brazilian fervor turns himself on.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Nancy Ames serves as décor and oriole in the Persian Room. Her operations embrace both the dinner and the supper hour. The jaunty bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte *are at play there all evening long.* Closed Sundays.... ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the arsenal of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, which is the nineteenth century at the pinnacle of perfection, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room.... ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender light begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. No music Sunday nights.

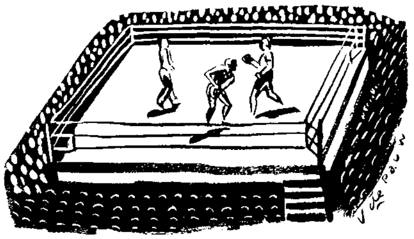
Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The blast furnace operated by Jonah Jones is cunningly designed to resemble a trumpet—a trick that fools no listener. His foursome begins at nine, and Phil Wayne's trio starts bringing up the room temperature at seven. Curfew does not arrive until two. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—Smash hits are the only ones that Buddy Rich, just about the dean of his profession, ever makes *on his collection of drums, and so his band is* always in the pleasant position of surpassing itself. He and it are solely for listening, at about nine and midnight; Frank Foster's orchestra, which arrives at eight and quits at two, takes care of the dance tunes. No music Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A welcome sign of autumn is Julie Wilson picking flowers (some of them roses and some of them snapdragons) at dinner and supper in the Maisonette. She sings every night but Sunday, which is likewise time off *for the catnip band of George Cort and the* Latin staff of Quintero. On Monday, Oct. 2, she will be replaced by Marni Nixon, a disembodied voice on film who at last has a chance to speak and sing for herself.... ¶ La Boite, the across-the-way peace haven, simmers ever so quietly to the piano of Carey Gregory. Six to one-thirty is its span of office. He takes Thursday and Sunday off.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Allotments from the Fresh Air Fund are disbursed among the trees and fireflies of the outdoor terrace, along with nourishment and music, on whatever nights the weather behaves like a gentleman. Two small bands serve as crickets from, say, seven until one or more. No music Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—While crowned heads fret about cultural exchange, Gilbert Bécaud, who appears at dinner and supper in the Empire Room, is already at work on his own program for it, demonstrating how the best influences in French and American music of the moment can commingle to their mutual benefit. His equipment is simply his own dramatic tenor and piano, plus an incomparable sextet of fellow-Parisians and their weaponry, mostly strings. In between times, Charles Turecamo's orchestra sounds off. Closed Sundays. ... ¶ Horace Diaz, early settler in this town, runs a dance trio in Peacock Alley. Eight or nine until one or two is the scheme during the week; Sundays, it is five to ten; Mondays and Tuesdays are silent. Every day but Saturday and Sunday, there is piano in another part of the Alley from four until ten.



Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Nice (in every way) is the going here, for the floor is huge and unnecessary violence in choreography is forbidden. The setting is plain but painstaking; the menu is token. Two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. For insatiables, there is a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): An off-campus campus that looks after a whole bunch of people who knew each other when and seem rather glad about it. The music for the reunion is piano, piano, piano the whole night through—by Goldie Hawkins and his valiant aide, Wayne Sanders. Closed Sundays.... **jamaica arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A snug, shipshape West Indie, visited every night from dinner time until after the theatre by a troubadour who sings in the choicest broken-Jamaica dialect.... **chucks' composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): You're only young a thousand times—this is the attitude of the boy and girl workers in the communications arts who gather here. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the holding forth with great glee. No music Sundays.... **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri's portrayal of the wickedest woman in Paris (done mostly from the top deck of a piano) is all fool and a yard wide, which is how the guests in her small drawing room like it. She chants at dinner during the week, at dinner and supper Friday and Saturday, and—as a good Greek—never on Sunday. Leisurely dance music commences at eight. ... **chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Where the gypsy caravans of Hungary have rested, though never in complete silence. After the zimbalons and fiddles have had their say, Béla Babai's band does dance music and Tibor Rakossy does ballads of importunity. Closed Mondays.... **waverly lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Hubble-bubble happens in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night.... **tamburlaine,** 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): The setting is Outer, or Upper, Mongolia, with touches of Upper Montclair; the dance music, which runs from eight-thirty until one-thirty, is (most of the time) insistent. Mondays, though, it is both subtle and succulent, for then Billy Rubenstein's piano embellishes it. Another improvement, operating from six to eight, Mondays through Fridays, is Allan Haig, whose piano is a thing of beauty as well as of bounty. Closed Sundays.... **kippys,** 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): A higher standard for the Broadway way of life, with (in the above-stairs annex) George Taylor contributing his lush-life piano and song from nine until two every evening but Sunday.... **new york hilton,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Unancient Rome is the hallmark of the Roman Pub, but it's a handsome Rome all the same, gathered about a tiny dance floor. A threesome paced by the precise piano of Joan St. James is usually in action from five-thirty to seven-thirty and from nine-thirty to one-thirty, but it skips the early set on Saturday and everything on Sunday. No more than tidbits for the internally hungry. ... **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Scratch a waiter and you'll find a tenor whose mother tongue is Italian. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

drake room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie when Cy Walter addresses himself to the piano

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that, from a gentle slope, surveys this lordly manor. This act of beneficence takes place from the cocktail hour until one every night but Sunday, when Allan Haig serves instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle is a put-on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The same king's second retreat, likewise in a put-on mood, and circumnavigated by the fiddle of George Cardini, an incurable romanticist. He stays away Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A long-range, considered, but still extremely fond view of an eternal city from a terraced villa in Frascati. Musicians whose term of duty is seven-thirty until two take part. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The watchmen of the night along this stretch of the Via Veneto are again the ambulatory musicians under the bow and baton of Herman Honigsberg, master fiddler; the listeners are an outgoing lot. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park is again illuminated by the hand-carved piano of Steven Weltner, who is on duty from six-thirty until one, except on Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties have more than a bowing acquaintance in a town house that makes no concessions to the ravages of modern times. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells. No music Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): What the well-dressed bar and restaurant will wear. From five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, someone diligently plies a piano, every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy has returned to the mannerly piano beside the bar in the grand salon-restaurant. No music Sundays or Mondays.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Practically a closed circuit to anyone without a promissory note from the booking office. The eye of the booked beholder grows dizzy as it follows the free-form footwork of the often enchanted young champions. Some of the music comes out of wax containers, some of it comes out of people—the All Night Workers, who will be replaced, on Tuesday, Oct. 3, by the rocking-folk crew called the Third Bardo; a reward will go to anyone who can detect the difference. Nine until four is the rule; a slight bill of fare is offered. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The dance music, crisp and commanding, flows from storage batteries, but the characters onstage (Walter Wanderley's threesome, which is high-decibel Brazilian) are real enough. Dining in proper fashion. Closed Sundays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Mid pleasures and palaces, mostly Roman Mod—in both décor and dress. It must be looked for behind an unmarked door. The eclectic music is from the grooves of Academe. It is open every night, from nine-thirty to three-thirty. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): When the rock and roll is called up yonder, the boy and girl pinwheels who spin in this cave of the winds will be the prize-winners there, too. The music to which they twirl is live enough to be just about livid. Eight until three is the usual schedule, but Sundays begin at three in the afternoon. Cheetah is in the temperance zone. . . . **WHEELS**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A sort of super-motor inn, whose décor is wheels (all the way from automobile to jukebox) whirling like dervishes from six until late in the morning. Since Herbert Jacoby, last of the Blue Angel, is the mad inventor thereof, the inn is a cabaret, too—Amanda Ambrose, who braids piano and lyrics together into shimmery night-people sound; the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble, which does what is expected of it. . . . **ELECTRIC CIRCUS**, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): This spaceship, tenuously moored to earth, is a *son et lumière* that gives one pause but also amusement. The occasional circus acts, seemingly as spontaneous as the light cues, are just as entertaining. Though the lighting effects are all fermented, none of the available beverages are. The hours are eight-thirty until three or four, every night. . . . **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Certain formalities are to be gone through, such as dressing like little ladies and little gentlemen, but the music (nine until early morn) is as vibrant as any, though not at the top of any lungs. Supper, too. Closed Sundays.

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BIG AND BRASSY

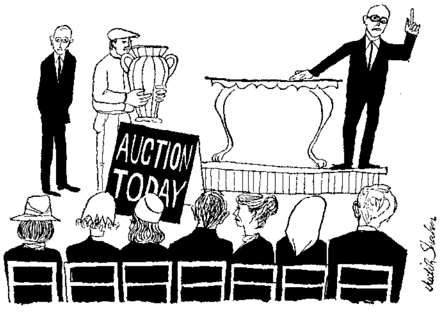
(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Moon-and-June, love and skies-above comprise the Basic English of Jerry Vale's lyrics, which he miraculously manages to intone as he skips rope; Pat Cooper barks commands to laugh in a drill sergeant's voice; the Copa ballerinas, a likely lot at the moment, are out again and again for fall practice. On Thursday, Oct. 5, a tremendous change of pace and grace—Miss Peggy Lee, who knows more than anyone else about the care and feeding of both come-hither and get-lost ballads. Twice a night, for time immemorial. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the bar-lounge, music starts whooping and dooping at ten, and is not likely to stop. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Dear Lisa, Magda, Melba, Juliet, Pattie, Ingrid, Toni, and the rest of the beauties unadorned (yes, indeed, unadorned) who live in the extravaganza known as "Maid in Paris," may you always stay as young and gay as you are tonight. The only fly in the ornament is Red Buttons, whose jokes should be sent at once to the cleaner's. Twice a night, and every night. Dancing. On Wednesday, Oct. 4, Sid Caesar will replace Mr. Buttons.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

CHÂTEAU MADRID, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A fine body of men known as Los Chavales de España applies a great deal of jubilant body Spanish to its stamping, cavorting, and flirting songs; a set of ballerinas aids their cause, and a brace of bands urges the guests into quite a spate of exhibition dancing. Dining, too. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Emilio Prados, which will have you marching through Iberia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Vaughn Meader, speaking quite a few true words in jest, and Joanne Morgan, a pretty little thing with quite a few true words to sing, withdraw on Friday, Oct. 6. Next evening, Joan Rivers, who was held over at the analyst's all summer, returns to town to tell everyone what it was like back there. Nothing happens before ten any night, and nothing happens at all on Sunday. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Dark Horses," a very new Lilliputian revue with words and music and girls and boys, is in operation at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is impromptu entertainment by the staff of this quite casual bar.



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Devious and deceptive are the tricks played by the piano of Thelonious Monk, for they are all cut from whole, or Monk's, cloth. His foursome and the trio of Mose Allison, another pianist of uncommon imagination, take turns. Mondays are devoted to uprisings by the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The roster is sometimes subject to rapid change, but these bookings for the lower deck of this operation have an air of probability: Symphony Sid and his Latin-American bandsmen every Monday; the rest of the time, as far as Sunday, Oct. 1, Mongo Santamaria's marauding Latin band and the wit, or whatever it is, of Redd Foxx. On Friday, Oct. 6, Dick Gregory, who knows that right makes might, begins a two-day causerie on issues of the day. Gloria Lynne will be the soprano. . . . ¶ On the upper deck, Johnny Lytle's trio plays touch-and-go Mod music. Tuesdays are allotted to one-night-standers. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The minute pizza salon is picking on bands of more than its own size; to wit: Friday through Sunday, Sept. 29-Oct. 1, Donald Byrd-Duke Pearson's seventeen-man squadron; every Monday, Howard McGhee's mob, also seventeen strong. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's threesome walks with a springy step the length of the oval bar and brightens every inch of it. There is also interlude piano by Fran Thompson. Kickoff time is nine-fifteen. Mondays, everybody stays home. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The venerable powerhouse is getting along, and with power to burn, under the guidance of such as Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. Closed Sundays. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): The address is in the center of one of the new youth-for-joy-and-health cantons, and the slacks tide is in full flow among the customers. Tradition is likewise forsworn by the musicians. Right now, every night but Monday, Freddie Hubbard's Jazz Communicators is the responsible party, and on Monday it is Sun Ra's outerspacemen. On Tuesday, Oct. 3, Sonny Red's quintet replaces the Communicators. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): Grand (in every way) is the slam that Elvin Jones imposes on his timpani. His group, which has important contributions to make toward the welfare of contemporary music, includes Wilbur Ware. Nine to four is the curriculum offered every night but Monday. . . . **THE FRAMMIS**, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160): A new hearthstone to keep the faith warm. The music, which is Mood in mood, is concocted by Joel Shulman's piano and whoever looks, and sits, in. Every night but Sunday, from nine until late. Dinner. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The best of our Village coffee-and-ice-cream parlors starts out with a two-hour seminar at six. This is the work of Dr. Richard Ireland, who once more is doing E.S.P. demonstrations and getting R.S.V.P. messages from presumably occult patients in the audience. What happens later is usually folk music. Tuesdays are devoted to drop-ins. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current eternal-youth formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. Nine until two or three all week long is the program, except on Sundays, when the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Socie-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ty Jazz Band reports for duty as early as half past four in the afternoon. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Museum pieces. The largest is the 1906 truck chassis in which the rataplan band plays. Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy movies occur at times; beer, peanuts, and pretzels happen continually. There are Sunday matinées, too, beginning at five. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): The Talbot Brothers, the originators of Bermuda night life, begin a set of Sunday seminars, from five to nine (voice and instruments), on Oct. 1. Bring friends and nostalgia.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JACK BUSH—Recent works by a Canadian color-field painter; through Oct. 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CYNTHIA CARLSON, WILLIAM SCHWEDLER, AND WILLIAM WILEY—Paintings by three young artists seeking "a new metaphysics;" through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

RONNIE ELLIOTT—Abstract paintings created in response to jazz music; through Oct. 21. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERBERT FINK—Drawings by a well-known printmaker; through Oct. 14. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ELIAS FRIEDENSOHN—Large painting-constructions, hinged together and movable; through Oct. 14. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

GRIS, KLEE, AND PICASSO—Paintings and drawings; through Oct. 14. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ABRAHAM HARRITON—Oils, watercolors, and drawings by a veteran American artist; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

THEO HIOS—Oils, watercolors, and drawings by a faculty member; through Oct. 31. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Mondays through Wednesdays, 9 to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, 9 to 5.)

JACQUES HURTUBISE—Abstract paintings in repetitive patterns; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

DONALD KAUFMAN—Geometrical abstractions in one color but with variations in tone; through Oct. 14. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

JOHN LOBELL AND MICHAEL STEINER—An "environment," by an architect and a sculptor, that treats the gallery as a musical instrument responding to the movement of spectators through corridors; through Friday, Oct. 6. (Architectural League of New York, 41 E. 65th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

GEORGE MCNEIL—Paintings containing figurative elements by a veteran Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WARREN OWENS—Sculptures of rusted machine parts in an unlikely combination with shaped blue-white styrofoam; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARIA LUISA PACHECO—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROLAND PETERSEN—Landscapes and figures in heavy impasto by a California painter; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ELLEN SELDEN—First sculpture show, consisting of semi-abstract figurative bronzes by a painter; through Oct. 18. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

LENORE TAWNEY—Constructions, collages, woven forms, and drawings, with a leaning toward mystical concepts, by a former student of Archipenko; through Oct. 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURES—Marble and bronze pieces by Manzù, Viani, Consagra, and Somaini; through Oct. 14. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

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AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Thirty oil paintings and five drawings and prints representing outstanding movements among "Precursors of Modernism" from 1860 to 1930; through Nov. 12. (Daily, noon to 6.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.: The forty-second anniversary exhibition, including new works by George L. K. Morris, Robert Osborn, Abraham Rattner, and Ben Shahn; through Oct. 21. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FEIST**, 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.: Paintings and watercolors by Joseph Solman, Lisa Rhana, Mitchell Kamen, and four others; through Saturday, Sept. 30. . . . **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Homer, Eakins, Bearden, Gwathmey, and Shahn are among those represented in a benefit show entitled "The Portrayal of the Negro in American Painting;" through Friday, Oct. 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: "The New York Painter: A Century of Teaching—Morse to Hofmann," a benefit exhibition featuring works of New York artist-teachers and their students from the eighteen-thirties to the nineteen-thirties; through Oct. 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by artists, both unknown and familiar, chosen by well-known collectors, critics, and curators; through Oct. 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Early twentieth-century drawings by Davies, Sargeant, Soyer, and Nadelman (to mention a few); through Oct. 14. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Avery, Burlin, de Rivera, Zogbaum, and other gallery artists; through Saturday, Sept. 30. . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings from the sixteenth century on down to Edwin Dickinson and Fritz Glarner, celebrating the gallery's hundred-and-tenth anniversary; through Oct. 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway: Thirty-eight recently acquired works, by such artists as Joseph Cornell, James Wines, Adolph Gottlieb, Laszlo Moholy-Nagy, Norman Bluhm, and Paul Burlin; through Oct. 9. (Mondays through Thursdays, 8 A.M. to 11:30 P.M.; Fridays and Saturdays, 8 A.M. to 1:30 A.M.; Sundays, noon to 8.)

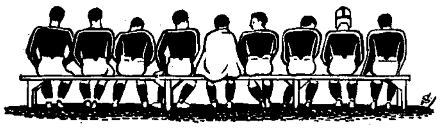
EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ADRIA ART GALLERY**, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.: Tapestries by Yugoslavian artists and by six modern masters, including Arp, Klee, Miró, and Picasso; through Oct. 14. . . . **WALLY F. GALLERIES**, 17 E. 57th St.: Modern French Post-Impressionist paintings by, among others, Chagall, Dufy, Laurencin, Rouault, Utrillo, and Vlaminck; through Oct. 10.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Twenty-eight drawings from the collection of Alfred Stieglitz, among them works by Picasso, Matisse, Picabia, Severini, Walkowitz, and Demuth; through Nov. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-four drawings and watercolors and one painting by Lyonel Feininger, all depicting a ruined fourteenth-century Gothic church on the Baltic coast; through Sunday, Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings of this century from the Museum's collection—Cézanne, Kandinsky, Kline, de Kooning, and others; through Sunday, Oct. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)



WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—As a feature of the New York Cultural Showcase Festival Fortnight, an exhibition of sixty-five works with New York as their theme by outstanding artists from the beginning of the century to today; starting Sunday, Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings revealing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Stitching," an exhibit of embroidery past to present; through Nov. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Rubbings of relief sculptures that record the gods, warriors, and mythical creatures of the Classic Maya period (200-900 A.D.), made by Merle Greene in the jungles of Guatemala and southern Mexico; through Nov. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Sept. 28, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Judith Raskin, Christine Deutekom, Patricia Welting, George Shirley, Jerome Hines, Theodor Uppman, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 29, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Nancy Williams, Bruno Prevedi, Robert Merrill, Ezio Flagello, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 1:30: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Belén Amparán, Flaviano Labò, Sherrill Milnes, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8: "La Traviata," with Montserrat Caballé, Richard Tucker, and Cornell MacNeil. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 2, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 3, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Nancy Williams, Bruno Prevedi, Robert Merrill, Ezio Flagello, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 8: "La Traviata," with Montserrat Caballé, George Shirley, and Cornell MacNeil. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 5, at 8: "Falstaff," with Raina Kabaivanska, Judith Raskin, Mildred Miller, Fedora Barbieri, Anselmo Colzani, Luigi Alva, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 6, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Belén Amparán, Flaviano Labò, Sherrill Milnes, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 2: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8: "La Traviata," with Montserrat Caballé, George Shirley, and Cornell MacNeil. (A non-subscription performance.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Thursday, Sept. 28, at 7:45: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zoe Papadaki, Kay Creed, Michele Molese, and David Clatworthy; and "Pagliacci," with Patricia Brooks, Placido Domingo, Calvin Marsh, Dominic Cossa, and Norman Paige. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 29, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Anne Elgar, Frances Bible, Maralin Niska, Spiro Malas, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 2:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Lee Venora, Kay Creed, Placido Domingo, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Huguette Tourangeau, Lisa Joanisse, LaVergne Monette, Salvador Novoa, and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 1, at 1:15: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Joan Summers, Norman Treigle, Nico Castel, and Noel Jan Tyl. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 1, at 7:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zoe Papadaki, Kay Creed, Michele Molese, and David Clatworthy; and "Pagliacci," with Patricia Brooks, Placido Domingo, Calvin Marsh, Dominic Cossa, and Norman Paige. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 3, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zoe Papadaki, LaVergne Monette, Charlotte Povia, Gaetano Bardini, and Benjamin Rayson; and "Pagliacci," with Patricia Brooks, Bernabé Martí, Calvin Marsh, and Norman Paige. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 8:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Anne Elgar, Beverly Sills, Enrico di Giuseppe, Georg Schnapka, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 5, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Jeannine Crader, Placido Domingo, Romano Roma, David Smith, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 6, at 8:15: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Elisabeth Grümmer, Patricia Brooks, Frances Bible, Georg Schnapka, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 2:15: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Joan Summers, Norman Treigle, Nico Castel, and Noel Jan Tyl. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Lee Venora, Kay Creed, Placido Domingo, Dominic Cossa, and Nico Castel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

American National Opera Company—Three performances by this new company—Friday, Oct. 6, at 8:45: Berg's "Lulu" (in English), with Patricia Cullen. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 2: "Falstaff" (in English), with Peter Glossop. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8:30: "Tosca" (in Italian), with Marie Collier. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Leonard Bernstein conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, May 25. A Mahler-Ives program, with Jeannette Zarou, soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Oct. 5, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 6, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 9, at 7:30.)

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—Karl Böhm and Leonard Bernstein conducting a concert for the benefit of the New York Philharmonic's Pension Fund. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 3, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Beethoven program in the opening performance of the season here, with Anthony di Bonaventura, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 3, at 8:30.)

Master Virtuosi of New York—Gene Forrell conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 6, at 8:30.)

Munich Bach Chorus and Orchestra—Karl Richter directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Sept. 29, at 8, Bach's B-Minor Mass; and Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8, Haydn's "The Creation.")

RECITALS

Lucine Amara—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Sept. 28, at 8:30.)

Henri Honegger—Cello, in two all-Bach recitals. (Town Hall. Saturday, Sept. 30, and Saturday, Oct. 7, both at 5:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of music of Northern France and Flanders, 1400-1600. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano, in the first of two recitals. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 1, at 8:30.)

Jacques Klein—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 2, at 8:30.)

Baroque Players of New York—The first in a series of three concerts devoted to chamber music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. (Town Hall. Monday, Oct. 2, at 8:30.)

Karen Shaw—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 6, at 8:30.)

Sergio Franchi—Tenor, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 6, at 8:30.)

LaSalle String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 6, at 8:30. The box office will open on Monday, Oct. 2.)

MISCELLANY

Folk/Jazz—Tom Paxton, the Mitchell Trio, and Odetta. (Village Theatre, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 475-8400. Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8 and 10:30.) . . . ¶ Toshiko, solo piano, and with a trio and sixteen-piece orchestra. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, Sept. 29, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, at 2. . . . **WORLD SERIES:** Starts Wednesday, Oct. 4, if there are no tie playoffs, in the home park of the American League Champion. The first two games will be played there, the next three in St. Louis, and the final two, if required, in the American League city. Games will start at 1. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores along with its time reports; call ME 7-1212.

Boxing—Nino Benvenuti vs. Emile Griffith, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. (Shea Stadium. 672-2000. Thursday, Sept. 28. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Dog Shows—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury. Sunday, Oct. 1.) . . . ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 7.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 30:** Columbia vs. Colgate, at Baker Field, at 1:30 . . ¶ Fordham vs. St. John's, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Holy Cross, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 7:** Army vs. Duke, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Cornell, at Hamilton, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2.

Professional Football—At Shea Stadium—Sunday, Oct. 1, at 2: Jets vs. Miami Dolphins. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct 7, at 8: Jets vs. Oakland Raiders.

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Through Thursday, Sept. 28.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Professional Golfers' Association Stroke Championship. (Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove. Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 2-4.)

Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Wednesday, Oct. 4, and Saturday, Oct. 7.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase. . . . **BETHPAGE POLO FIELD**, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30. The Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 30. . . . **BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30, starting Monday, Oct. 2. The Cowdin, Thursday, Oct. 5, and the Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 7. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; last day Thursday, Oct. 12.

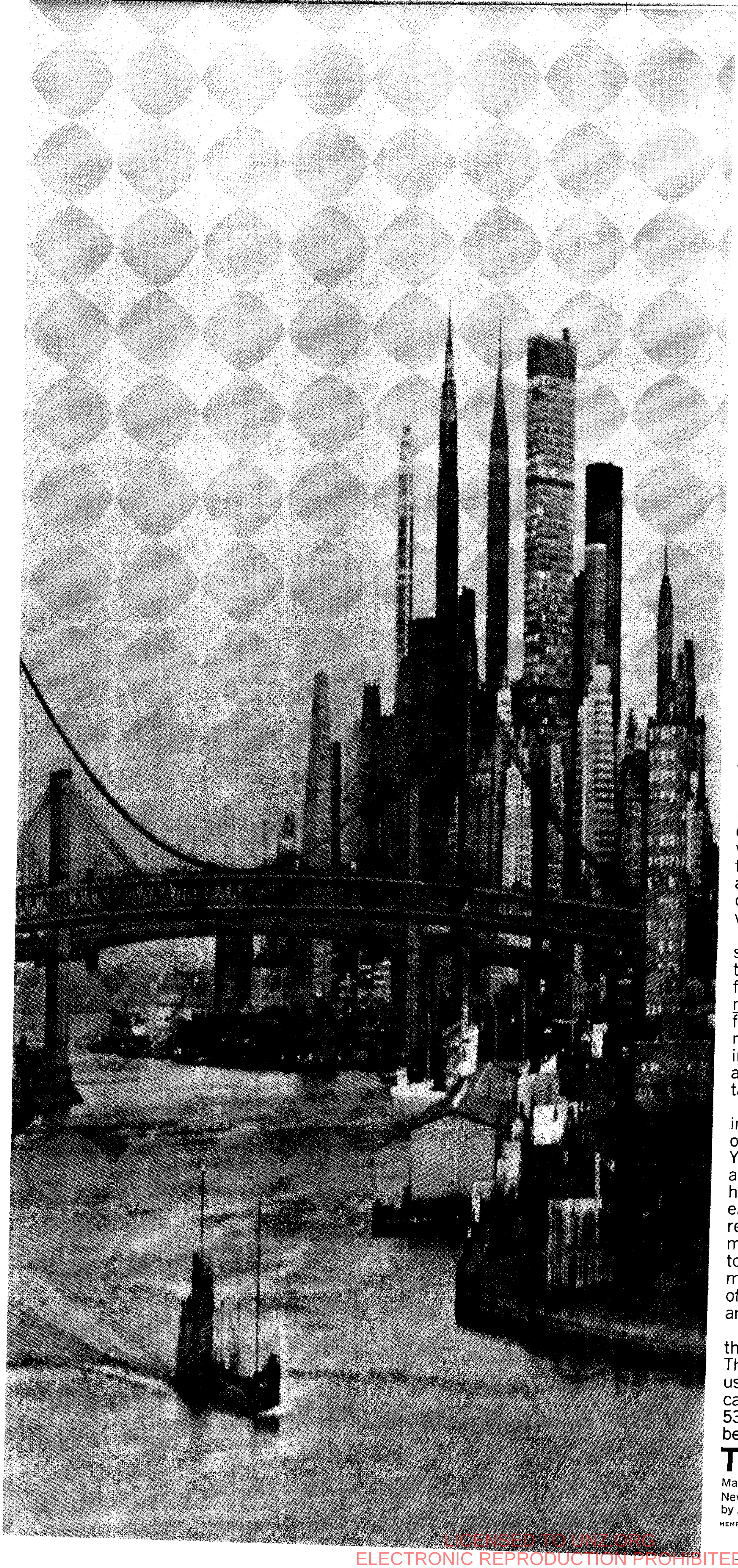
Sports-Car Racing—At Watkins Glen: Sunday, Oct. 1, at 2.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, Oct. 18. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:32, and Saturdays at 6:45.)

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the **AMERICAN CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Toby Tyler." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For tickets, call 787-4749.) . . . **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "King of the Cowboys," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "The Princess and the Frog," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Adventures of Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Adventures of Peter Pan," Saturdays and Sundays at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques"



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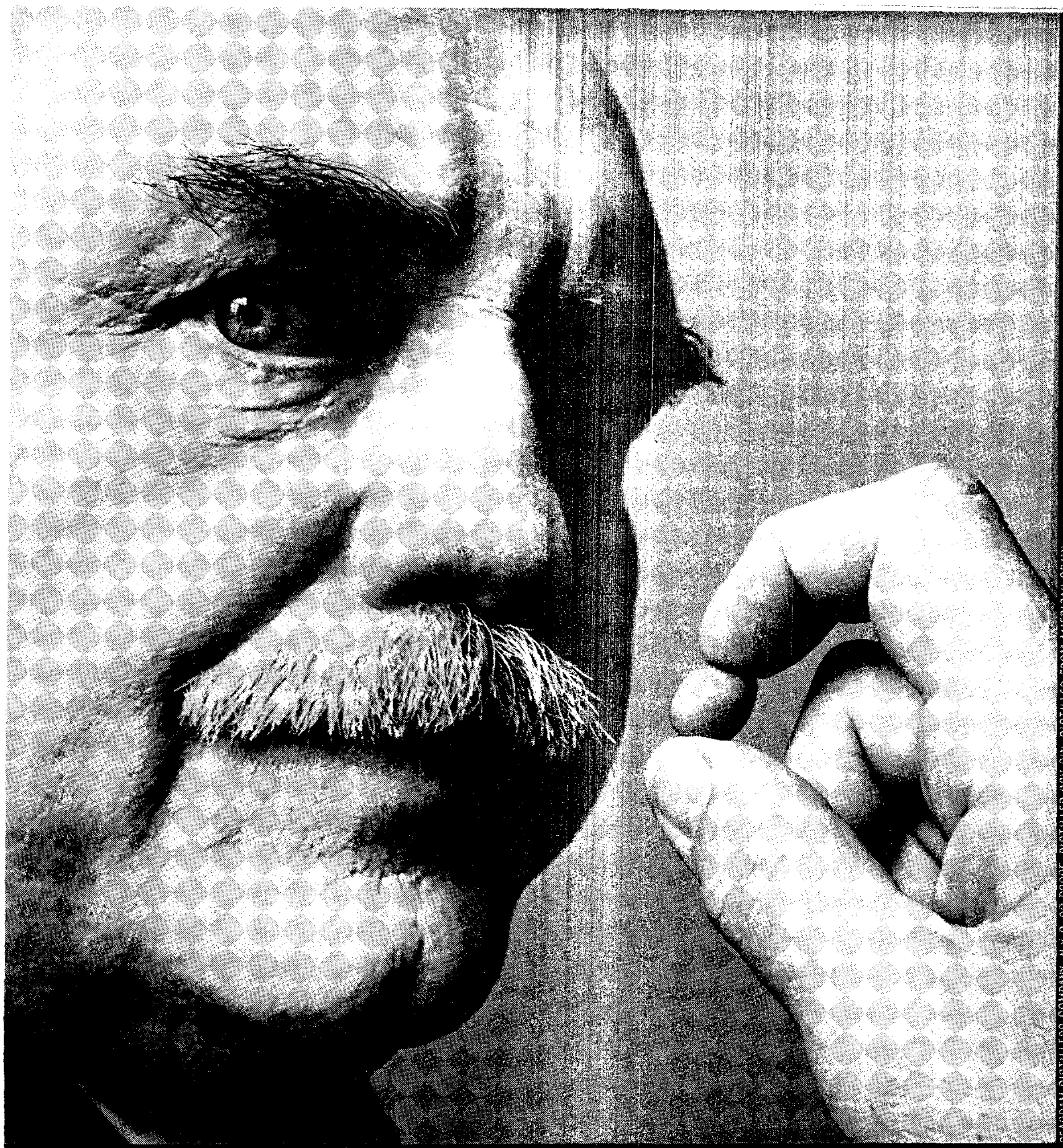

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demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "From Stonehenge to Palomar." Starting Tuesday, Oct. 3, there will be a new show, "The City That Reaches the Skies." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 1, 2:30, 4, and 7:30; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

New York Film Festival—The final programs in a series of international films at Philharmonic Hall (TR 4-2424)—Thursday, Sept. 28, at 6:30: "Father" (Hungary, 1966). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 28, at 9:30: "The Other One" (France, 1967). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 29, at 6:30: "Portrait of Jason" (United States, 1967). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 29, at 9:30: "Elvira Madigan" (Sweden, 1967). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 3: "Applause" and "Show People" (United States, 1929). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 6:30: "Sons and Mothers" (Russia, 1966). . . . ¶ Saturday. Sept. 30, at 9:30: "Far from Vietnam" (France, 1967).

Walking Tours—"Worth Street," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Oct. 1, at 2:30. Meets at the Telephone Building on Sixth Ave., at the intersection of West Broadway and Lispenard St. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Sept. 30, at 1:45: French and other furniture; statuettes, mirrors, and other decorations; and Oriental rugs. From several collectors, among them Mrs. Philip Schwartz. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 6, at 10:30 and 1:45: Oriental art, including early dynastic pottery and porcelains, Chinese and Japanese ivory carvings, snuff bottles, and Chinese jade and other semiprecious-mineral carvings; collected by Mrs. Beulah M. Snowden and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 30.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 7 elections will be Saturday, Sept. 30, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 2-3, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—Sept. 28: "Miss Lulu Bett" (1921), with Theodore Roberts. . . . ¶ Sept. 29-30: "The Freshman" (1925), with Harold Lloyd. . . . ¶ Oct. 1-2: "A Woman of the World" (1925), with Pola Negri. . . . ¶ Oct. 3: "Our Daily Bread" (1934), with Karen Morley. . . . ¶ Oct. 4: "David Golder" (1931), in French, with Henry Bauer. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.). . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—Sept. 28-30 at 3 and 5:30, and Oct. 1 at 2 and 4: "Face to Face" (1952), with James Mason and Robert Preston; and "Hello Out There" (1949), with Marjorie Steele. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 3, and Oct. 4 at 3 and 5:30: A program of excerpts from six Albert Lewin films. . . . **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE

Accident—How a heartless, predatory girl almost destroys a happy household. Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant. The director was Joseph Losey and the screenplay is by Harold Pinter. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Oct. 4, tentative.)

The Battle of Algiers—A stirring quasi-documentary account of the guerrilla warfare that helped win independence for Algeria. Directed by Gillo Pontecorvo. In French and Arabic. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Bible—John Huston directed this great big silly picture book, and he also plays, most agreeably, the role of Noah. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Bonnie and Clyde—The police used a thousand rounds of ammunition to shoot the real Bonnie and Clyde (played by Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty in Arthur Penn's film). The two had become the Depression's folk heroes, and they thought they had charmed lives. A shrewd and harrowing study of the criminal's urge to be remembered. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Climax—A wise and touching comedy about a Roman musician who attempts to maintain three domestic establishments at once. Starring Ugo Tognazzi and directed by Pietro Germi. In Italian. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Don't Look Back—Donn Pennebaker's acute and attentive study of Bob Dylan on an English tour. Often very funny. "Tell it like it is;" Pennebaker does. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

Enter Laughing—Elaine May makes something genuinely funny out of a fairly synthetic comedy about old-time show business. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Oct. 4.)

The Exterminating Angel—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the members that it can't be broken up, but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Family Way—The film is about North-of-England working-class attitudes toward sex, and it is as knowing as the title. Hayley Mills' girlishness is hard to bear; John Mills as her overbearing father-in-law is pretty good. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; through Oct. 2.)

A Guide for the Married Man—Walter Matthau dominates this mindless, amusing study of the fine art of undetected infidelity. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 3.)

The Jokers—How to pluck the Crown Jewels out of the Tower of London. An exciting comedy starring Michael Crawford and Oliver Reed. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 3.)

Luv—Murray Schisgal's play, opened out (oh, yuh) for the screen. But Jack Lemmon is comically glum, and Elaine May is riveting, wearing clothes that she deals with as if they somehow had nothing to do with her, like Bea Lillie. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Oct. 3.)

Made in Italy—Thirty-odd vivid snapshots of contemporary Italy, featuring, among others, Anna Magnani, Virna Lisi, and Sylva Koscina. The director is Nanni Loy. In Italian. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 3.)

A Man and a Woman—An example of a movie that really moves, directed and photographed by Claude Lelouch, who doesn't make any mistakes in his treatment of a small love story. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—The moral tug of war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Point Blank—Lee Marvin in a marvellous performance as a man who will do anything for money, especially if it is money that has been stolen from him. Directed by John Boorman. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Privilege—A fiercely good piece of film-making by Peter Watkins (of "The War Game"), about an England in the near future dominated by a nervy pop idol manipulated by a near-Fascist lineup of Church and State. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th St. JU 2-2333; through Oct. 3.)

The Taming of the Shrew—Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in Franco Zeffirelli's Hellzapoppin version of the old comedy. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A diverting movie, which would have been a lot better at half its length. With Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, James Fox, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Tiger Makes Out—A somewhat too frantic account of how two off-beat egotists try to bring the world to heel. With Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Ulysses—Joseph Strick has led an admirable cast with tact and intelligence down several of the main pathways in the Joycean labyrinth. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

You're a Big Boy Now—A not altogether black comedy about coming of age in New York. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola, who is coming of age. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. GR 7-7874. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 3.)

REVIVALS

Band of Outsiders (1966)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through Oct. 2.)

Billy Liar (1963)—An English comedy, in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 28.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An account of the Mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by the poetic eye of Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 4.)

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty in a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 3.)

Darling (1965)—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey in an account of present-day London life. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 3.)

Day in the Country (1950)—Directed by Jean Renoir. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Sept. 29.)

The Diary of a Chambermaid (1965)—Directed by Luis Buñuel, with Jeanne Moreau. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 2.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Easy Life (1963)—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. In Italian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Oct. 4.)

The Endless Summer (1966)—A documentary about surfing. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 3.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Directed by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 3.)

W. C. Fields Shorts (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 30-Oct. 1.)

Gambit (1966)—Michael Caine and Shirley MacLaine as a pair of droll scamps in a melodrama directed by Ronald Neame. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 4.)

International House (1933)—More W. C. Fields. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 30-Oct. 1.)

The Ipcress File (1965)—Double-crossing and maybe even triple-crossing in British Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing the not very heroic hero. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 4.)

The Island (1962)—Life on a farm circumscribed by the Inland Sea of Japan. Without dialogue. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 1.)

The Italian Straw Hat (1927)—Directed by René Clair. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 3.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau; directed by François Truffaut. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717.)

Kanal (1961)—Directed by Andrzej Wajda. In Polish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 30.)

Knife in the Water (1963)—The director Roman Polanski takes a look at life and love in contemporary Poland. In Polish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 30.)

Landru (1963)—Directed by Claude Chabrol, with Michèle Morgan. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-0189; Oct. 2.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—A film version of the O'Neill play. Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Sept. 29.)

The Luck of Ginger Coffey (1964)—Married love and muddled life in Montreal, with Robert Shaw and Mary Ure. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 2.)

Male Companion (1966)—The subject is love-in-idleness. Starring Jean-Pierre Cassel and directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 2.)

Masculine Feminine (1966)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through Oct. 2.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye (1965)—A quasi-documentary film about an unhappy adolescent, written and directed by Don Owen and acted by Peter Kastner. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 4.)

North by Northwest (1959)—A crowded summation of all Hitchcock stories, with a dash of Pearl White. With Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, and James Mason. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 3-4.)

Pather Panchali (1958)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 1.)

Penelope (1966)—Natalie Wood in a comedy about a banker's wife who steals. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Oct. 4, tentative.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this movie about a pianist in a Paris café. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717.)

This Sporting Life (1963)—A movie about the rise and fall of a professional Rugby player in the North of England. Richard Harris and Rachel Roberts. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 28.)

Topkapi (1964)—A Jules Dassin thriller, with Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, and Robert Morley. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

The Train (1965)—How the Nazis attempt to steal a whole trainload of French art. Burt Lancaster and Paul Scofield. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Variety Lights (1950)—Federico Fellini's first film, made in collaboration with Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 4.)

Film Libraries—See "Et Alia," page 13.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
1	2	3	4			

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Robbery," Stanley Baker, Joanna Pettet.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
POINT BLANK.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Bobo," Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through Oct. 2: **THE FAMILY WAY.**
From Oct. 3: "The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Oct. 1: "The Trip," Peter Fonda, Susan Strasberg.
From Oct. 2: Theatre closed.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"Beach Red," Cornel Wilde, Rip Torn.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
TOPKAPI, revival; and **THE TRAIN**, revival.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Flim-Flam Man," George C. Scott.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
PRIVILEGE.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson; and "Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Oct. 3: **DARLING**, revival; and "Dear John" (in Swedish), revival, Jarl Kulle.
From Oct. 4: **BLOW-UP**, revival; and **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian), revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 3: **PRIVILEGE**; and **THE JOKERS.**
From Oct. 4: **BLOW-UP**, revival; and "The Slender Thread," revival, Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Oct. 3: **PENELOPE**, revival; and "The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.
From Oct. 4: **BLOW-UP**, revival; and "The Quiller Memorandum," revival, George Segal, Alec Guinness.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
DON'T LOOK BACK.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Games," Simone Signoret.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Robbery," Stanley Baker, Joanna Pettet.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Oct. 1: "The Flim-Flam Man," George C. Scott.
From Oct. 2: "The Day the Fish Came Out," Tom Courtenay, Sam Wanamaker.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
POINT BLANK.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE TIGER MAKES OUT.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS (in French and Arabic).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
JULES AND JIM and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (both in French and both revivals).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 2: "To Sir, with Love," Sidney Poitier.
From Oct. 3: "The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Birds, the Bees and the Italians" (in Italian), Virna Lisi.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 3: **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN**; and **THE ENDLESS SUMMER**, revival.
From Oct. 4 (tentative): **PENELOPE**, revival; and "The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 3: **PRIVILEGE.**
From Oct. 4: "Up the Down Staircase," Sandy Dennis.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 3: **LUV**; and "Rage," Glenn Ford, Stella Stevens.
From Oct. 4: **ENTER LAUGHING.**

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through Oct. 2: **BAND OF OUTSIDERS** and **MASCULINE FEMININE** (both in French and both revivals).
From Oct. 3: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival; and **THE ITALIAN STRAW HAT** (silent).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 3: **MADE IN ITALY** (in Italian); and "The Game Is Over," Jane Fonda, Peter McEnery.
From Oct. 4: **BLOW-UP**, revival; and **VARIETY LIGHTS** (in Italian), revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Hawks and the Sparrows" (in Italian), Totò.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 3: **LUV**; and "Rage," Glenn Ford, Stella Stevens.
From Oct. 4: **ENTER LAUGHING.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 3: **FAHRENHEIT 451**, revival; and "Divorce American Style," Dick Van Dyke, Debbie Reynolds.
From Oct. 4: "Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney; and "Caprice," Doris Day, Richard Harris.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Oct. 3: **PRIVILEGE.**
From Oct. 4: "Up the Down Staircase," Sandy Dennis.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, revival.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE CLIMAX (in Italian).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"To Sir, with Love," Sidney Poitier.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
Through Oct. 3: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals), revival.
From Oct. 4: "Father" (in Hungarian).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL (in Spanish).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Oct. 3: **PRIVILEGE.**
From Oct. 4: To be announced.

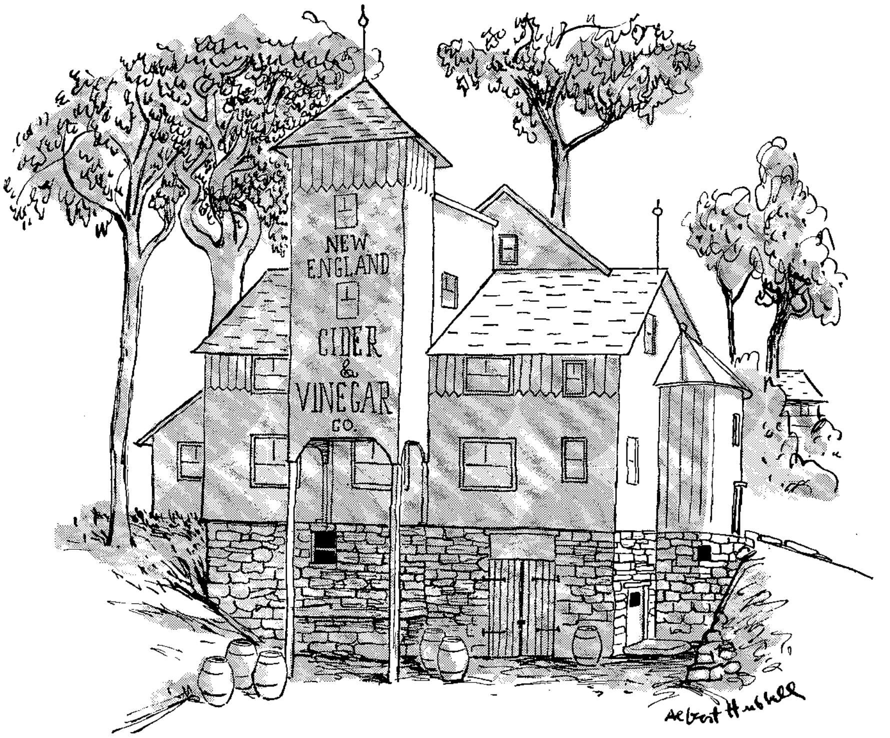
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 29: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT**, revival; and **DAY IN THE COUNTRY** (in French), revival.
Sept. 30-Oct. 1: **INTERNATIONAL HOUSE**, revival; and **W. C. FIELDS SHORTS**, revival.
Oct. 2: **LANDRU** (in French), revival; and **THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY**, revival.
Oct. 3-4: **NORTH BY NORTHWEST**, revival; and "The Great McGinty," revival, Brian Donlevy.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 3: **YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW**; and "Inside Daisy Clover," revival, Natalie Wood, Christopher Plummer.
From Oct. 4: **GAMBIT**, revival; and **THE IPCRESS FILE**, revival.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 28: **THIS SPORTING LIFE**, revival; and **BILLY LIAR**, revival.
Sept. 29: "Things to Come," revival, Raymond Massey; and "The Man Who Could Work Miracles," revival, Roland Young.
Sept. 30: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** and **KANAL** (both in Polish and both revivals).
Oct. 1: **PATHER PANCHALI** (in Bengali), revival; and **THE ISLAND** (a Japanese film without dialogue), revival.
Oct. 2: **MALE COMPANION** and **THE DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID** (both in French and both revivals).
Oct. 3: "Arsenic and Old Lace," revival, Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane; and "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.
Oct. 4: **NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE**, revival; and "My Name Is Ivan" (in Russian), revival, Kolya Burlaiev.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 3: "To Sir, with Love," Sidney Poitier.
From Oct. 4 (tentative): **ACCIDENT.**



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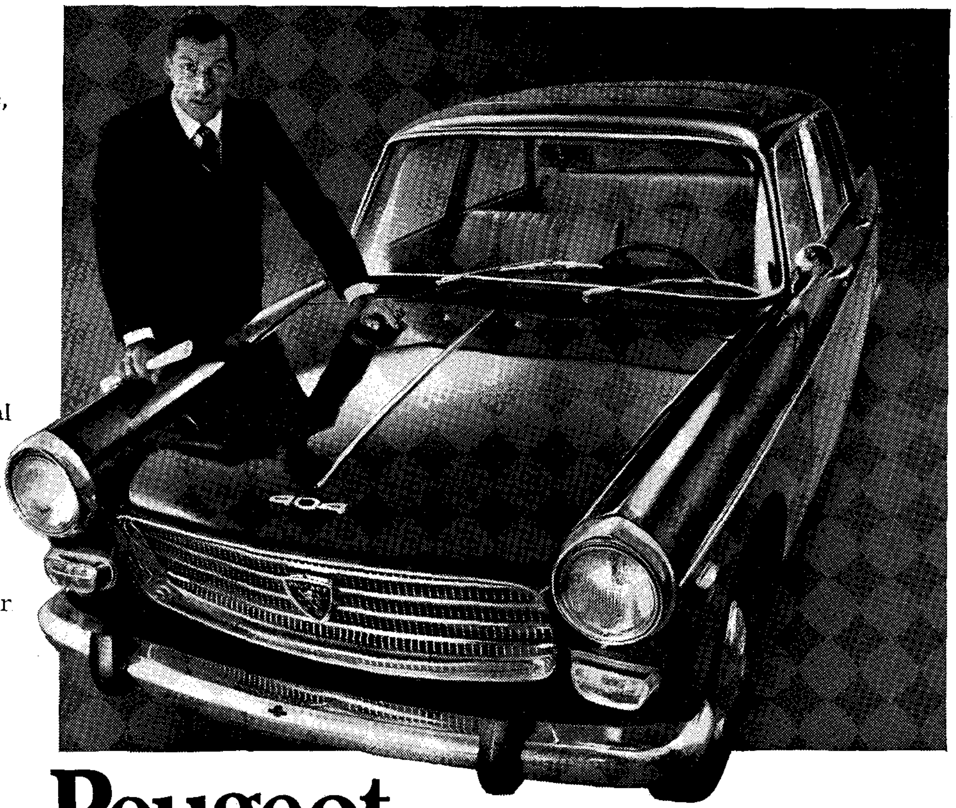

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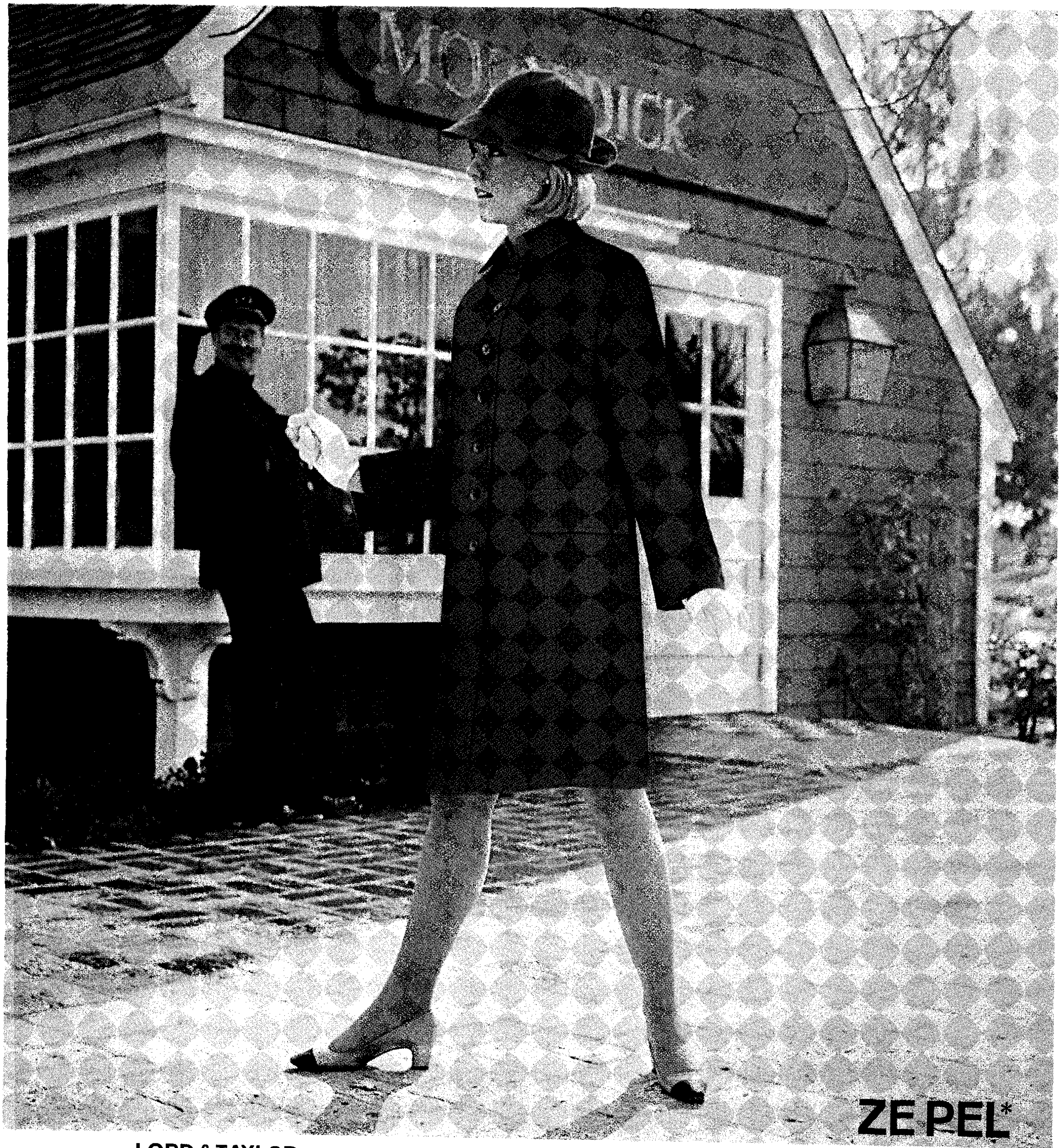

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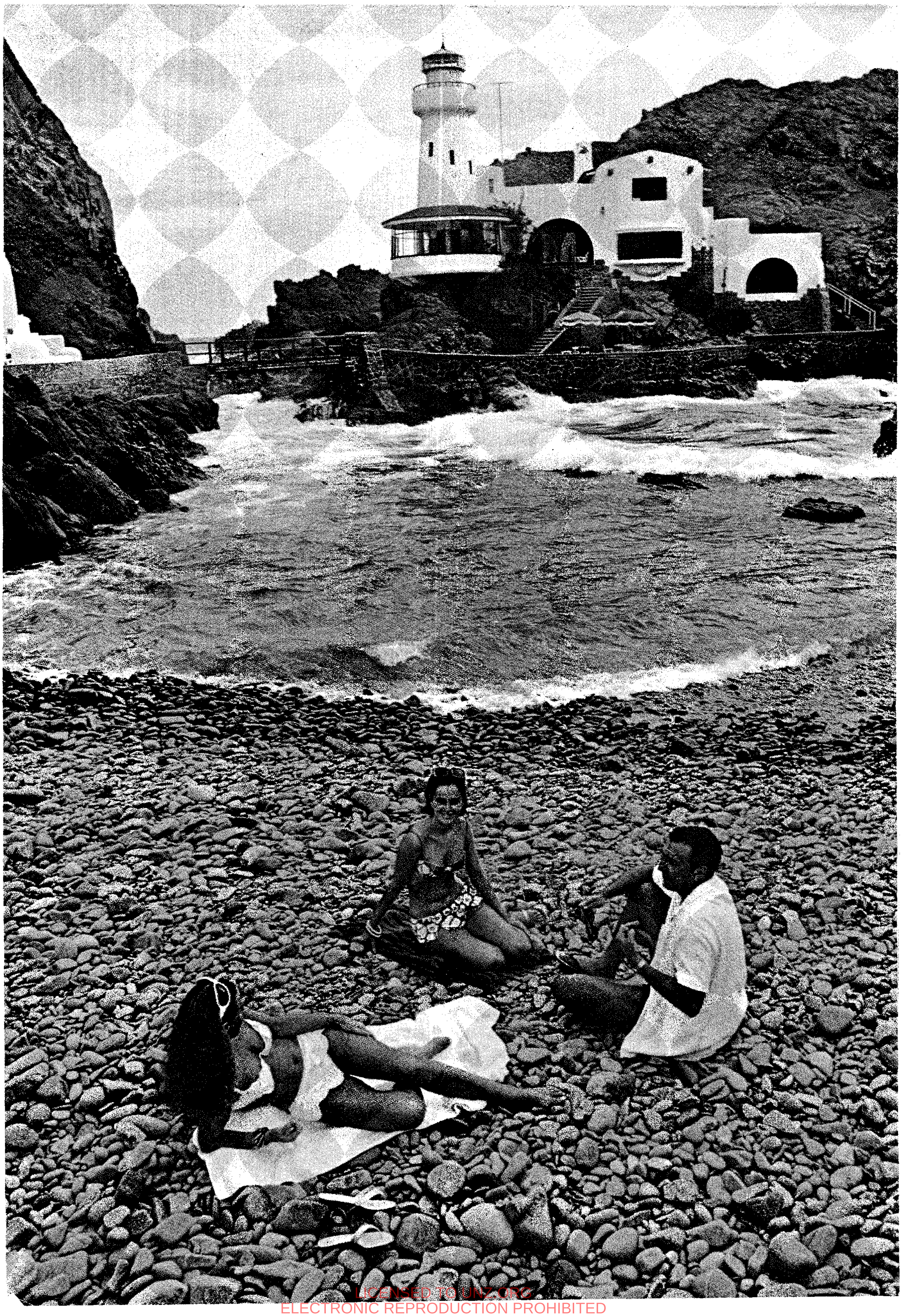

The next place.

A few days in Peru and you'll understand why the Incas worshipped the sun.

They had so many beaches to do it on.

Sand beaches, stone beaches, long beaches, short beaches, wide beaches, narrow beaches.

But, mostly, lonely beaches.

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This—and the happy fact that Lima has enjoyed less than two inches of rainfall in the last 30 years—makes it an ideal place to pick up a nice, quiet tan.

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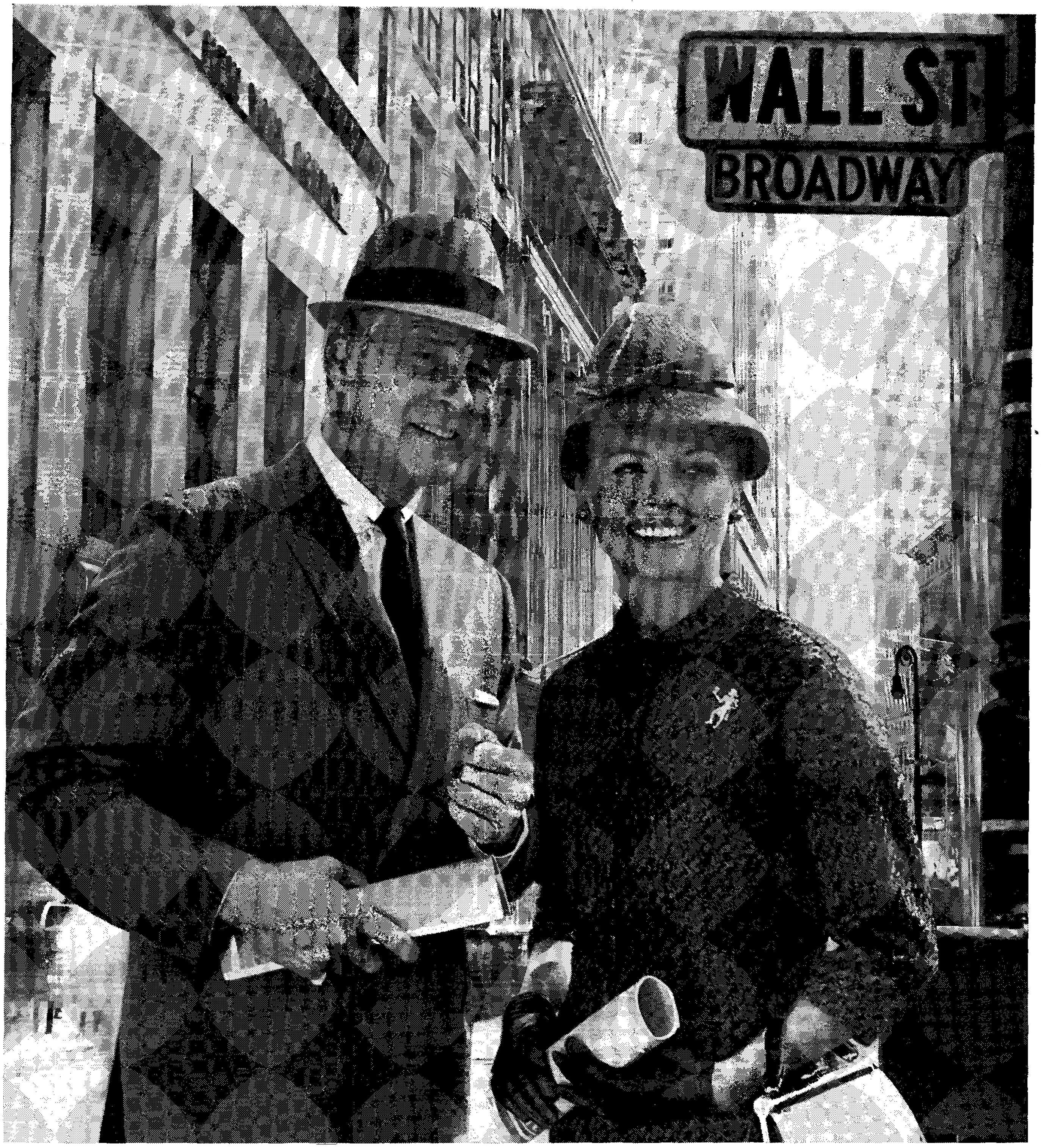
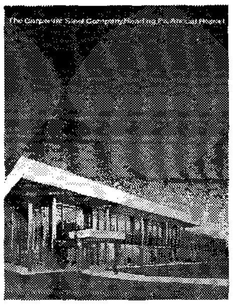


What well-dressed investors are wearing this fall . . .

Steel gray is **the** color . . . and they are buying quality. They use the same sound judgment in financial investments. Carpenter produces top quality specialty metals. Additional capacity will soon be available for more production of high temperature and electronic alloys, stainless and tool steels. For the full story about our new Research Center, expanded facilities, and uninterrupted dividend payments since 1907, write our Vice President—Finance for the Annual Report released September 27. You will find it wears well.

	Year to June 30	
	1967	1966
Sales and Revenue	$150,714,000	$137,837,000
Net Income	$ 15,842,000	$ 14,921,000
Net Income Per Share	$ 3.67	$ 3.46

THE CARPENTER STEEL COMPANY, 164 W. Bern Street, Reading, Pennsylvania



Even long ago is not so far away

Long ago.
Was it a morning in September when
you started off to college?
Perhaps a day in June when you
set out to make your fortune?
Or that day of days, your wedding, when you
left home to raise a family of your own?
Long ago you went down the street and left
a part of your life behind you.
Today that house and neighborhood
where you once lived seem far away in years
as well as miles. Yet you can still go back.
You can reach out—easily and quickly—
and touch the lives of friends, family and loved
ones still at home—by telephone.
Ever think of this priceless dimension
of a Long Distance call? It reminds us that
the telephone spans years as well as miles.
Even long ago is not so far away
by telephone.

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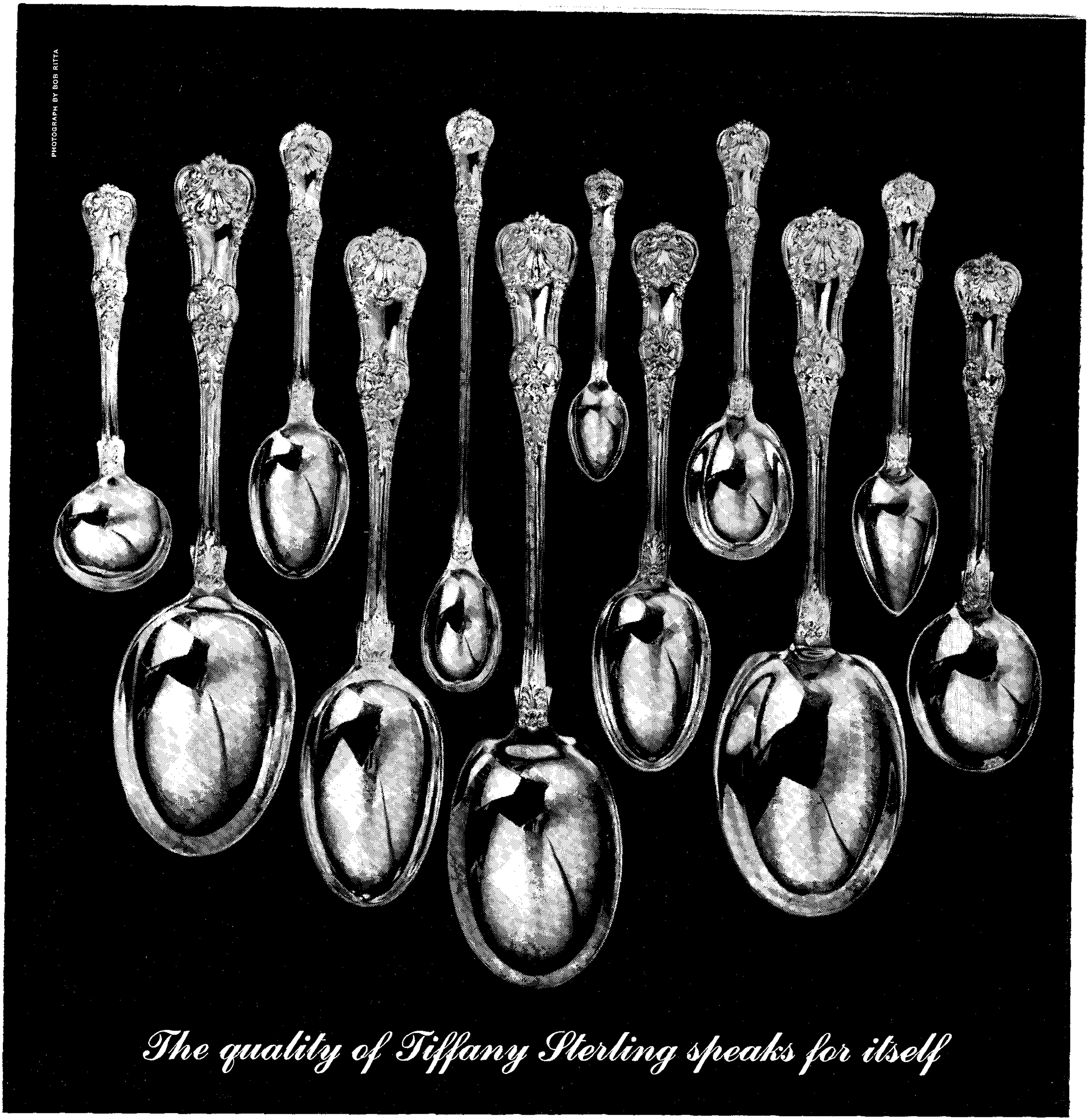

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB RITTA

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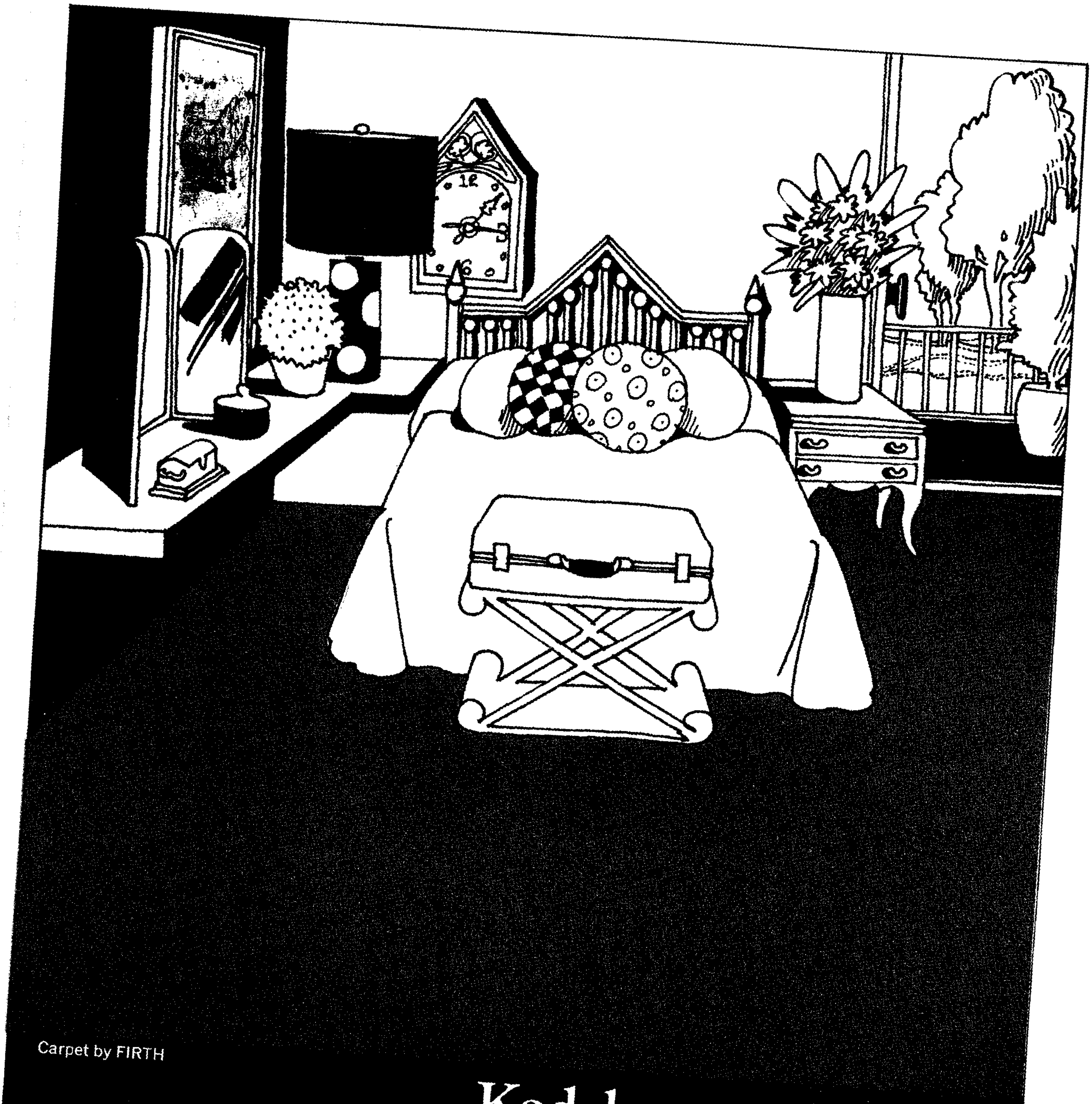

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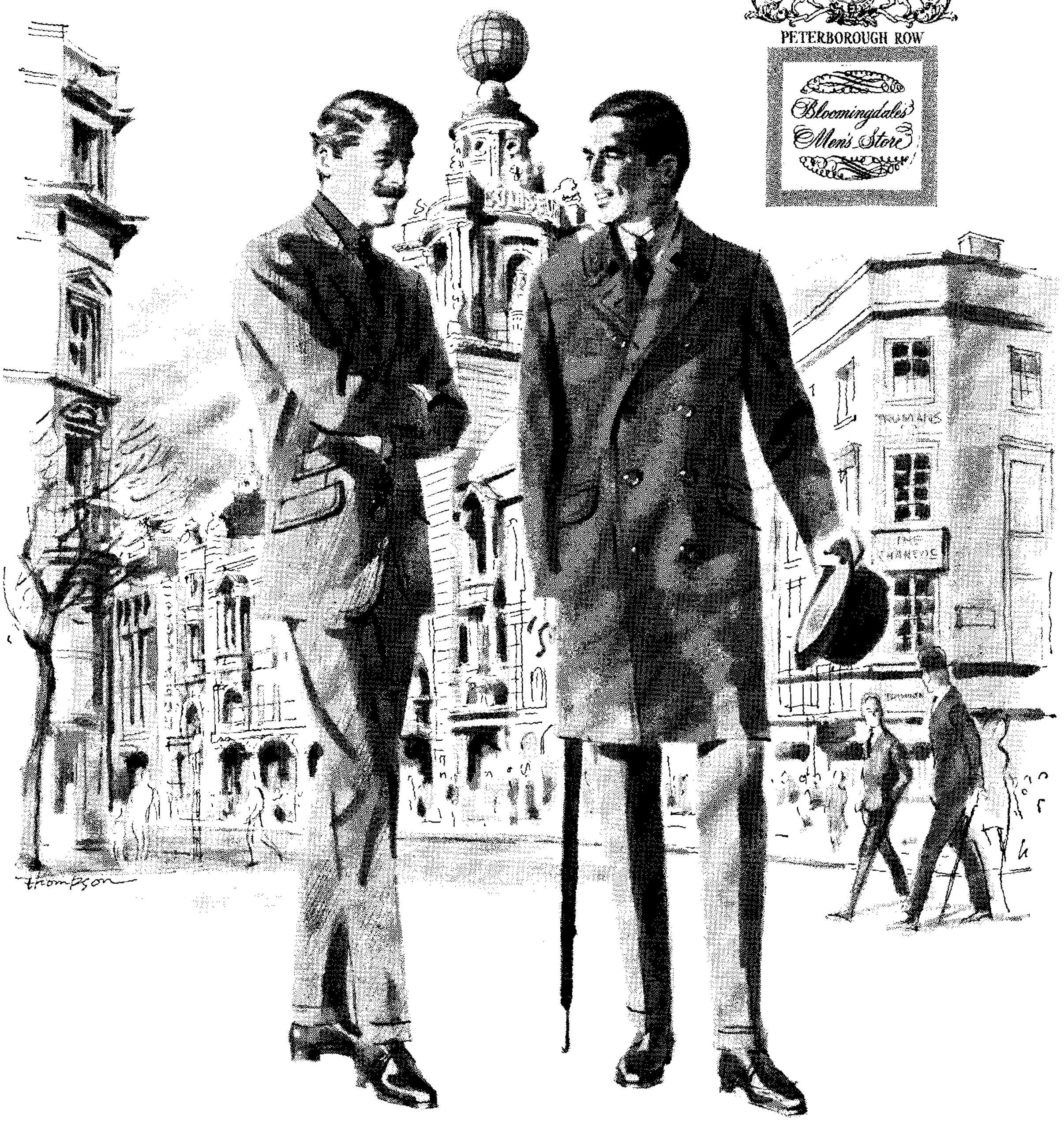

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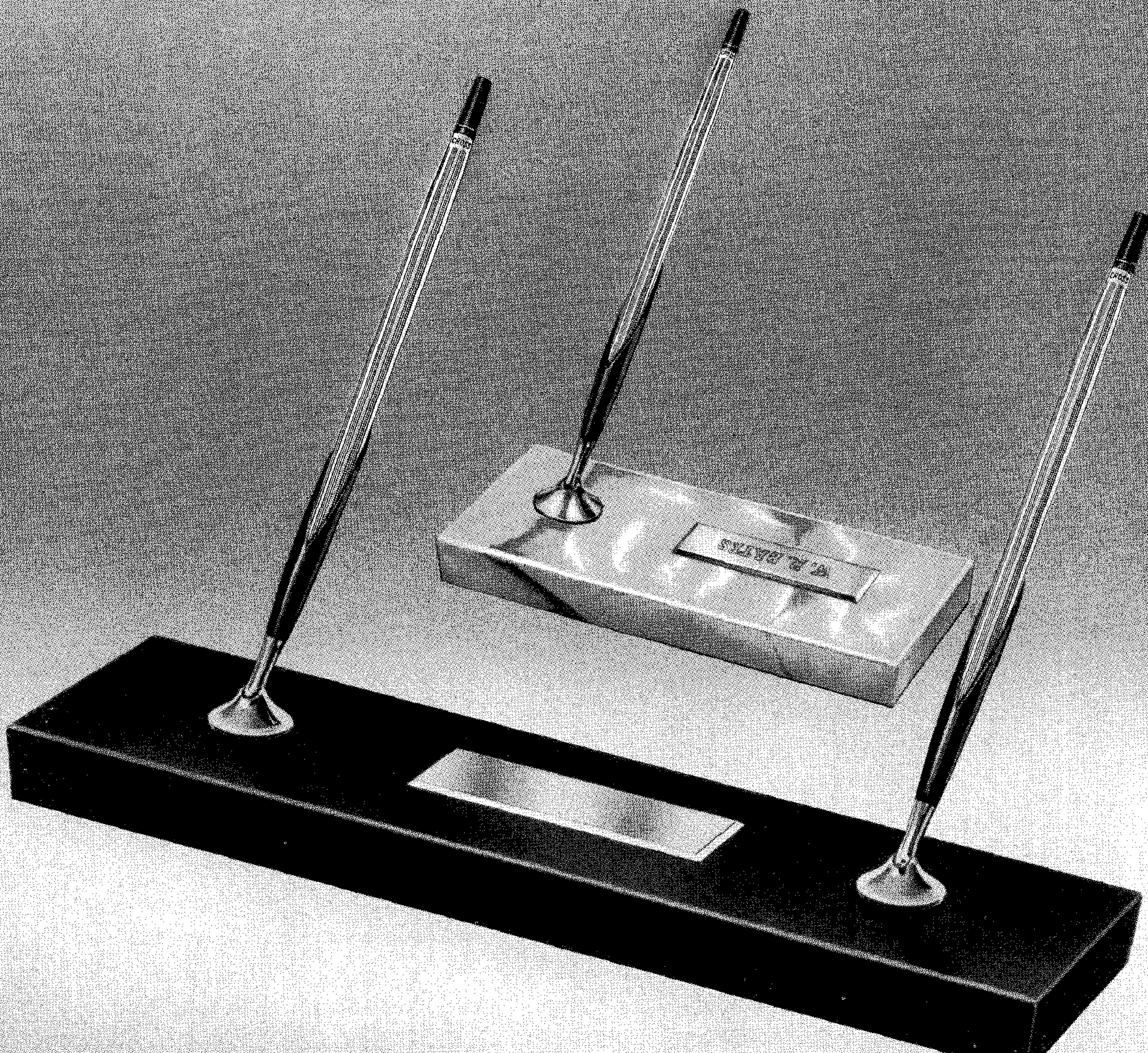

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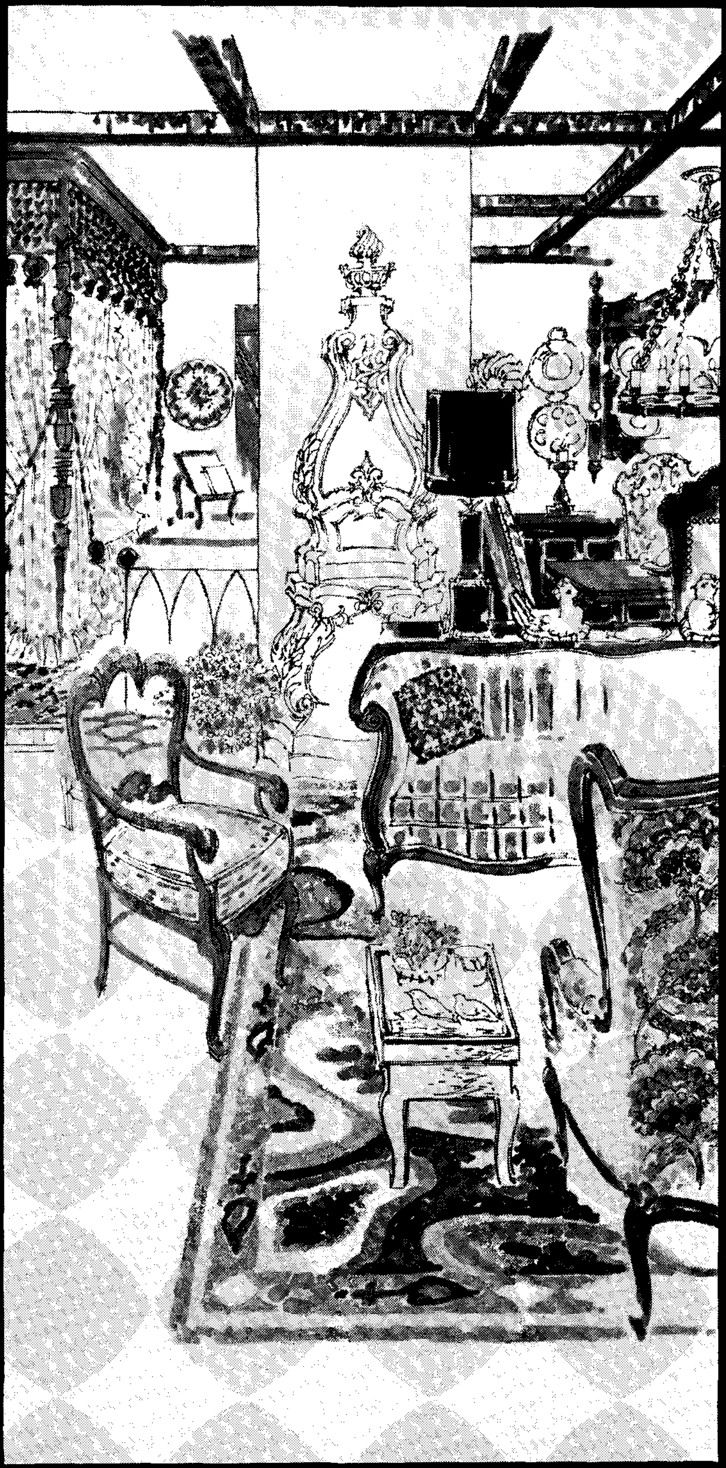

To a little house we know of where Louis XV and
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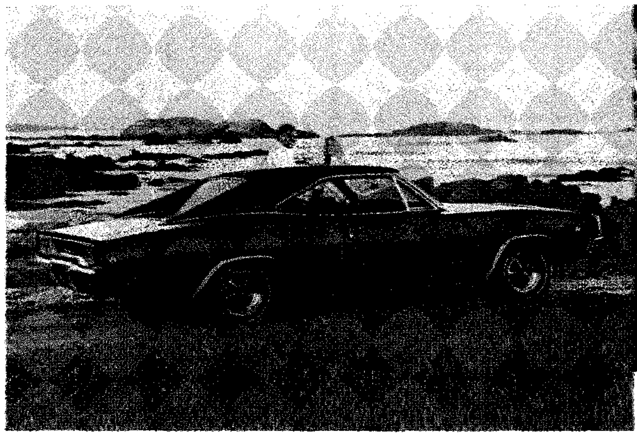
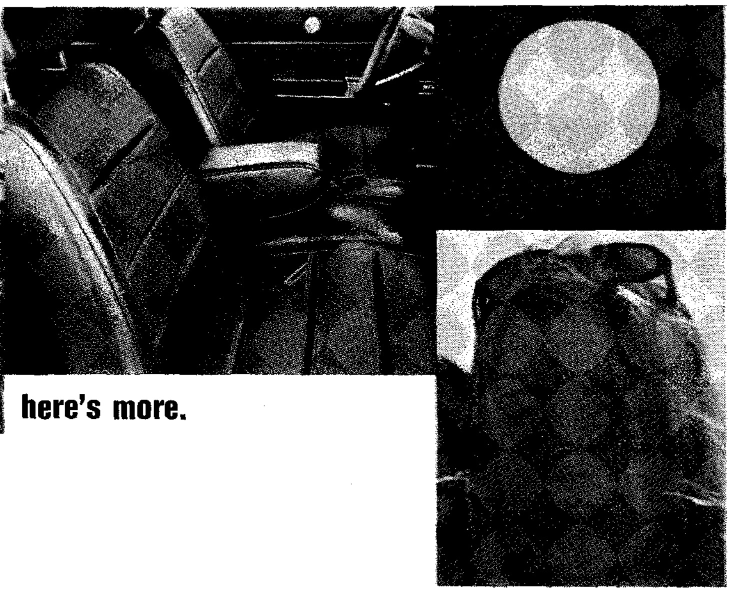


If it takes more than a brand-new style to turn you on,



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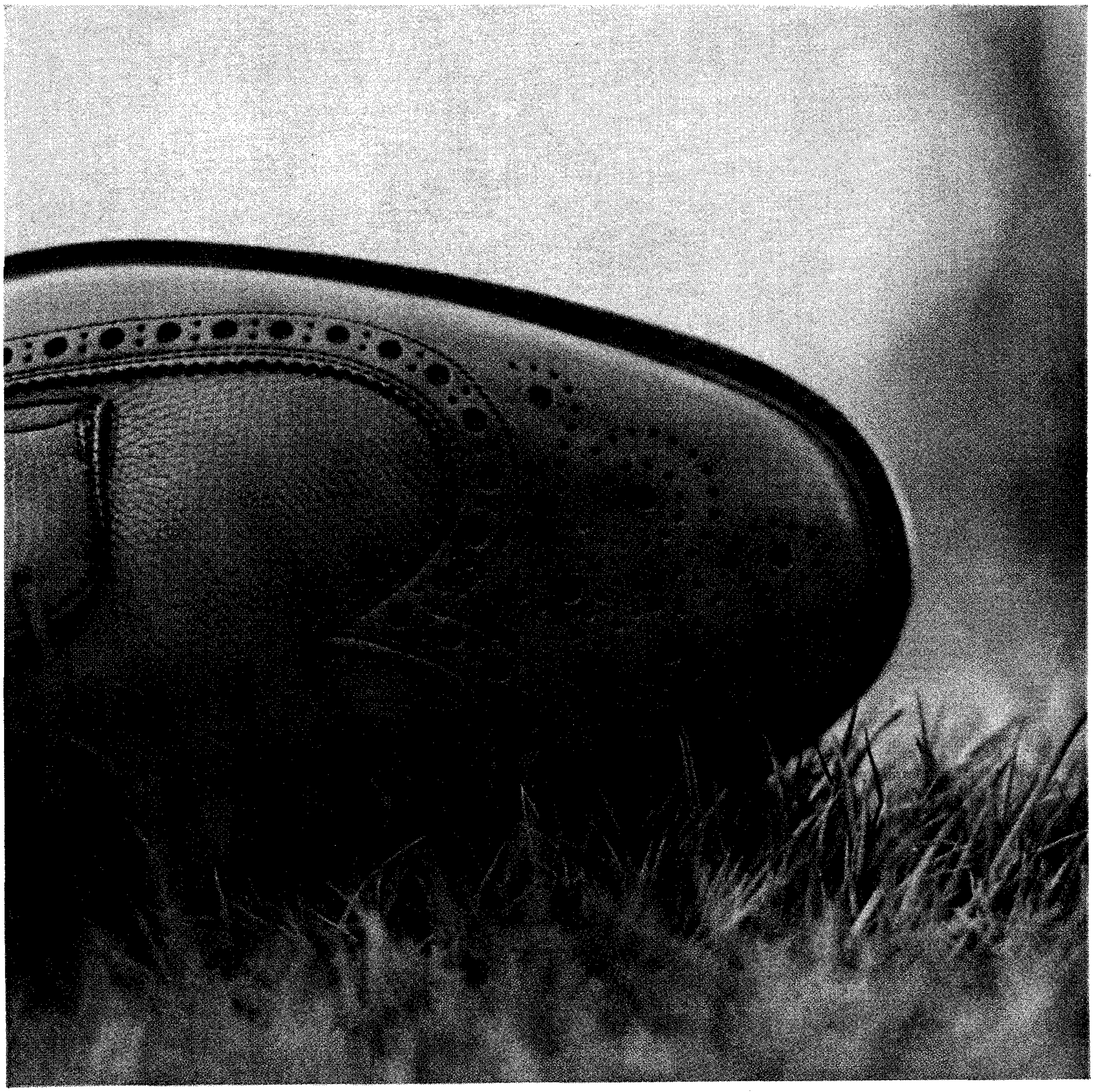

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DACRON and wool*

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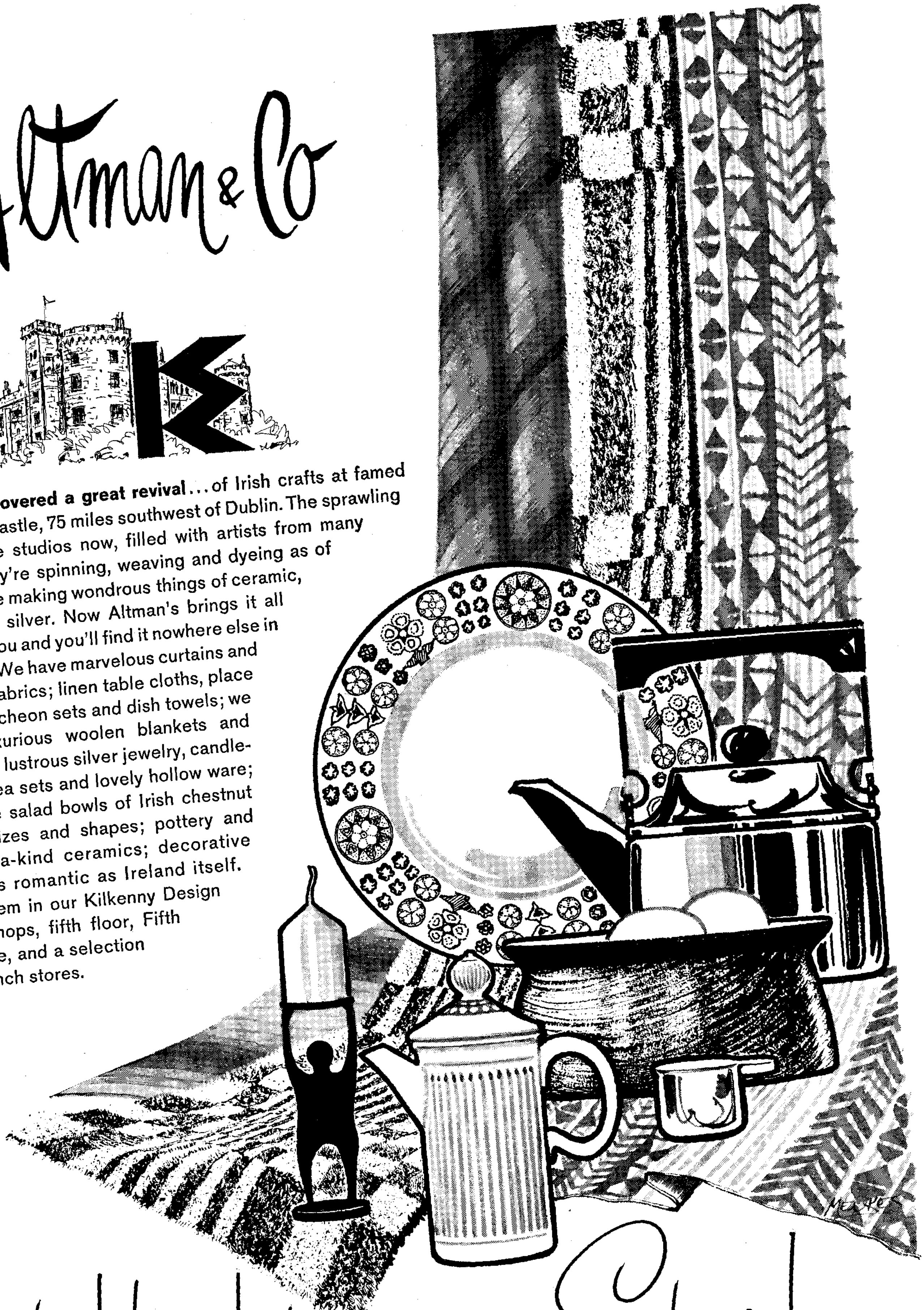

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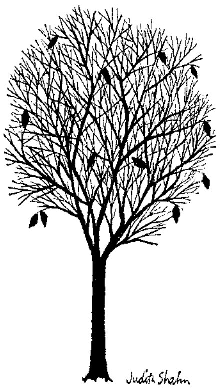
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOR a few encouraging years, it seemed as if President Eisenhower's valedictory warning against "the military-industrial complex" could safely be set aside. Civilian leadership, prodded and supported by President Kennedy, overwhelmed the startled generals with an almost terrifyingly brilliant combination of cost-analysis techniques, computerized strategy, and austere human intelligence. Secretary of Defense McNamara and his men soon knew more about the business of defense than the military itself, and combined the courage to make decisions with the skill to justify them. For a while, the enemies of "the McNamara revolution" were reduced to making the extraordinarily feeble and self-defeating assertion that the new civilian leadership was *too* intelligent and logical—as if the business of defense were properly an affair of the heart. In any event, new and terribly expensive weapons, the B-70 bomber among them, were rejected by the civilian leadership—judgments that in retrospect are for the most part unimpeachable. The effects of the McNamara years are too deeply embedded to be wholly dislodged, but there is mounting evidence that the military is now using the increased leverage given it by the Vietnam war to reassert its primacy over civilian control, and is finding an increasingly responsive President and Secretary of State. The military chiefs' recommendations for escalation in Vietnam now become national policy, despite apparent objections by the Secretary of Defense. The Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Earle G. Wheeler, disagrees ever more boldly and publicly with his civilian superiors, and clearly this superlatively cautious man would not venture to do so without considerable informal encouragement. Recently, Marine Commandant General Wallace M. Greene, Jr., took it upon himself to tell the country that Vietnam was far more important than any minor disturbances by a few Negro malcontents—exactly the kind of military intrusion into broad national concerns that seemed to have disappeared with the Eisenhower years. And now all these tokens of a military renaissance have culminated in the decision, after a decade-long battle, to build an anti-ballistic-missile, or A.B.M., system. Both the Secretary of Defense and the President were previously opposed to such a system. Almost every independent scientific expert has concluded that a missile-defense system would be a costly, probably dangerous, and finally futile addition to the arms race. Yet we are going to build it just the same. Because the military and its allies want to. And because the President is unwilling to confront the political costs and pressures of a refusal. Apparently, the most important reason for the decision is the desire to deprive Republicans of the opportunity to make "the anti-missile gap" an issue in 1968. No one has clearly defined the phrase "military-industrial complex." Certainly it's not, in any sense, a coherent and malevolent conspiracy. Nevertheless, it does exist. It consists basically of much of the military leadership, the large industrial firms that make weapons, and the members of Congress who have assimilated their public careers with the cause of armed strength. These people are impelled by motives ranging all the way from the desire for profits, through honest fear, to fierce patriotic dedication. However, the disparate impulses invariably converge in a continuous and powerful advocacy of more and better weapons and in an opposition to arms control. With the decision to begin the missile defense, they have won perhaps their greatest victory.



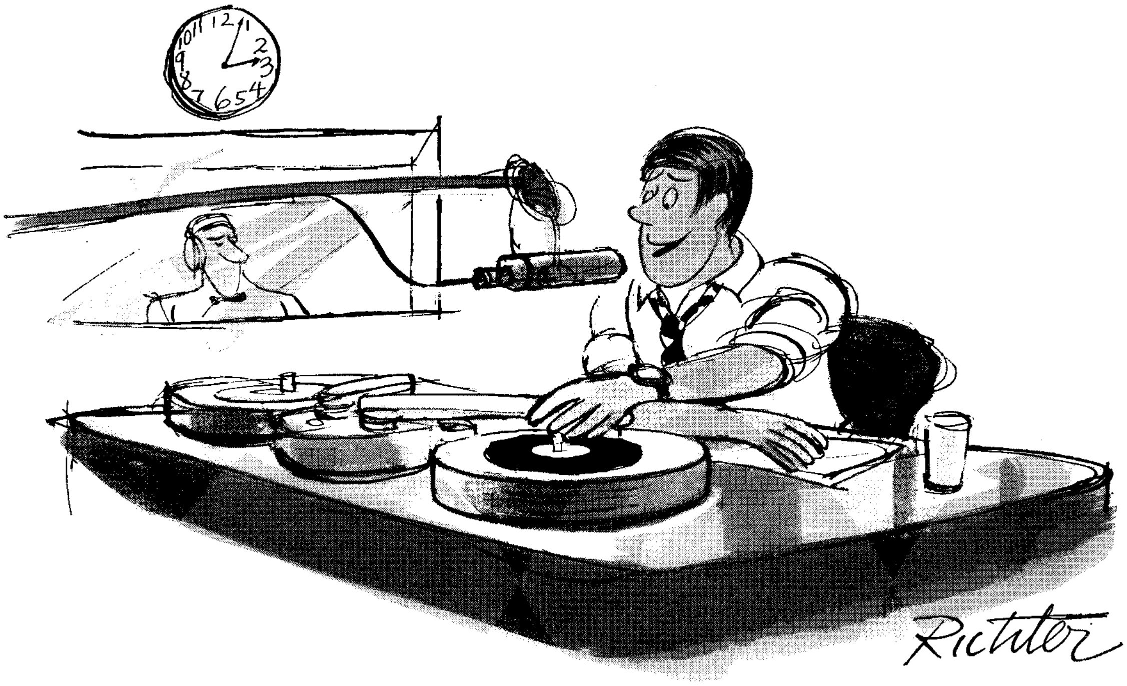
The arguments that are used to justify this decision indicate its remoteness from any logical analysis of the national interest. Until a few weeks ago, our official position was that we would not set up missile defenses if the Russians would also refrain. Now we intend to build a "light" system (only from five to ten billion dollars' worth), to defend ourselves against still nonexistent Chinese rockets. Plainly, if we need a defense against China, then to promise not to set up A.B.M.s if the Soviet Union similarly held back was a dangerous blunder, since it would leave us defenseless against the Chinese. This mask of illogic must, therefore, conceal the real consideration: the military and its allies are eager to get going with missile defenses. We cannot afford a real defense against Russia, which by McNamara's estimate would cost forty billion dollars, and might well cost twice as much, and a smaller effort can be justified only by calling upon that convenient devil China.

The arguments that swirl around missile defense are labyrinthine and often technical. Yet there are some fairly clear considerations—the same ones that led Secretary McNamara to oppose any defense and that now support his continuing hostility to a system for countering Soviet attack. The first such consideration—and one that in a different official mood would be conclusive—is that there is no way to build a defense that cannot be overwhelmed. If the Russians build enough missiles, or put more warheads on the missiles they already have, they will be able to blow us up no matter how many A.B.M.s we construct. As the Secretary has said, it is extremely unrealistic to assume that the Russians would not do this. Of course, we would do the same. (Soon, scientific progress will lay to rest the archaic formula "One rocket, one city" by topping a single missile with ten or more hydrogen bombs, which after crossing the Atlantic together would disperse to ten different urban areas.) Thus, after we had spent tens of billions of dollars and encircled our cities with nuclear weapons, both countries would still be able to destroy each other—which is exactly where we are now. If the Soviet Union should construct defenses while we refrained from doing so, we could nullify its efforts simply by improving our offensive power, and thus again preserve the now familiar assurance of mutual destruction. There is no escape from this logical certainty. For the important thing about missile defenses is that they will not stop all missiles. A certain number will get through. Perhaps twenty-five per cent, perhaps fifty per cent, perhaps seventy-five per cent. No one really knows, and no one will ever know until the day of Armageddon. There is no way of testing such defenses against all the stratagems and technological devices that may be contrived to deceive them. Anyway, air defense has invariably proved less effective in actual combat than on the testing fields. Even if some distant day of scientific wonders enables us to guarantee ninety-per-cent perfection, then, as ten hydrogen warheads descend on Washington, there will be, at most, a few moments for quiet pride in the fact that nine of them will never reach the target.

The second consideration is that the potential cost of this particular upward spiral in the arms race is unlimited. In this respect, it is the ultimate dream of a weapons system. The flaw in previous strategies was that once there were enough missiles to blow the other fellow up a few times over, no more were really needed. (We have three or four times as many as the Russians, but we still assume they could destroy us.) However, once a race between defense and offense begins, there is never enough. Of course, it is possible to stop at any arbitrary point—say, ten billion dollars, or fifty—and we undoubtedly will stop, but that makes no logical sense. For if you are serious about defense, you must strive for a system that really defends you, and since there is no such system, you must build forever. Russia and, ultimately, China will increase their offensive strength to counter our A.B.M.s, which means we will need more. And we will increase our own offensive strength as their defenses grow. All this will be distorted by the pragmatic necessity of assuming that the other side has better defenses than it actually has and that our own will not work as well as we have calculated. In addition, there will be the pressure from unguarded cities. After all, it will be hard for the citizens of Butte, Montana, to understand why they should be left to nuclear incineration while New Yorkers are permitted to view the holocaust comfortably on television as A.B.M.s swat hostile rockets from Manhattan skies.

These are among the reasons our government has continued to reject a full-scale defense against Russia, though few doubt that, however limited the present step may be, it points the way toward far more extensive systems. For even if we accept today's justification at face value, the argument for a defense against China lacks rational force. McNamara, with his fatal bent toward intellectual honesty, has practically said as much, announcing our decision with the far from ringing affirmation that since we must be "conservative" and must always take into account "the possible irrational behavior" of our foes, "there are marginal grounds for concluding that a light deployment of U.S. A.B.M.s . . . is prudent," and, anyway, "the system would be relatively *inexpensive*." (Martin Luther King, Roy Wilkins, et al. will be glad to know it is only five billion dollars to start.) Such strained and reluctant prose must surely flow from the Secretary's knowledge of how little we are buying. Defensive rockets will be pointed toward our northern border to intercept Chinese missiles taking, as the laws of physics recommend, the great-circle route to America (although some long-range A.B.M.s will theoretically be able to defend other approaches to the country). This will make it possible for most collisions to occur over Canada. Other A.B.M.s will be placed around our missile "farms," popularly known as bases. Once the Chinese build a large-scale striking force—say, from one hundred to two hundred warheads—this defense will be useless for exactly the same reasons that now apply in the case of Russia. Thus, its value is limited to the period between the present—when the Chinese have no missiles—and the time they enter the select company of nations able to devastate their enemies. This may be a very short interval indeed, since once a country has built its first dozen rockets it can easily, and swiftly, build a hundred more. If the Chinese manage to uncover the fact that many warheads can be carried on a single missile, the inter-

"What do you mean I'm an enigma? I don't think I like that crack."



"And now it's time for a stroll down Memory Lane. Here's Elvis Presley and 'Blue Suede Shoes.' "

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val may be shortened even further. Moreover, the ingenious Chinese may well find ways to avoid their assigned routes and our defenses—for example, delivering their bombs by submarine and short-range rockets that will shoot under the system. While their force remains small, and if they are unable to fool or circumvent the "light" defense, it will probably stop a moderately high proportion of their missiles.

Although the abstractions of strategic thought lend themselves to infinite combinations of conjectural moves and countermoves, the fact is that such a defense would have little effect on Chinese policy. The most the Chinese can hope for from a small striking force is to hold a few American cities hostage to nuclear destruction, thus increasing our reluctance to get involved in a war with them. Since we must accept the likelihood that some missiles will slip through any defense, there is no way to frustrate this objective. Therefore, we will always have to assume that the price of an all-out war against China may well be Detroit, Los Angeles, and Chicago. If we ourselves should suddenly decide to make a surprise nuclear attack on China, defenses would be unnecessary, since we could destroy their missiles on the ground. So our A.B.M.s will save some American lives only if the Chinese impatiently decide to shoot their thirty or forty missiles at the United States in the knowledge that the consequence will be the total destruction of China, instead of waiting a few years, by the end of which time they can really do the job properly. Even this weak justification for the "light" defense is diluted by the probability that nuclear war between the United States and China would involve the Soviet Union, against which there is no defense.

If this decision takes us toward the probable goal of a much larger defense system, perhaps the most ominous consequences will be to the national psyche. Until now, nuclear war has been a terrifying but rather abstract possibility. Our weapons of destruction have been secreted on remote Western ranges, and their reality has been communicated to the average citizen through the dulling repetition of statistics and technical terms. If A.B.M.s expand, nuclear rockets will ring our major cities, and, undoubtedly, on Armed Forces Day and other patriotic occasions parents will drive their children out to see the impressive display of national might. The dawning awareness that we all live in armed camps will almost surely have a depressing effect on our thinking and our way of life. The constant physical reminder of danger, with its inevitable addition to the strains of daily life, may well bring closer the time when we will finally say, "Let's get it all over with." At least, we can be sure it will not help to liberate the more noble and creative impulses of the human spirit.

Cottage

THERE are (we remind ourself, not for the first time) a thousand New Yorks, or maybe ten thousand, and the longer we go on exploring the city the more obvious it becomes that we will never succeed in taking its proper measure; the shining glass-and-steel boxes that we see piled up outside our office windows as we write this are one New York, and the dusky corner of Staten Island that we visited late on a recent rain-spattered Saturday afternoon is another, and they are not only miles apart in space but centuries apart in time and worlds apart in spirit. The occasion for which we journeyed out to the Island was a benefit punch-and-supper party being given by an organization called—with the portmanteau clumsiness characteristic of so many ardent champions of good causes—Friends of the Alice Austen House and Esplanade. The fact is that the Alice Austen house and the Esplanade have nothing in common except a hypothetical contiguity. Miss Austen, who was almost entirely unknown to fame during her lifetime (1866-1952) but is now recognized as one of the outstanding documentary photographers of her time, spent most of her long life in a charming white Dutch-style cottage called Clear Comfort, on a broad lawn overlooking the Narrows and the green slopes of Brooklyn; the Esplanade is a hoped-for walkway and bicycle path that the Parks Department would like to build along the shore from Von Briesen Park to Fort Wadsworth and that would pass directly in front of—and give easy access to—the Austen house. Provided, of course, that the house is allowed to survive, for the property, together with an adjacent property consisting of a large, much added-to Greek Revival mansion that once belonged to the New York Yacht Club, is threatened with demolition. The two parcels of land, which comprise roughly four acres of lawn, pasture, woods, and pebbly shore, are owned by a real-estate syndicate whose aim is to sell them as a site for a cluster of high-rise apartment buildings. The Friends of the Alice Austen House and Esplanade are feverishly working to have the city take over the properties and, with the help of state and federal park funds, and the further help of foundations and private individuals, restore the cottage as a museum for the display of Miss Austen's extraordinary photographs (she left a total of about seven thousand, most of them of local scenes and people) and turn the former yacht club into a public restaurant.

Visiting the Austen house, we felt tempted to tear down the "For Sale" sign that the present owners have nailed up near the weedy, rutted lane leading into the property. We opened a rickety wood-and-wire gate and made our way along the lane—paved here and there with a rubble of bricks and cobbles—to where it petered out in what must once have been a properly stone-curbed and flower-bordered turnaround. A jumble of old barns and outbuildings stood in the shadow of an enormous horse-chestnut tree, just then dropping its prickly light-green burrs. Beyond a stone wall covered with honeysuckle we caught a glimpse of a white-fenced paddock, in which five horses were grazing. The Austen house, long, low-roofed, and engulfed in the leafy jungle of a long-abandoned Victorian garden, stands on a stretch of nearly level land between the lane and the Narrows. Half a dozen cargo ships and tankers rode at anchor in the gray, whitecapped water, waiting to pass through Quarantine, and to the south the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge hung without effort halfway up the sky. Inside, the house was dark and snug, with beamed ceilings and broad plank floors. (Its foundations are said to go back to the seventeenth century, and the rest is early-eighteenth-century, fetchingly frosted over with Gothic Revival latticed dormers and sinuous fretwork trim.) A sampling of Miss Austen's photographs was on exhibit in the parlor: schooners and barkentines under sail in the Bay, young people posing decorously in tennis costume, a crippled news vender on a street in Manhattan, a self-portrait of Miss Austen ready to set out for the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. Was it possible that this dark, snug house, this jungle of a garden, this green lawn running down to the beach were about to disappear forever? Were our thousands of New Yorks about to be reduced by one, and such a one? We thought of Alice Austen's grandfather, who bought the place in 1844, and who wrote to his wife from London, a hundred years ago, "I shall never forget the day I passed out of the Narrows how lovely the old cottage looked. It was much admired by the passengers who stood near me. The Captain ordered the ship run close to our side when I told him I wished to make a signal to you."

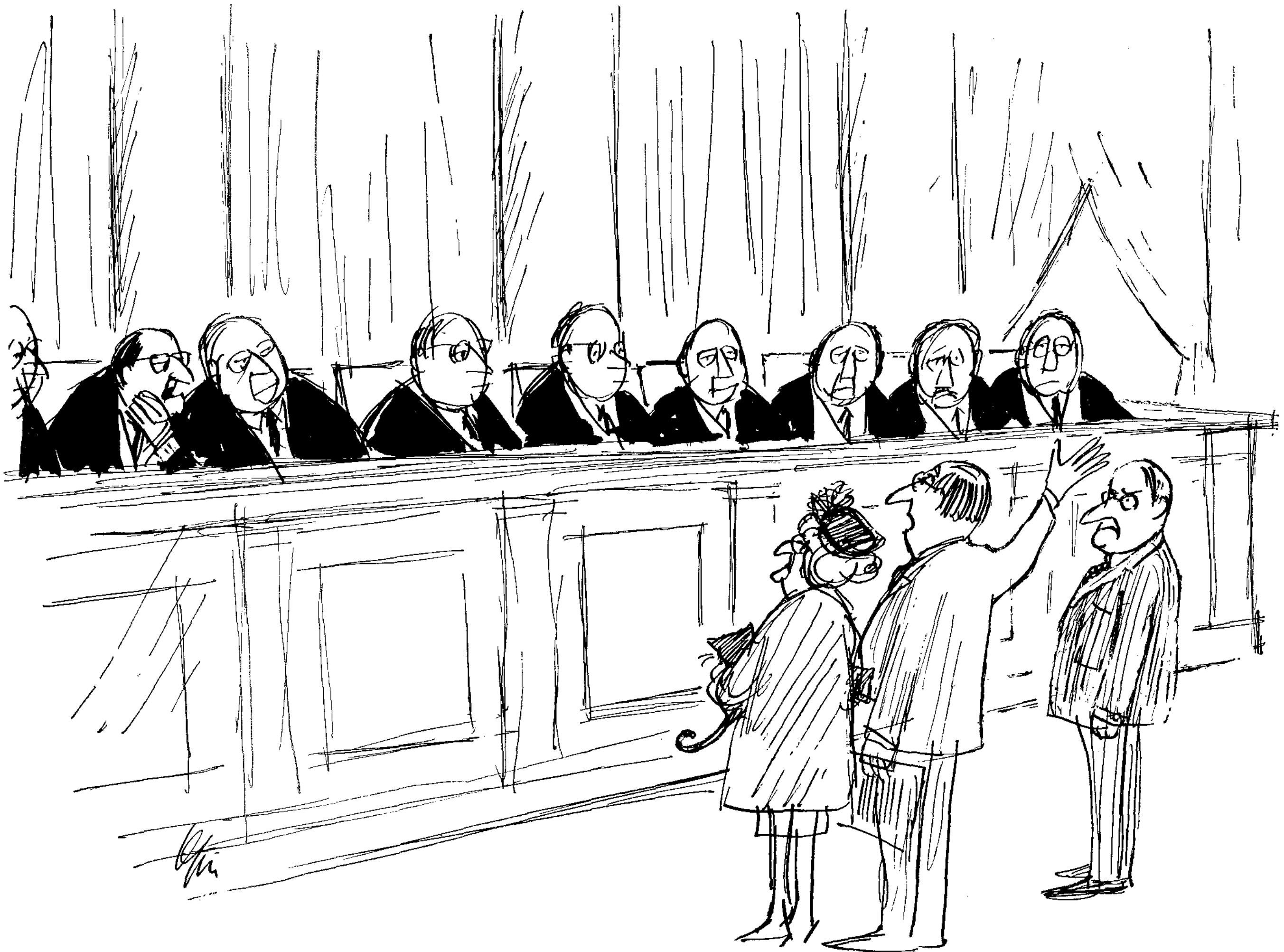
Graduation

WE attended the New York Botanical Garden's eleventh graduation ceremony for its Children's Gardencraft Classes the other Saturday morning, and Mrs. Lillian Weber, who has been the leader of the Classes since they started, told us that its 1967 enrollment was close to two hundred and fifty (as against fifty in 1956), and that its 1967 harvest, as of August 10th, came to a bumper seven hundred and thirty-one pounds of beans, three hundred and sixty-two pounds of beets, four hundred and thirty-five pounds of broccoli, seventy-five pounds of cabbage, two hundred and seventy-five pounds of carrots, ninety-five pounds of cucumbers, twenty-one pounds of eggplant, three thousand one hundred and twelve flowers, sixteen hundred and sixty-eight heads of lettuce, two hundred and sixty-eight pounds of peppers, seventeen thousand nine hundred and ninety-five radishes, forty-two hundred scallions, four hundred and thirty-seven pounds of spinach, eighty-five pounds of squash, forty-three pounds of Swiss chard, and five hundred and twenty pounds of tomatoes. "The course went on till the end of August," she said, "so the final figures were higher, but we had to tot things up in time for today's published program." She handed us a twelve-page brochure, printed in green, which contained the names of the crafters (Anthony Adornetto through Lawrence Zollino); the names of Friends of the Children's Garden, the Classes' angels (among them Miss Katharine Cornell); and photographs of smiling harvesters, aged from nine to sixteen, surrounded by their products. Ninety per cent of the agriculturists came from the Bronx, we read, and the rest from Manhattan, Brooklyn, Staten Island, and Westchester; families abounded (three Zaneris, many braces of Antonuccis, DiCostanzos, Homolas, and so on); peppers were late, because of the weather, but "fortunately the crops have been free from diseases and pests, and have been bountiful."

Mrs. Weber presently mounted the platform of the Garden museum building's auditorium, which was packed with graduates (each on a seat with his or her name pasted on it) and their parents, and asked for quiet. This was not forthcoming, because a number of mothers had brought preschool infants, who kept up a lugubrious howling. Dr. William C. Steere, the Garden's director, welcomed one and all, adding that he had a grandson in the group and had watched its work (four summer mornings a week) with interest from his office window. Mr. Walter Singer, the Garden's staff photographer and one of six Gardencraft instructors, ran off some color slides of curricular activities, and, when Mr. Thomas H. Everett, the senior curator of education, had adjusted the microphone to their varying heights, three pupils, reading from prepared scripts, paid tribute to their alma mater. Harriet Dinerstein (Beginners' Class): "Living in a city apartment, I never had an opportunity for gardening. . . . Every week I left with a good feeling that I had done my work and that it would show in the quality of my plants." John Scott (Intermediate Class, second year): "One of the most enjoyable hobbies I have ever known. . . . We grew so many vegetables that we didn't know what to do with them, so our relatives enjoyed them." Vincent Ammirato (Advanced Class, third year or better): "Our arch-enemies were the birds, the rabbits, and the insects. . . . I can't wait to sign up for next year."

Then, one by one, two hundred-odd children climbed up to the platform. As their names were checked off on a list by Mr. Everett's secretary, Miss Nancy Callaghan, who doubles as an instructor, and were announced in stentorian tones by Miss Elizabeth Hall, the Garden's assistant curator of education, Mrs. Steere, murmuring congratulations and bestowing a dazzling smile on each and every child, handed out the graduation certificates. She reaped a few smiles in return, but most of the recipients' expressions were grave. Their small brothers and sisters in the audience continued to howl.

Prizes of books on gardening were awarded, one to a sixth-year student; an omnium-gatherum applause drowned out the wails; and two Beginners, Miss Dinerstein and Mariana Wolfner, the latter equipped with a ukulele, rendered several appropriate lyrics of their own composition, of which one,



"*Her landlord kicked her cat! How did this thing ever get out of Small Claims Court?*"

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to the tune of "On Top of Old Smokey," ran:

Inside of my garden, all covered with
 weeds,
I grew all the spinach that anyone needs.
I planted it early in more than one row,
And you should have seen how that spin-
 ach did grow.
And when it was ready I took it all home,
And then I ate all of the spinach I'd
 grown.

Film Festival Reception

WE couldn't make the 1967 New York Film Festival opening-night party at Lincoln Center last week, so we gave our invitation ("A champagne reception will be held in the Grand Promenade of the New York State Theatre . . . immediately following the performance. . . . Black Tie") to Ralph, a young *Cahiers du Cinéma* subscriber who mans our switchboard on Saturdays, when the office is closed. Ralph submitted the following notes on the event:

"A party *vérité*—hand-held champagne glasses, and erratic sound, but well executed, despite a certain fuzziness of focus toward the end. The scene—Philip Johnson's Grand Promenade—was effective, with the two huge Nadelman sculptures at either end subtly paying homage, one felt, to the Camp classic 'King Kong.' An amusing touch. The other buildings of Lincoln Center, as seen in long shots from the pillared outside balcony, were obviously a sentimental tribute to the Babylon of D. W. Griffith. As for the deserted plaza and the fountain below, with two policemen placed like topiaries, sheer Resnais! Pure Marienbad! (The mini-skirted blonde staring blankly down at the scene bespoke early Antonioni.) The cameo appearances during the evening (Susan Sontag, Sidney Poitier, Tony Randall, Barbara Harris, Henry Fonda, Comden and Green, Kevin McCarthy, Andy Warhol) and their remarks (Sontag: 'That was the fourth movie I've seen today') lent crisp authenticity. As for the over-all direction, the casual swirling of the crowd, seen from a balcony above, had the sweep, one sensed, of Eisenstein, but presently it was apparent that the random movement was more likely a clever put-down of Busby Berkeley. The felt sexuality of the evening—a pervading consciousness of male and female—was muted. Men and women talked to each other, and danced, but one was aware always of the space between them: the Bergmanesque isolation. The homely man sitting by himself all evening, not moving, owed much to Warhol's 'Sleep,' although the fact that he was awake, apparently, tends to diminish the validity of the allusion. A bow to Western barroom battles took the form of breaking glasses, the sound becoming more insistent in the latter part of the evening. The musical score, by Pucho and his Latin Soul Brothers, was vigorous and meaningful; the sung lyric 'Gonna wait till the midnight hour' struck one as particularly pertinent in the light of the school-strike negotiations. The pervasive eclecticism continued to the very end of the evening, when an attendant made a dazzling reference to Looney Tunes in addressing the last lingering guests: 'That's all, folks,' he remarked. By way of special mention, may I cite the special effects by the Great Western Champagne Company? They linger with me. Ralph."

AN INDIAN CITIZEN

NEAT in his person, and just as neat the room he left behind him, Dr. Ernst fastened the padlock on his door and dropped the key into his top pocket. The padlock—supplied by the authorities—was huge, and if someone happened to be passing while he was locking up, he often pretended that he had got his finger caught in it. "Ooh," he would say, and wave his fingers painfully in the air and purse his mouth for a soundless whistle. But it was not a joke he ever made in the mornings. In the mornings, he knew, everyone was far too busy to take any notice of him, let alone his jokes.

The apartment block in which he had been fortunate enough to get a room was one occupied mainly by assistant editors in the Publications Division or section officers in the Ministry of Education, all of them civil servants in the medium-income groups, whose energies in the morning were concentrated on reaching the office in time. Since bicycles were beneath their dignity and none of them were rich enough to possess a car, getting to the office meant getting on a bus, and it was this task ahead that accounted for the grim, determined expressions on their faces. The ladies strode along purposefully in their saris, all of them intellectuals, graduates, wage earners, emancipated, and on an equal footing with men—the pride of modern India. Some of them grasped short umbrellas, with an air that made it clear that, if necessity demanded, they would use them to sharp effect in the bus queue.

Dr. Ernst had no office to go to, but he got up and went out at the same time as everyone else in the mornings. He felt better that way—not left out of anything but part of a busy world. Once, for a short, glorious time, he, too, had been an office worker. He had helped to put out bulletins in the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting and had compiled a weekly newssheet on the eradication of household pests. He had been very happy, though of course he had not expected to be kept long; he had known that sooner or later the job would have to be handed over to a genuine Indian subject, not an "ersatz" one, as he liked in fun to call himself. But it had been good while it lasted—not only the working in an office on regular hours like everyone else but also the knowledge that on the first week of every month a sufficient salary would infallibly turn up.

He walked among the crowd of officegoers toward the main gate of the apartment block, here and there raising his panama hat in a greeting that was courtly but at the same time unobtrusive, so that those who were in too much of a hurry could, with a good conscience, pretend they hadn't noticed. One or two of the hurrying figures he looked at with pleasure. Miss Jaya, from Room No. 146-A, for instance—a valued employee in the Ministry of Scientific Research and Cultural Affairs, walking slim and neat and upright in a green patterned sari, with her hair balanced on her head in a shining coil. Youth! thought Dr. Ernst with a smile. Youth and energy and confidence—the future. And he smiled again and thrust out his chest, looking after pretty Miss Jaya, and felt as if he had been fired with an ideal, a confirmation that life could be beautiful and good.

"Ernst!"

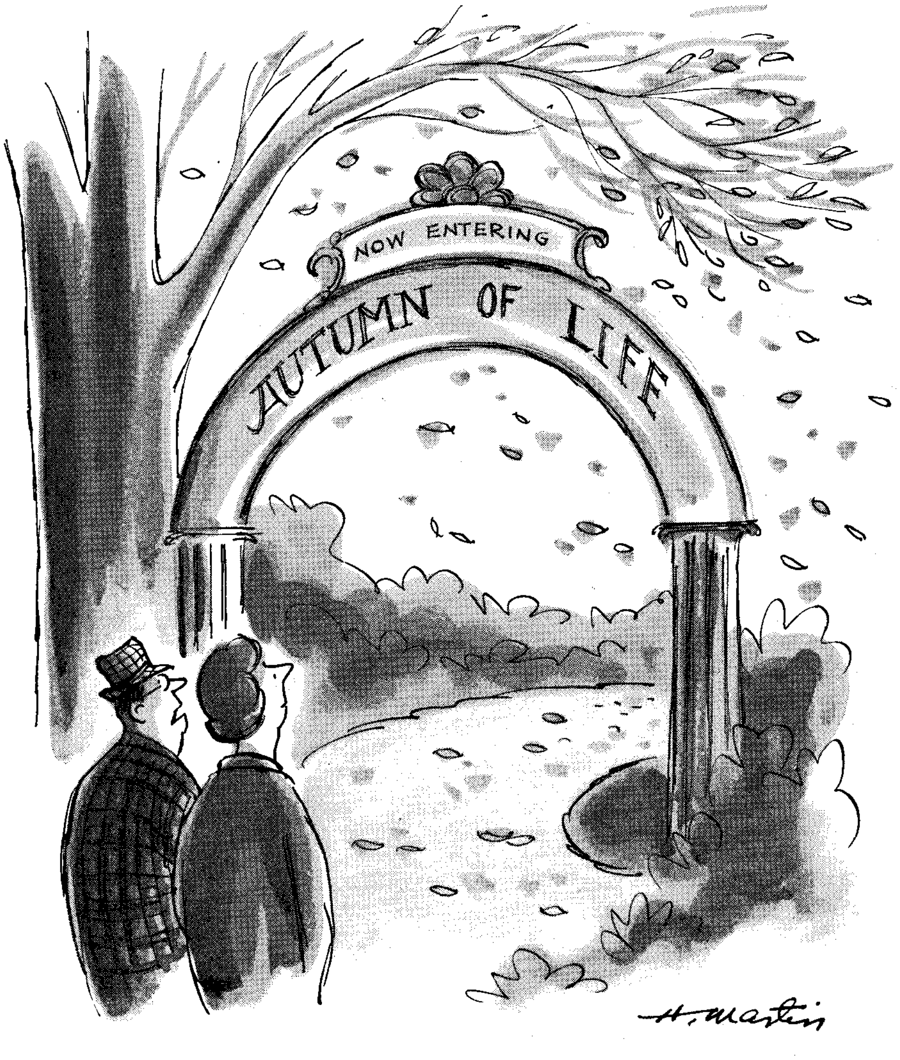
It was Lily. She was looking out of the window of her room with a woebegone air. All the windows in the block were crossed with iron bars, to keep the burglars out, and Lily peering through the bars, with her head to one side and her hair drooping sadly over her eyes, reminded him of a symbolical painting he had once been much moved by, entitled "Humanity." However, he was not moved by Lily; he had seen her too often, looking just like this.

"Come in and talk to me," said Lily in a voice as woebegone as her face.

Suppressing a sigh, lingering a last fond look on the disappearing figure of brisk Miss Jaya, he turned aside and entered Lily's room.

"Right in," she commanded as he stood hesitating at the door.

He never liked to go into Lily's room. It was strange how different it was from his own, even though the rooms were absolutely identical in construction and in their basic furnishings, which were supplied by the authorities and consisted of a file cupboard for wardrobe, a serviceable wooden bed, and a dressing table that was really only an office desk with a mirror attached. Lily had a vivid taste, and she had smothered these bare necessities in curtains, cushions, rugs, hangings, masks, prints—all Oriental, all folk art, and all very dirty. Dr. Ernst, on the other hand, had added almost nothing



"What's it say, Margaret? I'm still not used to these bifocals."

to the room he had been given; he really didn't have anything except two wooden bears from Switzerland, which were meant to serve as bookends, a photograph of his parents in an oval frame, and a thirty-year-old alarm clock that still kept excellent time. But he was scrupulous about maintaining everything absolutely neat and clean and scrubbed. He did this himself every morning, with a bucket and soapsuds and a brush and a lot of vigor, his sleeves rolled up over his thin arms. In summer, when there were dust storms and everything in the city was covered with thick layers of dust and one could even taste it between one's teeth and smell it up one's nostrils, he would carefully wipe his yellow duster over everything in his room as many as five or six times a day. Anything out of place, any disorder or grime anywhere in his room was like a giving in to that chaos which had seemed perpetually to lie in wait for him ever since he started on his enforced travels, almost thirty years ago.

"I feel so awful," Lily wailed. She was squatting under the window on a little couch she had made out of old boxes covered with a thick hand-spun cloth featuring block-printed horses and riders. "There's something terribly wrong with me."

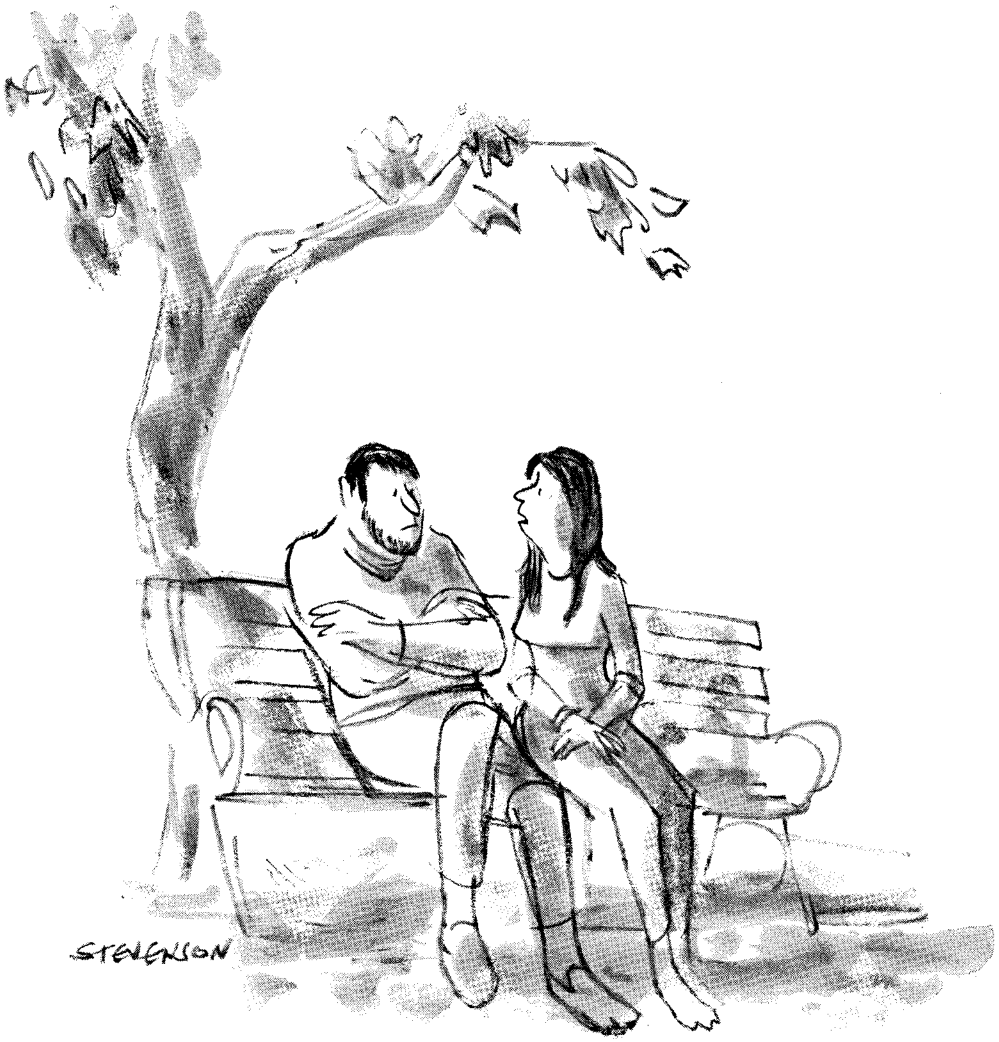
Dr. Ernst managed to look sympathetic, though secretly he was thinking that what was wrong with Lily was that she needed a good scrub and bath. How trim Miss Jaya had looked, how neat and smart and ready for her work! Lily sagged on her couch in a crumpled flowered wrap, her face too white and a bit puffy, and her hair a tangled, clotted nest.

"No office today?" asked Dr. Ernst.

She looked at him as if he had done her an injury. "In my state?" she said in a robust enough voice.

In his heart, he condemned her. She never appreciated how lucky she was to have a job here, even though she was English. She worked as a monitor in All India Radio—in the Chinese Section, strangely enough—and, instead of being grateful, she carried on as if she were being exploited. She frequently skipped days and was always grumbling about her salary.

"I want you to phone Chinky-Linky for me," she was saying. "Tell him I won't be in today, so he'll have to do some *work* for once in his life. That'll be a nice change for him. I'd always been given to understand that the Chinese were an industrious race, but judging by Chinky-Linky— Oh, do sit *down*. You're making me nervous."



"Gee, Tom, if you really feel that way about people's privacy, maybe you ought to pull out of cinéma vérité."

Dr. Ernst fidgeted. "I have to get going."

"What for? You're no wage slave like the rest of us. You lucky sod. Go *on!*" she said, pointing an impatient foot at a disintegrating cane hassock, on which he then had to lower himself gingerly.

He sat, uncomfortable and ill at ease, his thin knees pressed together, while she talked. She had a rather whining sort of voice, which rose and fell; it was loud while she was in the middle of her subject, then sank into a mumble as her interest in it diminished, and rose again as she started on something new. As always, she had plenty to say, and as she went on, her servant appeared and served them cups of coffee. He was a crafty old man in a pair of tattered striped pajamas, who did rather well by means of little commissions he paid himself out of the bazaar money. Dr. Ernst, always ready for refreshments, would have drunk his with pleasure, but at the last moment noticed there was a smudge of lipstick on the cup, so he put it aside; he was still, in spite of his hardships, fastidious in these matters.

And now Lily had got onto her best subject of all, the one that always formed the climax of her conversations: her latest love affair. She had been in India for some three years now, and in that period of time had already been in love several times. Hers was a passionate nature, and indeed it was passion that had got her out to India in the first place, in pursuit of a handsome young Indian, who, whatever promises he might have made her in London, did not feel up to them once he had safely reached home ground. She had hardly got over that disappointment when she was in love again, and from there she never looked back, passing from passion to passion, each one more burning and more hopeless than the last.

"He was so beastly to me," she was complaining. "Wouldn't speak to me properly, made me pay for the dinner—he's such a brute." But when she said “brute,” her eyes lit up and she leaned forward, smiling, eager, to add, “But so handsome! Isn’t he the handsomest, handsomest creature you’ve ever seen?” She pushed Dr. Ernst’s knee quite hard in her anxiety for his assent and confirmation.

He couldn’t quite remember this latest young man and might be confusing him with one or two of his predecessors. But he said, “Terribly, terribly handsome,” and smiled at her with his perfect, pearly plate of teeth. At that moment, he forgave her the smudge of lipstick on the coffee cup and much else besides. He admired her perseverance, her refusal to compromise: all her young men had been excessively handsome and desirable, and not one of them had even remotely returned her feelings. They made her suffer, and yet she chose only them, only these paragons, and never stooped to measure her affections to a lesser man more within her range. Only the best was good enough for her, and she would go on desiring it, though doomed forever to consume herself in her own flame.

THE OUTRAGEOUSLY BLESSED

The gods would have us chastened through confusion.
Those who tempt the skies’ outrage are blessed,
though Zeus might be a cupboy for the thanks he gets
from these.
The pretty boys who’d fall asleep
disputing with slow Socrates
are still the ones who catch the key equations
and laugh to straw the schoolmen and the schools;
they win the game by changing all the rules.

Small comfort to the sane, who do their best,
to find we cherish maddening exceptions:
the lines that need not scan; the gulfs in nature.
By odds and irritants our cosmic oyster
cannot digest,
the pearl grows precious in its queer success.

—Barry Spacks

• •

“You should see him with his clothes off,” she told him indelicately. “Like a god. *Such* shoulders, so broad, and hips you don’t know how slender, like a boy’s. Even to think of it—ooh, I can’t bear it!” She moaned with joy and hugged herself tight, and her wrap fell apart, revealing her legs, which were pale and plump, with the flesh shaking like a dewlap from the underside of the thighs.

How old was she now? Thirty? Thirty-two? Still young by his standards, but he knew that she would never marry, just as he never had. For he, too, had been like her—had loved and desired only what was infinitely beyond him. He had always wanted to marry and had the most superbly imaginative vision of the bliss that would be waiting for him in that state, but his one condition was that his partner should be a paragon. He would settle for nothing less. This trend of his had started long ago, at school, where he had loved little Lise Freuhlingslied, pert in frilly apron and kid boots, who never looked at him without a scornful toss of her blond mane (topped by a blue satin ribbon), while Sophie Mann, who truly loved him and was ever eager to share her ham roll with him in the lunch break, could not get as much as a look or a thought from him. Yes, he could have married many times over, later in Amsterdam, in Beirut, in Bombay, but always to the Sophie Manns, for whom he had no time to spare because he was too busy being in love with the Lise Freuhlingslieds. So here he was now, sixty and single, though not sorry for it, because he had kept his ideal uncompromised and still, however improbably, within his reach.

Lily crooned softly, “I think he’s got a terribly cruel streak in his nature.” Then she added, “They all have. All these Indian men. I think they like to humiliate us.” She sounded very easy and even rather pleased about it, as if she liked being humiliated.

“No psychoanalysis, please,” said Dr. Ernst. “I hear it’s out of fashion.”

“And, you know, they always pretend to like our white skins and admire us, but really I think—yes, I’m sure, I’m sure, they *despise* us.”

“What are you saying?” cried Dr. Ernst.

“Hate and despise us,” she said with relish.

He got up from the cane hassock. He would not hear such things spoken. Indians had always been so kind to him and he owed them so much. A place to live, a nationality, friendship, respect—all this they had given him. He said, very primly and in rebuke, “Most of my friends are Indians.”

Lily made a rude sound. “Like hell they are. You hardly know any, for all you’ve been here donkey’s years.” When she saw him about to protest, she cried, “All right, name them, name them!”

Without hesitation, and proudly, he stood and ticked off his fingers. “Sri Manohar, Minister of Moral Reformation. Her Highness of Palangkot. Dr. Lall, M.P.—”

“You call those friends? Why, you’re just their”—she shrugged and said in her careless, rude, English way—“their hanger-on.”

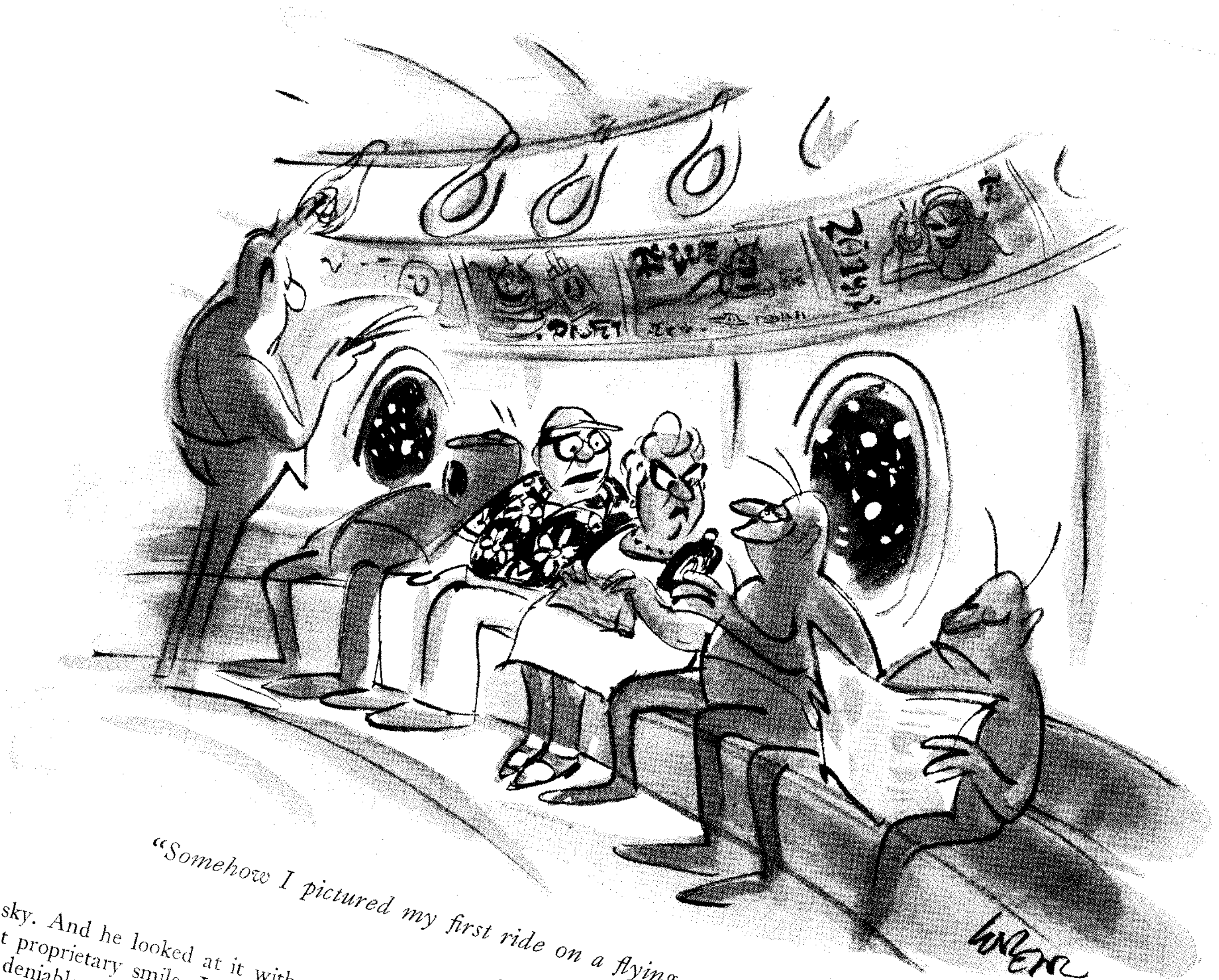
Dr. Ernst was insulted. He compressed his lips, and his face took on a vicious expression. He had always been a mild and friendly person, but if he felt himself insulted by people whom he did not consider his superiors he wanted revenge. When he was a student of philology at the university, there had been a group of students—crude, unmannerly fellows—who had not been very nice to him, so that when he caught one of them cheating in the examinations, he had not hesitated to report him to the authorities. This had ultimately led to the young man’s expulsion, but Dr. Ernst had not been sorry; quite on the contrary, the memory of this act filled him even today with a sense of righteousness and justice done.

He said to Lily in a trembling voice, “You can go and phone your Chinky-Linky yourself.” He looked at her and felt prompted to home truths. “There is nothing wrong with you that you can’t go to your office, only you need to wash, that is all, and tidy up this room, which is not fit for a human being to live in.”

She wasn’t the least bit offended, but laughed in a genuine, frank way. “A real pigsty, don’t I know it. Oh, don’t be cross. Sit down, I want to talk.”

But he was offended, and as a mark of disrespect he put on his panama hat right there in the room and walked out of the door, ignoring the plaintive shouts she let out after him through the iron bars.

He was still upset when he reached the road, but once he started walking his mood changed. How lucky we are, he thought—always a



"Somehow I pictured my first ride on a flying saucer rather differently."

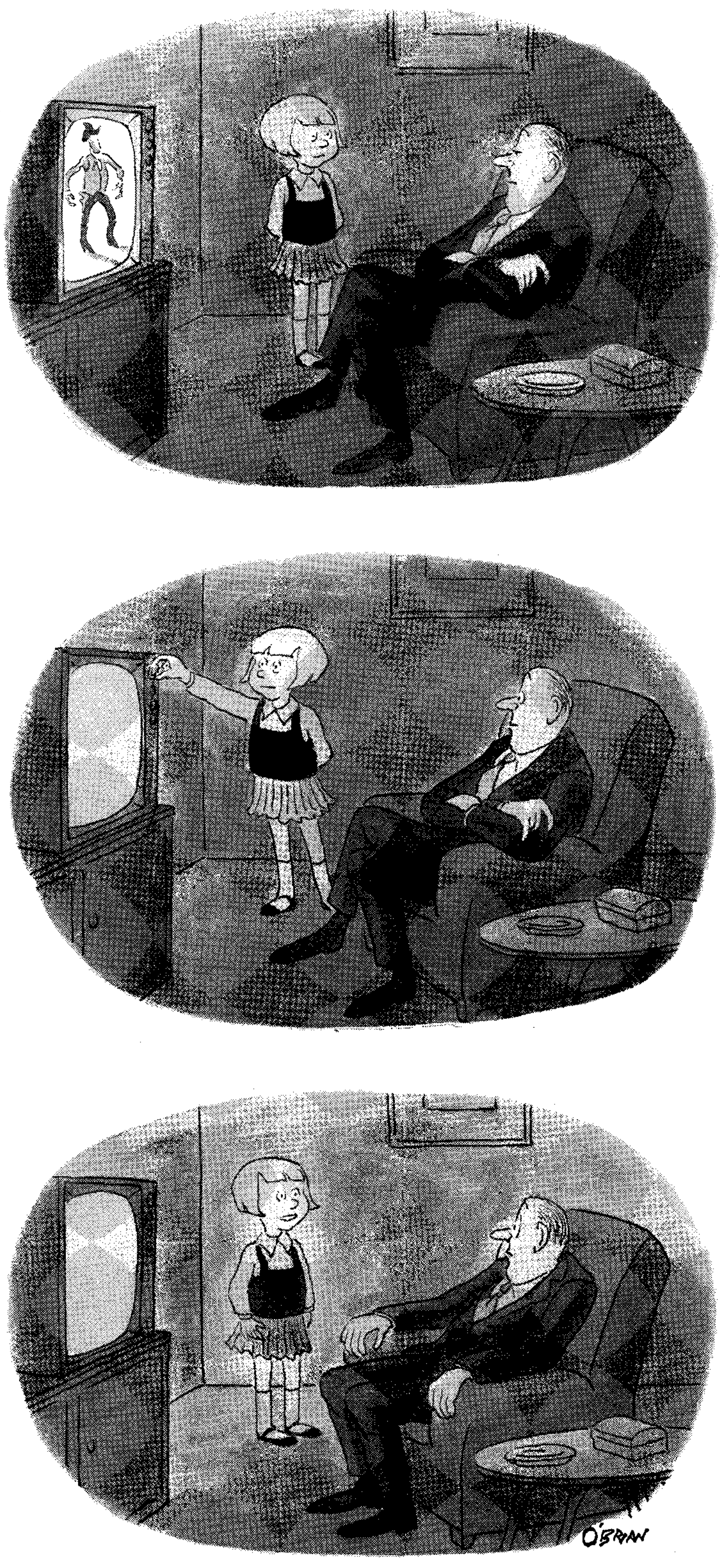
• •

blue sky. And he looked at it with an almost proprietary smile. It really was an undeniable, unflecked, irreproachable blue, and the sun was shining not too hotly yet, and the air was high and clear. The morning office rush was over, and only a few slim young college girls in freshly laundered saris stood at the bus stop. The streets here were broad and unpaved and lined thickly with very tall, very stately trees in different shades of green. Set back far from the road, each one in its own beautifully kept garden, were white houses with pillars and verandas. Their gates were ornamental, and at some of them hovered little groups of servants (the bearer, the gardener, the watchman). An elderly lady went by, slow and stately under her parasol, and a servant in white uniform was walking a beautifully groomed Alsatian on a red leather lead. Everything was leisured and green that morning, with many kinds of birds singing and twittering in the trees. Under such conditions, who would brood over personal feelings, over a slight received? Certainly not Dr. Ernst; he had passed too long a life, and one too full of setbacks, not to be able to shake off passing moods and take full advantage of whatever moments of happiness were offered to him. He breathed the fragrant air, listened to the birds, and looked at the college girls. And who was Lily, anyway? He hummed to himself—some gay tune that rose from goodness knows what depths of past contentment.

But he had not yet decided where to go. Other people went out to work every morning; he went out to put himself in the way of work. Keeping up his contacts, he called it. Certainly one had to make people realize that one was still there and still ready to oblige, so that when friends heard of someone who wanted German lessons or French lessons or Latin (he was willing to teach anything, even Viennese, he often joked), then the first person they would think of would be Dr. Ernst, especially if they had recently seen him. Especially as he was always so grateful; he would thank people effusively, over and over, in his most gallant Continental way, for recommending him, so that they felt pleased and began to have as high an opinion of themselves as he obviously did.

He wondered, as he walked, who he should go and see this morning. He felt inclined not only to keep up contacts but also to spend a pleasant morning chatting with friends. The nicest place to go, of course, was Maiska's, and already his thoughts and footsteps were turned in that direction. It was always cozy at Maiska's. She was a middle-aged European woman, plain, dowdy, yet with a charm born of good nature and sympathy, which made her the center of a whole group of friends. No one ever called her by her first name, whatever that may have been, or by her married name, which was a Bengali one, for at one stage she had had a Bengali husband. Everyone always called her by her maiden surname, Maiska. She had a job in the university teaching various European languages—she knew a great number of them, and it was said she had even learned Bengali during her brief married life—and she lived in a flat near the university, in a house rather shabby and crowded, with dirty stairs and choked drains. But once inside Maiska's flat, everything was quite different. True, in her furnishings she had largely made use of cheap Indian handloom materials, yet somehow the total effect was completely, cozily European. There were many ashtrays, usually well filled with stubs, and comfortable armchairs to sit in and good pictures on the walls and good books in the bookcases.

Dr. Ernst had spent some of his best hours there. Maiska really knew how to make one feel at home, and there were usually one or two other friends with her—members of that band of displaced, lonely Europeans, like Lily and Dr. Ernst himself, who constantly gravitated round her flat. Only the week before, they had had a lovely party there. The Linskys had brought potato salad, and Anna Shukla had baked one of her cheesecakes, and Herman had showed them a whole range of new card tricks (he was so clever, they had all agreed—a real magician). Evenings at Maiska's were the best, but even during the day it was a very pleasant place to visit. He was already looking forward to the cup of coffee she would serve him—good strong European coffee, not like Lily's weak English brew. Hopefully, he wondered if he would meet any other of their friends there—Anna Shukla perhaps, or Herman, or Charlene, who was a Buddhist and lived in a Buddhist ashrama. They would talk and play the gramophone, and perhaps they would all cook up some sort of tasty lunch together on Maiska's little electric ring. But in the middle of these pleasant speculations, he suddenly remembered Lily and how she had said, "Name them, name them!," and then it became a matter of pride not to go to Maiska's today. She was, he told himself, only one of many possibilities, and today it so happened he felt more like visiting one of his Indian friends. He remembered the names he had mentioned to Lily—Sri Manohar and Her Highness of Palangkot—all his good friends who would welcome him, though of course they were all busy, important people, and it was necessary to make an appointment first and pass through several secretaries. But, good heavens, there were others—many, many other good friends, whose doors were always open to him and who would be delighted to see him any time he cared to call.



"You're my daddy and I love you, but I don't want your brain to turn to mush."

• •

MRS. CHAWLA was not in a very good mood. She was to have had her singing lesson that morning, but her singing master had not turned up. Unfortunately, this happened quite frequently, and every time it did she contemplated dispensing with his services. But when he came again the next time, she always forgave him very readily, for he had a charming smile and was altogether so young and debonair that it seemed no more than his due to have to work only when he felt like it. Still, it was dull and disappointing not to have one's singing lesson when one had been looking forward to it, and today, after having scolded her servants on various points of disorder, she retired in a huff to her bedroom, where she lay down on the floor and began to do her yoga exercises. She was in the middle of the Sarvangasana and had got her legs laboriously into the air and was bending now one and now the other when her servant knocked timidly on the door. "No!" she called at once. "I'm busy!"

When she heard, however, that a sahib had come and was waiting downstairs in the drawing room, she became a little better pleased and got up and began to brush her hair before the mirror.

She entered the drawing room with a smile. Dr. Ernst struggled instantly to his feet (not very easy, for Mrs. Chawla's décor was in true Indian style, with seats at floor level). He noticed at once that the smile with which she entered grew stiff and uncordial when she saw that it was he. His heart sank—he had often been an unwelcome visitor—but it was too late to retreat. In an attempt to put her in a better mood with him, he arched himself reverently over her hand and brushed it with his lips; he knew that Indian ladies, though they pretended not to like it, were always flattered by this form of greeting. But today she was ungracious and withdrew her hand too quickly, and afterward he saw her wipe it on the end of her sari.

He had long since learned that the trouble with dropping in on people without any specific purpose but only for the sake of good fellowship was that the atmosphere tended to be strained. Today he did his best, yet Mrs. Chawla took no trouble in return—only sat there and made no attempt to look anything but sulky and bored. He admired her so much, both for her appearance and for her personality. She was a tall, proud woman with a fine bosom and a fine pair of fiery eyes. She was very artistically inclined, a founder member of the Intimate Theatre Club and one of the principal organizers of the Indian Music Circle. One glimpse into her drawing room revealed at once that she was a deeply cultured person, for it was full of wonderful artistic pieces, such as a huge carved chest (once a village dowry chest, but nowadays very fashionable as a sideboard), a heavy brass tray from Kashmir that was used as a coffee table, a delightful old-fashioned urn and bowl made of copper, and a silver rose-water sprinkler. Sticks of incense smoldering from incense holders gave a richly Indian smell and atmosphere to the room.

He had often complimented her on the indigenous quality of her interior decoration, but when he did so today—as usual, contrasting it favorably with the fashion of yesteryear, when everyone had prided themselves on their imported sofa suites and Axminster carpets—his compliments were not received as graciously as they usually were. On the contrary, she was even quite snappish. "At last, we are allowed to enjoy our own cultural heritage. Now that we are no longer under the heel of foreign imperialists," she said, and then she glared at him for a moment as if he, too, poor Dr. Ernst, had ambitions to be a foreign imperialist.

He blushed and began to talk fast. He agreed with her heartily about the baneful influence that resulted from the forcible grafting of one culture onto another, and then he proceeded to eulogize all aspects of Indian art—architecture, music, dance, drama, food, dress, customs, and ceremonies. He went on and on, though she wasn't listening and he knew it. He felt compelled to make it clear how completely he was on her side, on India's side. He longed to hear her say something encouraging in reply, to give him some assurance that she accepted his allegiance, and the fact that she didn't made him go on desperately talking. As he talked, he looked at Mrs. Chawla with eyes that were soft and hurt and shamelessly appealing as a child's, and when she yawned, opening her mouth wide and half closing her beautiful, passionate eyes, he longed to cry out, "If only you knew how I love, how I admire you!" She lounged on her silk-covered, floor-level seat, and though it was a little difficult for him to make himself comfortable and he had to shift his legs from one side to the other, she seemed perfectly at her ease, leaning with her elbow on the bolster behind her, with one hip pushed out and her large legs under the sari folded effortlessly beneath her. While his eyes never left her, she hardly glanced at him, but lay back inert and passive, now yawning, now putting her hand inside her low-cut blouse to scratch lazily.

But suddenly she changed. She sat up, and all that inert mass throbbed with animation, and her sleepy eyes opened wide. She cried, "So late!," and Dr. Ernst turned to where she was looking and saw a young man with curly hair and a fine pair of shoulders. The young man was smiling in a relaxed way and said, "Better late than never, I think."

No one glanced at Dr. Ernst. Mrs. Chawla and the young man sat on the carpet, the young man with a small harmonium. She began to sing scales. "*Sa-ray-ga-ma-pa-da-ni-sa*," she sang, and the young man nodded. She glanced at him, and he said, "Go on, go on," and made her do it over, while he kept on nodding. Finally, she said, "Oh, I am tired of your scales!," and he said, "You must obey your master." Then she began to plead with him charmingly, putting on appealing little airs, pursing her mouth, lowering her eyes, plucking at the hem of her sari, but all in such a way that one knew she wasn't really pleading and that it was only a game. He answered, too, as if it were a game and he only playing at being the severe singing master, and they both wasted quite a lot of time chatting back and forth. Dr. Ernst smilingly put in a word, pleading playfully for Mrs. Chawla to be allowed a song, but he was not heard.

At last, when she had begged enough, the singing master gave way and allowed her to sing. It was one of those ambiguous devotional songs, where no one can be sure who is crying out to whom—the soul to God or the lover to the beloved. She tried to sing with feeling, but it was obvious that she did not have much talent. She sang slowly and stolidly, and the young man as stolidly accompanied her on the harmonium, making a resigned face. Dr. Ernst enjoyed the performance. He leaned forward eagerly, and there was a smile of delight on his face. Of course, he realized that she did not sing well, but it was not her singing that moved him so much as the picture she made. She and the young man together. They sat in the middle of the carpet, which was floral in pattern and as fresh and delicate as a meadow of flowers in a Mogul miniature. But the two figures—though they were grouped like

lovers, close together, he with his instrument, she giving song—were not in the least delicate but, on the contrary, solid and strong, he with his broad chest and his coarse, handsome face, and she with her large, rounded limbs hidden but suggestively delineated by the folds of her sari; her full throat was flung back and emitted loud, lusty sounds. Their heads were close together, both richly covered with healthy, shining, blue-black hair.

When the song was finished, Dr. Ernst clapped in applause. "Bravo!" he cried in his enthusiasm, and after that, "Encore!," just as if he were at the opera in Vienna. Mrs. Chawla for the first time turned her face and gave him a short, absent smile before turning back to the young man and telling him something in a low voice. He shrugged in resigned agreement and began to play the harmonium again while she embarked on a second song. But she had not got very far when he broke off and made some criticism. He did this in an ungracious, almost contemptuous way, so that she stopped singing and her expression became sulky. They looked at each other in dislike. Dr. Ernst, hoping to make things better, said, "To a layman's ear, it sounded very nice," but this did not have the desired effect. Instead, Mrs. Chawla turned her look of dislike on him; her eyes blazed, and she said, not to him but into the air, "It is very difficult for me to concentrate on my singing when others are here to create a disturbance."

Dr. Ernst saw it was time to go. He picked up his hat, got up, and made his farewell bow, holding his hat against his navel. Once outside, he forced himself to be cheerful and walked briskly along. It was foolish, he told himself, to feel hurt or slighted; she had not meant anything personal. It was only that she was having her lesson, and of course no one wishes to be disturbed during a lesson. It was kind enough of her to have let him stay as long as she did. She was his good friend and esteemed and liked him as much as he did her. You silly old Ernst, he chided himself, always so touchy. That was his trouble—looking for offense where none was meant. It was a very bad trait in him.

SOMETIMES during his morning peregrinations he was lucky and was offered lunch, but today was not such a day. He entered a coffee bar and carefully studied the menu. Actually, he didn't have to do this, for he frequented the place, and every other one like it, often enough to know that there was nothing to tempt his palate beyond hamburgers, hot dogs, and vegetable cutlets. Yet every time he came he insisted on reading the menu—which had managed to get very dirty in spite of its cellophane covering—before giving his order. Perhaps there was the hope that some new dish had been added (he was always dreaming of new dishes; his appetite was really much too good for his slender resources). Or perhaps it was because studying the menu was part of restaurant-going, recalling days when one entered such places not solely for eating but for other, less tangible reasons, the way his parents had gone to restaurants, and he, too, long ago. They had gone not because they had to but because they liked to once in a while, leaving their comfortable home and dressing up in going-out clothes, all of them on special behavior, ready for an evening of elegance and entertainment.

The coffee bar was a somewhat shabby one, with peeling crimson-and-gold moldings. The patrons, however, were not in the least shabby but very well and even flashily dressed in the latest California-style clothes. Most of them were students or recent graduates who had not yet taken up any burdens but were still comfortably looked after by rich and indulgent parents. They none of them seemed short of cash, casually ordering a succession of drinks and dishes that made Dr. Ernst, who was usually hungry, even hungrier, and there was certainly no shortage of twenty-five-paisa coins to put into the jukebox, which played last year's American hit tunes interspersed sometimes with the latest wailing, weepy Bombay film song. At one time the jukebox had been a trial to Dr. Ernst, for it was loud and very shrill in a mechanical, tinny way, but now he had got used to it and even liked it and would have missed it if it had stopped. He had begun to recognize many of the tunes and had learned to tap his feet to them the way the young men did—only he did it more decorously, with his feet hidden under the table.

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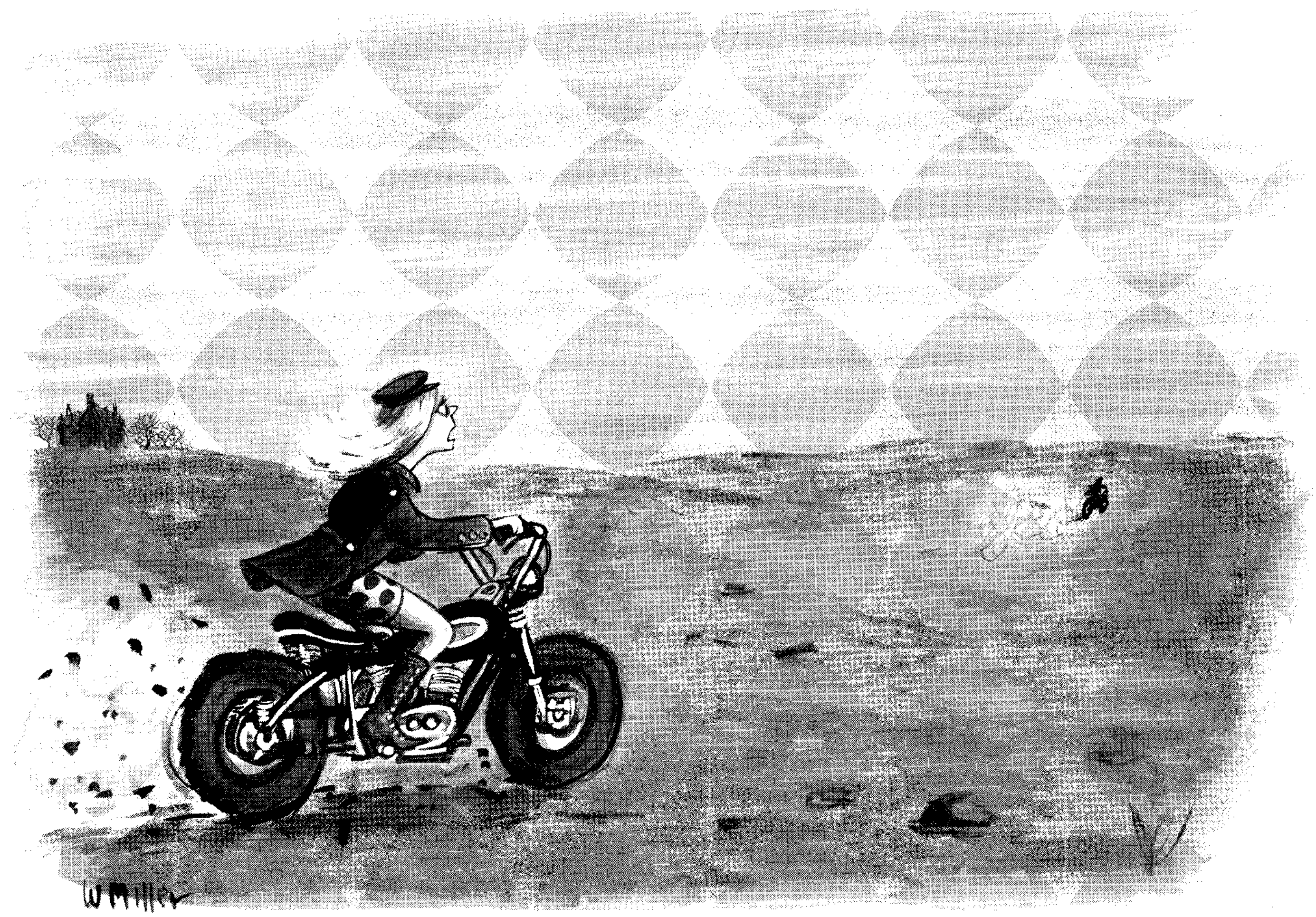
He liked the place. He sat alone in a corner, eating his hamburger and shaking the bottle to get out more of the congealed ketchup. When he had finished eating, he enjoyed simply sitting there and watching the other customers. He watched them with the same pleasure he watched Miss Jaya going off trimly to work in the morning, or Mrs. Chawla and her music teacher—admiring them for their youth, their vitality, the future that lay before them. None of the people in the restaurant spoke to him or took any notice of him, but he didn't expect them to. They were as infinitely above him, he felt, with a not unhappy inward smile, as Lise Freuhlingslied, or as Lily's handsome young men were above Lily herself. They even looked, in comparison with Lily and himself, a higher kind of being, with their healthy, brown, glowing skins, and their brilliant dark eyes and strong teeth and hair. How well they fitted in with everything—and here he thought not only of the coffee bar, with the loud jukebox and the crimson-and-gold moldings, but of everything that lay outside: the intensely blue skies, the birds and beasts that lived in jungles, the rivers, the vast mountain ranges. It all belonged to them and they to it, man and nature made to each other, while he and Lily and Maiska and Herman and the rest of them would always remain only pale, stray strangers.

Much as he liked being there, with the jukebox and the young men, he always found after a while that a great oppression took hold of him, as if something too heavy had been laid on top of him. A ridiculous sensation, due only to the noise and the smoke, he knew that, but all the same it was strong enough to make it necessary for him to leave. He paid his bill, leaving a tiny tip, and got up. Just as he reached the door, a new party of youths came surging in—a pride of bearded young Sikhs in flaming turbans and tartan shirts and expensive leather boots. Smiling, banging the jukebox, anticipating pleasure, they moved forward in a solid unseeing phalanx, so that Dr. Ernst, though he lifted his hat and said, "Excuse me, excuse me, please," was pushed back and could not reach the door. No one noticed him, and it wasn't till they had all found chairs for themselves and were banging on the tables and shouting for the bearers that Dr. Ernst managed to regain the door and slip out into the street.

It was no longer pleasant outside.



“Heathcliff!”

• •

The day’s heat had got into its stride and was white and electric sharp. Pariah dogs lay panting in little patches of shade, and from time to time a motorcar passed by, very swiftly, all its chromium burning and flashing white fire. Otherwise, the streets were deserted, for the heat was a tyrant that strode the pavements and forced people to scuttle away to the nearest place of refuge.

Maiska’s was not quite the nearest, but it was near. Unfortunately, Lily had got there before him, but for the time being he didn’t even mind that, he was so glad to have arrived. He sat in one of the comfortable armchairs and shut his eyes for a moment, allowing heat and exhaustion to drain out of him while Maiska ministered with something cool to drink. There was a kind of ache around his chest and stomach, but that would pass off, he knew; it always did. All he needed was rest. The curtains were drawn in the room, so that everything was shrouded in a soothing dusk. Maiska and Lily were both lounging with their feet up on the settee, and it looked as if they had been there for a nice long comfortable time. They were both smoking Maiska’s Egyptian cigarettes and drinking coffee out of thick pottery mugs painted in running colors. Records were scattered about on the floor near the record-player, which was open and still humming, though the last record had finished playing.

Although he meant to keep his eyes shut for only a moment, he found himself slipping more and more into a pleasant haze, in which he was vaguely aware of Maiska’s and Lily’s voices talking together and the fan turning overhead and a hawker in the street calling digestive powders for sale and someone shouting on the stairs and someone else clattering up them with a bucket.

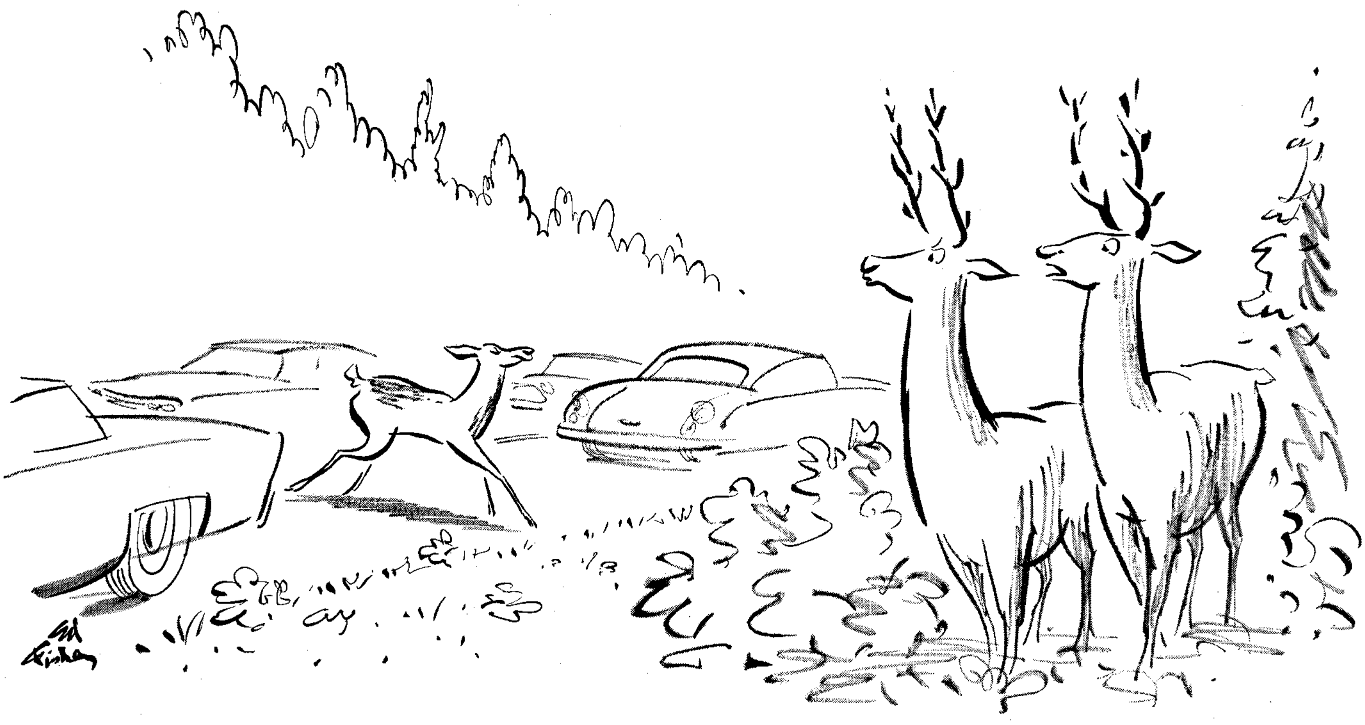
When he woke, suddenly opening his eyes, he found Maiska looking at him. She smiled at him, and he smiled weakly back and wanted more than anything to shut his eyes and go to sleep again. But he made an effort and sat up in the chair in which he had been drooping. A moment’s uneasy thought—had his mouth fallen open? Had he snored? He hated to be seen too privately, off guard. He took out his handkerchief and passed it over his wet, perspiring face and neck and head. “Must have dropped off,” he mumbled, and smiled again at Maiska apologetically.

She said, “Go on, sleep a bit more,” and looked at him with sympathy, as if she knew just how tired he was and how he didn’t want to wake up. But he had to. Of course, a nap in the afternoon was nothing to reproach oneself for (at his age and in this climate!), but one also had to know when to cut it short. Otherwise, there was the danger of sinking too deep and giving way to the desire to sleep forever and not have to get up at all anymore and walk around and meet people. He put away his handkerchief and patted and jerked and brushed at his crumpled clothes to get them dapper again.

While he was doing this, he said, casually, not looking at Lily, “I spent a very nice morning with Mrs. Chawla.”

“I can’t stand her,” Lily said at once. “A conceited, stupid cow.”

“She asked me to come again very soon.” Then he shouted at Lily, “Be



"It's part of the new irreverence. They won't cross at deer crossings."

• •

careful how you speak of my friends!"

He was very angry, and it did him good. He shouted some more, and what a relief it was not to have to curb one's feelings for once but to be able to indulge them, to relish a sense of one's own injury. No one tried to stop him, and only when he had finished did Lily say, quite mildly, "I didn't know she was your friend."

"You didn't know," he repeated in exasperation. "I told you: I have many, many Indian friends."

He waited for this challenge to be taken up, and was partly mollified when it wasn't. Maiska cleared a space on the table and placed a mug of coffee in front of him, into which she spooned sugar, murmuring to herself, "Two and a half," for she always knew exactly how much sugar each of her friends took and didn't have to ask.

Dr. Ernst was not very angry anymore, but he felt Lily shouldn't be let off too easily. He said, "Put your leg down," for she was sitting in an easy but not decorous position. "Aren't you ashamed? No wonder all your young men don't want to look at you."

"Don't rub it in," said Lily plaintively, at which Maiska laughed, but, to cover up any tactlessness, she quickly added, "Never mind, one day she'll meet the right one."

"But I have!" wailed Lily. "They've all been the right ones! It's always me who's wrong."

Dr. Ernst inwardly agreed. She *was* wrong. He looked at her, not so much in distaste now as in pity, feeling sorry for her because her body was clumsy and her skin too flabby and white. She couldn't help this, poor thing, but why had she come here, why had she stayed here, in a country where man and nature were colorful and lush and without pity? He thought of Mrs. Chawla, of the young Sikhs in their boots and tartan shirts, and he leaned toward Lily quite tenderly and gave a little tug at her skirt to make it cover her knees, and then he said, in a smiling, paternal voice, "That's better."

Maiska was putting another record on her record-player. She did not have many records, and those she had were old and none too clear, but they were all only the highest classics. There was Brahms and Beethoven and Bach, and often her friends gathered for an informal musical evening. They had all spent last New Year's Eve like that—Maiska and Lily and Dr. Ernst and Charlene and the Linskys and Herman and Anna Shukla. Maiska had served beer and sandwiches, and they had put on record after record, and though at first they had had some conversation, as the night wore on they grew silent and listened only to the music and each thought his own thoughts. At midnight, they were playing the choral part of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and they all got up and wished each other a happy new year. "*Freude, schöner Götterfunken*" had sounded, loud if a little blurred, from the record-player, filling the room and their hearts, and some of them (including Dr. Ernst) had had tears in their eyes.

He could not identify the record she had put on now, but it was some sort of flute concerto—graceful and happy. Mozart, he suspected, though he didn't like to ask, in case he was wrong. His foot tapped and his head nodded in time. It was much, much nicer than Mrs. Chawla's singing. Suddenly he felt proud and European and full of affection for Maiska and Lily, co-heirs with him of a wondrous heritage—Mozart! Versailles! Goethe's Weimar! Lily was smoking a cigarette, making the end of it red and wet with lipstick, and puffing out too much smoke, and Maiska brought more coffee in a saucepan and refilled their mugs brimful. Dr. Ernst began to sing with the music, and, not content with that—so gay did it make him feel—he got up and put his hands beside his face and crossed his feet at the ankles, and thus played an imaginary flute, swaying this way and that and, at particularly piercing moments, getting up on his toes as if to reach with the music up to Heaven.

—R. PRAWER JHABVALA

•

And when Ismael Laguna entered the ring, wearing his red velvet robe and going through some panegyrics of mock sparring, the crowd went into a frenzy.
—*John Radosta in the Times.*

Crowds always know when they're seeing something special.

THE HISTORY LESSON

THE dream was very much in season. He was running through a forest where leaves showered down on him from an infinite height. He sensed a fire deeper in the forest, but he wasn't running from that; someone was at his back, reaching for him, calling his name. Then there was a puzzling change. Either the trees thinned out and turned into underbrush or else the act of running made him gigantic. He was running through squat leafage no higher than his knees. It slapped at his pants legs. Without warning it gave out, too, and in the sudden, absolute silence he fell—his limbs still reproducing the act of running—through a brilliant sky. A strong hand caught him by the shoulder, and then the face of his brother Jerome, huge and pale, hung above him, asking gently, "Are you awake?"

"No."

The grip of the fingers tightened on his shoulder. "Karl. Get up."

"What for?"

"My landlord got me out of bed a while ago with a note telling me to call Operator Three in Peoria," Jerome said, in a voice that had the pattering, staccato sound of water splashing against stone. "They tried to get you at first. They didn't know your phone is disconnected."

"I know. I know it's disconnected!" Karl turned on his side, facing the wall. He usually had control over the content and direction of his dreams, but his brother had stepped into this one to torment him, to bring up the touchy subject he was too kind to bring up in real life. He (Jerome) had gone home to Seton Forest for the summer and had done hard physical labor to earn money for school, while Karl stayed on in the college town, working now and then for a widow who owned several apartment buildings. He was given the manager's quarters, three small rooms, in one of them, and was paid by the hour. He repainted rooms in the identical colors they had been before—pea green and beige; he quieted sibilant water closets, killed insects, and revolved carpets in such a way that conspicuous cigarette burns and worn spots were relocated to a less critical part of the room—under a bookshelf, under a dresser, under a bed. According to the story he told his family, he was establishing himself in a job that would pay for his room and board during the school year. According to the story he told everybody else, he was living off campus in a privately owned building in order to evade certain university regulations, such as no female visitors. Both stories were true.

Jerome was settled in a large basement apartment with two other seniors and had enough money to last the rest of the semester, but Karl, who had worked less and less for the widow, hadn't put aside any money at all. A week ago, just as he was debating whether or not to borrow from Jerome to pay his telephone bill (this would have exposed him shamefully), the telephone company intervened and disconnected his instrument, and he was exposed after all, in the most ignominious way.

"Are you listening?"

"Nnnnf!" He didn't want to hear about it.

"I called Peoria and the operator connected me with Dad."

The indelicacy of the telephone company—attempting to collect from his father—made orange coronas explode behind Karl's closed eyelids. As the color dispersed, he saw a white background with a cluster of leaf shadows standing out against it, and when Jerome spoke, the shadows trembled and swayed to the left. "Grandpa Voglewede died this morning," he said.

"No."

"Somebody will be down this afternoon to pick us up. You and I—all the grandsons—will be pallbearers. They think it was a heart attack. Grandma heard him get out of bed and thought he was going to the bathroom. He fell down, and when she called to him he didn't answer."

It was too improbable, even for a dream, and as if to judge whether it was actually happening Karl looked at his hand. It gave off green.

"Dad said that Grandma is in real bad shape. . . ."

Karl felt himself go off the edge of solid ground again and held himself tense, anticipating another sudden fall through brilliant sky. The corner of the bed sank under his brother's weight. Jerome had moved into the shaft of cold sunlight that came through the drawn shade, and his face was stained golden. Seeing green-tinted leaf shadows play over the gold, Karl believed he was regaining control of the dream and he relaxed, watching with a sense of wonder the transubstantiation of his brother's face; gradually it became a number of distant trees, an agitated forest, a shower of leaves. . . .

"The doctor's given her some kind of sedative," Jerome said, and his features sharpened. "But it hasn't helped any. Dad says she's too weak to stand, but she keeps getting out of bed and going to other parts of the house, looking for Grandpa, calling his name."

In the silence, a strong wind travelled down the length of the house, and the panes of Karl's bedroom window — unobtrusive for such a long time, resigned to remaining silent and invisible—were given a chance to hum softly. The pitch they chose, a low F, lifted Karl up into a higher region of the dream. Huge and aloof,

"Oh, all right, I forgive you."

he watched two miniature characters, vaguely familiar, act out a story he had once known but had forgotten. The one seated on the bed, the older one, rose up. They were brothers. Because the older one (what was his *name?*) led an exemplary life, the younger one had observed him since he was a child to try to learn the right way to act. The older brother seldom spoke, and rarely allowed emotion to show on his face, but the younger one had discovered that if he watched his eyes (*Jerome! Jerome's* eyes) he could sense what his brother was thinking and feeling.

Before he rose from the bed, Jerome said something that reestablished with a new urgency their tie as brothers. It must also have been extraordinary, and very difficult for him to say. He was crying. He wiped his cheek with his sleeve, put his glasses back on, and went to the bedroom doorway. "They'll be by at four o'clock to pick us up," he said.

"Are you going to your classes?"

Framed in the doorway, hands deep in the pockets of his jacket, Jerome bowed his head. "I haven't decided," he answered, and the indecision made his elbows move like wings. "I probably will."

"Jill and I were going to a movie this weekend," Karl said, searching for the missing detail, the discrepancy, that would tie him either to sleep or to waking. "When is the funeral?"

"Monday."

"What day is today?"

"Thursday."

"When are they coming to get us?"

"Around four," Jerome said. "I'll see you then."

He stepped over a body stretched out on the living-room floor, and left the apartment. The impropriety of the body—Jerome's words gathered into a physical substance and deposited as a symbol on the floor—was all Karl needed; he was asleep, thank God. Since he also had the ability to return to the parts of his dreams that pleased him the most, he rolled over and evoked the image of falling leaves, trying to erase all memory of his brother's visit, the body, death.

He stood in a shower of falling leaves, underbrush flowed toward him, someone called his name. . . . He opened his eyes and saw—now dark and crisp, swaying elegantly on the white wall—the identical leaf shadows he had seen before. He looked over his shoulder to the living room. It was no dream.

"Ah!" he cried, and recoiled from the sound of his voice. He shivered and rose from bed. Was there something he'd forgotten? He went across the room, seeing himself as if in the third person. *He* doesn't believe it, he thought; if he did, if he really believed his grandfather was dead, how could he get out of bed and walk across the room and put on his robe? . . .

He pressed his palms on the dresser top and swung forward from his shoulder blades. Looking inward, he waited for the first note of grief (which he couldn't explain or know when to expect, and which, in a brilliant, startling action his mind replayed, was related to something he had once seen: a butcher knife being whetted on the edge of an earthenware bowl—the way it sang, the way the singing made his chest ache) to sound. He waited, and the search, the self-absorption, spread a film over his eyes. Through it, the objects he saw on his dresser—a copper ashtray, a round alarm clock, a picture of his girl friend Jill, a full pack of cigarettes—were too neatly in focus, and yellow around the edges. He shook his head, broke open the pack of cigarettes, and eased himself onto the edge of the mattress.

He saw his grandfather in a series of attitudes—setting a cornerstone, turning up to him from a book, spreading a blueprint out on his desk, squinting into a transit, sitting regally in his leather chair, his hands gripping the armrests. . . . Even when the television was on, Karl thought, he would sit like that, looking away from it; it was of no interest to him. Or you could come into the room and find him sitting alone, in silence. At first he might not notice you, and when he did he smiled, and then went back to his thought. He didn't have to speak. Being in a room with him was the same as being in the presence of a king, a good one. When he did speak, to say something kind, to reassure you if you were down, to tell you he'd missed you, it confirmed what you already felt—that his concern was for you and others.

You felt the rest of the world was flowing past while he stood still, waiting for you to come to him. And nothing that came to him could shake him or take him by surprise. In his silence he had thought everything out. The

• •

THE BABIES

Let us save the babies.
Let us run downtown.
The babies are screaming.

You shall wear mink
and your hair shall be done.
I shall wear tails.

Let us save the babies
even if we run in rags
to the heart of town.

Let us not wait for tomorrow.
Let us drive into town
and save the babies.

Let us hurry.
They lie in a warehouse
with iron windows and iron doors.

The sunset pink of their skin
is beginning to glow.
Their teeth

poke through their gums
like tombstones.
Let us hurry.

They have fallen asleep.
Their dreams
are infecting them.

Let us hurry.
Their screams rise
from the warehouse chimney.

We must move faster.
The babies have grown into their suits.
They march all day in the sun without blinking.

Their leader sits in a bulletproof car and applauds.
Smoke issues from his helmet.
We cannot see his face—

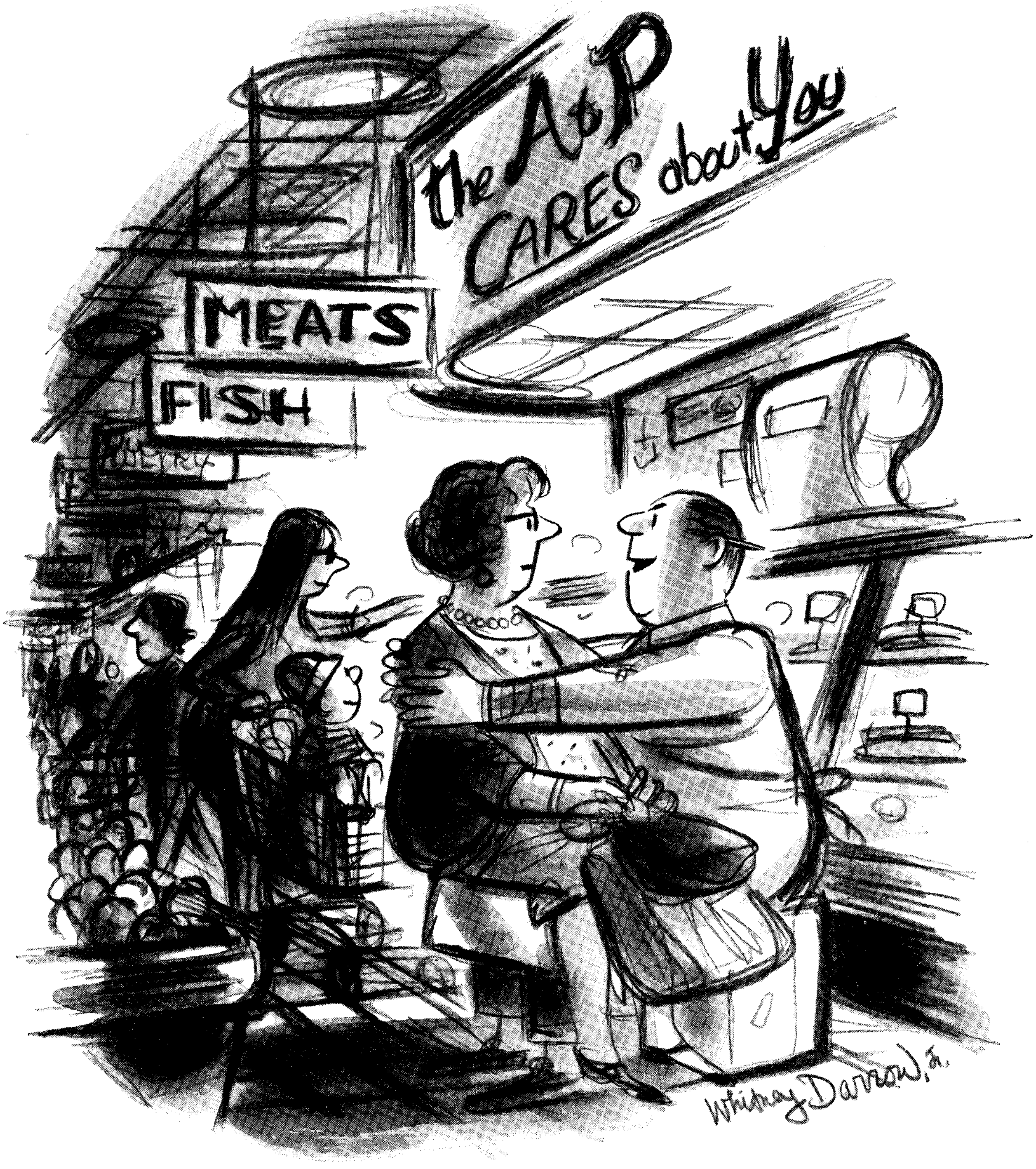
we are still running.
More babies than ever are locked in the warehouse.
Their screams are like sirens.

We are still running to the heart of town.
Our clothes are getting ragged.
We shall not wait for tomorrow.

The future is always beginning now.
The babies are growing into their suits.
Let us run to the heart of town.

Let us hurry.
Let us save the babies.
Let us try to save the babies.

—Mark Strand



"Now then, Mrs. Clemens, what exactly was wrong with the rib roast?"

• •

Depression. Moving his family—James and Paul and Elaine, himself and Grandma and Charles in the Model A; Dad and Alfred on top of the truckload of furniture—from the farm in North Dakota his father had homesteaded to Seton Forest, in Illinois, he took up the first thing that came to him, carpentry, without knowing too much about it at first, because it was a job and he had a family to feed.

Now there were granaries, barns, silos, and machine sheds built by him—his sons and sons-in-law making up his crew—from Pekin and Peoria to Mattoon, from the other side of the river to Hartsburg-Emden, from Jacksonville to Sand Prairie Outlook and beyond. Two stone churches in Havana, the community swimming pool, the plowshare factory and the waterworks, the Second National Bank. The hunting lodge and the lookout tower at Chautauqua, service stations along the state highway, motels, the post office in La Rose, the depot, the Willet subdivision in Manito, nearly all the new houses and stores in Seton Forest, Mackinaw, Easton, Green Valley, Petersburg, Mason City, Quiver Beach . . . How could they be there and he be gone?

KARL looked up and his own bedroom, empty, looked back at him. A pack of cigarettes sat dumbly in his lap. The sound of wind outside, which his thought had blocked out, rose to its real volume. A roar. He went to the dresser and lit a cigarette, seeing with senses newly perceptive, as if he had just learned to feel and to think, how inappropriate, how offensive and unnatural it was to have that white thing hanging from his lips. With a sharp intake of breath, he turned his head to one side. His exhaled smoke, spreading out into a flat circular cloud as it struck the wall, was overflowing onto a calendar pinned above the dresser. The name, his grandfather's name,

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appeared on the lower half of the calendar, above the month of October. At Christmas, his grandmother gave him the calendar, saying, "This is a reminder for you to come see your Grandpa and me more often. And those red dates, those are Sundays. That's when you go to church."

Filled with a sense of guilt that made the room grow dimmer (he had been home to see his grandparents only once since Christmas, and when he was away from home he never went to church), Karl stamped out the cigarette, went into the living room, and stood above the body on the floor.

Curtis Filerman's black hair, growing low on his forehead, advancing forward from his temples almost to his eyebrows, seemed to be taking advantage of the helplessness of his sleep to invade his pale face; an eyelid twitched; he tried to cover his bare shoulder with the quilt. Because people sensed that Curtis would carry their uncertainties and griefs more conscientiously than they did, they unburdened themselves on him, and he became so weighted down with worries, none of them his own, that he never got anything done. After six semesters of classes he seldom attended (there were so many *people* to attend to), he was still a sophomore, and this semester he had registered late for school, and still didn't have a place to live.

The year before, he and Karl had done improvisational comedy at a campus coffeehouse, and then at sororities and fraternities. For Karl, who was serious about his work in the campus theatre, the comedy was just a way of making money; it helped pay for his schooling. For Curtis it was a delight that transformed one of his needs into an art. If he made someone laugh, he believed he had solved whatever was troubling them, and a part of his collective conscience was eased. Most of the energy of his life had been spent on a hysterical, undisciplined comedy that hadn't always worked; he had an ulcer. But when he heard an entire audience laugh, he was purged; the lines in his face relaxed and he was surprisingly—even strikingly—handsome, until the laughter faded, and then the *memory of the laughter.*

Karl nudged him with his bare foot and was startled when Curtis threw off the quilt and jumped to his feet; he knew Curtis was as difficult to wake as he was.

"Oh, Jeez!" Curtis made binoculars of the fists he had been twisting over his eyes. "Hey! I got it here. It's in my sights. It's upon me, as they say. A long-haired, unshaved, bare-breasted, red-bathrobed Voglewede!"

"Quit."

"You don't believe me," Curtis said, offering him the imaginary binoculars with a feigned air of hurt, "*you* look."

"Who did you expect?"

"A broad, at least. I was dreaming. What a dream! Wow! This broad—"

"How come you're sleeping on the floor?"

"I didn't want to take up the couch. I love floors!" Curtis blinked several times, rapidly, as he did when he was lying or surprised, and nervously ran the heels of his hands down the thighs of his black denim trousers, smoothing the wrinkles.

"For Christ's sake, if you're going to sleep here you might as well use the couch."

"All right," Curtis said. "Great!"

"A mite lower and to your left should do it."

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Trailing the quilt behind him, he went to the couch and sat down.

"What are you *doing*?"

"I think I'll get some more sleep. Unless— Were you expecting Jill?"

"Don't you have a class?"

"I've missed so many, what's another day?" He did a flat-handed salute from his chest, and his wet bottom lip rolled out. "*Nothing*."

"I won't be going to any classes, either."

"Good," Curtis said, and fell flat on his back and pulled the quilt up to his neck.

Karl was stunned. He expected Curtis to sense something wrong and question him, as he did in an improvisation, until their minds met and moved together to the same point—a shared revelation. If Karl announced it on his own, it would take on the authority of a fact (one that would make him unique, would isolate him at the time he most needed others), and he was not ready to admit or to cope with the fact of his grandfather's death. So that it would be impossible for Curtis to misconstrue what he was getting at, he said solemnly, portentously, "The way it looks, I won't be going to any classes for a long time."

Curtis reached over to the coffee table, picked up a half-eaten roll of Tums by the little flag of its torn wrapper, and put three in his mouth. "Do you have a cigarette?" he asked, the tablets clacking against his teeth.

"*Jesus!*" Curtis hadn't picked up his cue.

"Wow! You're a real bastard if you get up before eight. Whewy!" Curtis went on, adopting his fairy voice, "You're like one of those *nasty* old men in that *the*atre place."

"What do you know," Karl said, and threw him the pack of cigarettes. "What do you know about—"

Finding the backs of his knees against the protruding cushion of the easy chair, Karl was saved from the insult he was about to deliver. He sat down, propped his elbow on the wide arm of the chair, and held his head in his hand, sick of improvisations, and of fishing. He had involved his grandfather in profanity, which his grandfather never used, and in pettiness, which his grandfather would have no part of. Like the time George, Elaine's husband, came to his grandfather with a grievance. George was foreman of one of the construction crews and didn't think he was making as much money as he should, and he thought that this was because he was a son-in-law and not a son. But he was afraid to say that, so

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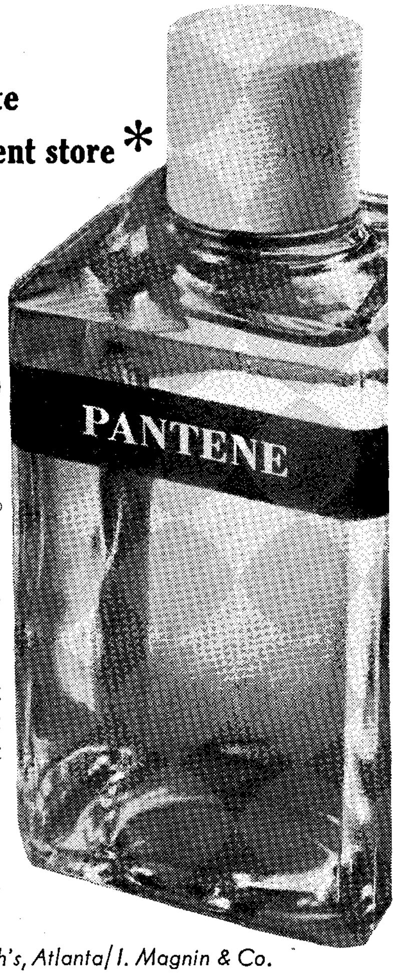

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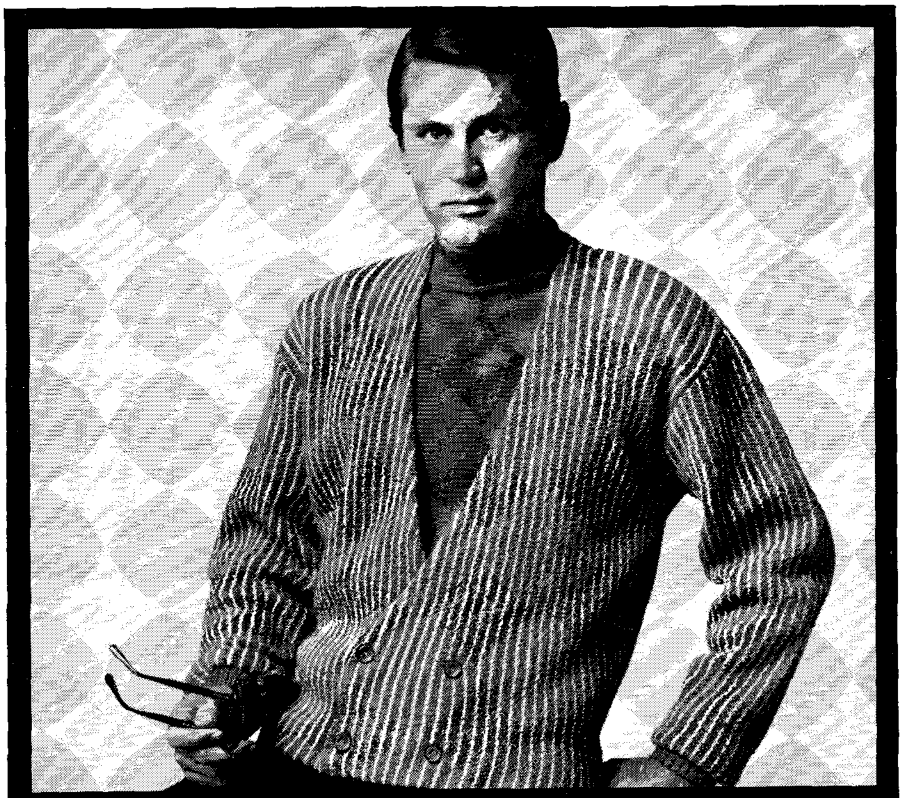

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instead he claimed, untruthfully, that he and Elaine were having marital difficulties, hoping that the old man would infer that Elaine could be kept happy with more money. "I don't know why you've come to me," he said to George. "When I gave her up as a daughter, I entrusted her to you. I thought you were capable of taking care of her then and I still do." "I've been thinking of a divorce," George said. He had kept this in reserve. He knew how it would affect the old man personally, and how it would be looked upon in the Midwestern, Protestant village where the Voglewedes were one of the few Catholic families. "If you've gone so far as to think about that," he said to George, "you've already made a breach between the two of you that's going to be hard to mend, and you've made me a party to it. It doesn't make much difference what I say, you'll do what you're inclined to do anyway, but since you've made me a party to it, I'd like to tell you what I think you should do, for your own good, and for hers, too. Get a divorce. You're unhappy, and I can't think of anything worse than spending my life with somebody that made me unhappy." The matter was never brought up again.

"Karl?" Curtis said.

"Yes."

"Is something wrong?"

Now that Curtis had picked up the cue, Karl felt even cheaper. Like everybody else, he was wishing his burden off on Curtis. "Yes," he finally said.

"Something bad?"

"Yes."

"Karl, I'm sorry. I might as well tell you. I didn't know what to say or anything, and anyway, I thought you'd probably want to be left alone. I was going to pretend I was asleep and then if you left I was going to leave. Or if you went to the bathroom." Curtis, blushing, was so nervous he could hardly sit. "Jerome woke me up. I heard him tell about your grandfather. Do you want me to leave?"

"No. Please. Don't go."

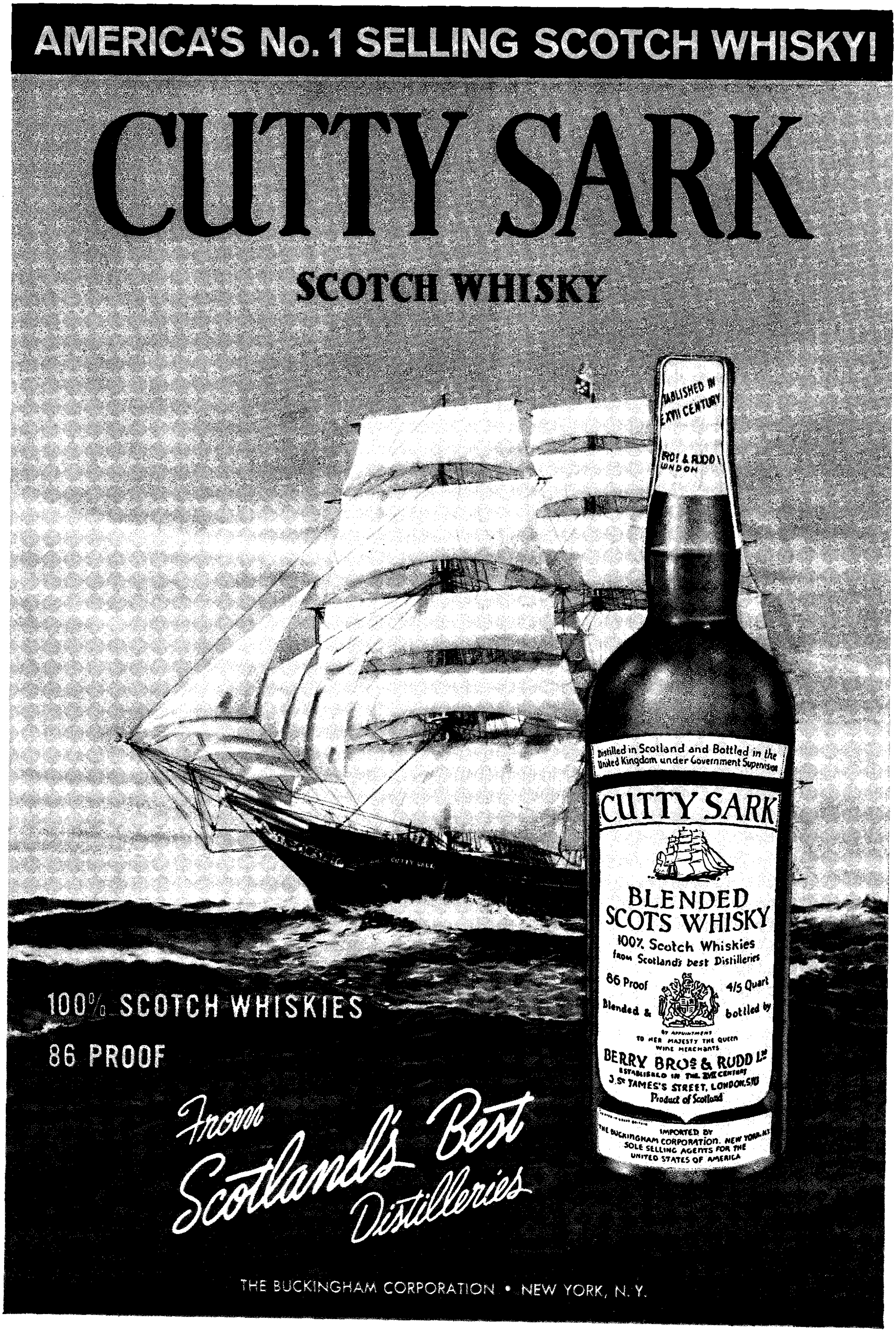
"I'm awfully sorry. Really."

"That's all right." Three steps behind the present, and still going over Curtis's reason for pretending to be asleep, Karl believed this was an apology for eavesdropping.

"I mean about your grandfather."

"Oh— Thank you."

"I know exactly how you feel. My grandfather"—in trying to glide over it, it became more glaring—"uh . . . passed on too, just last winter, and I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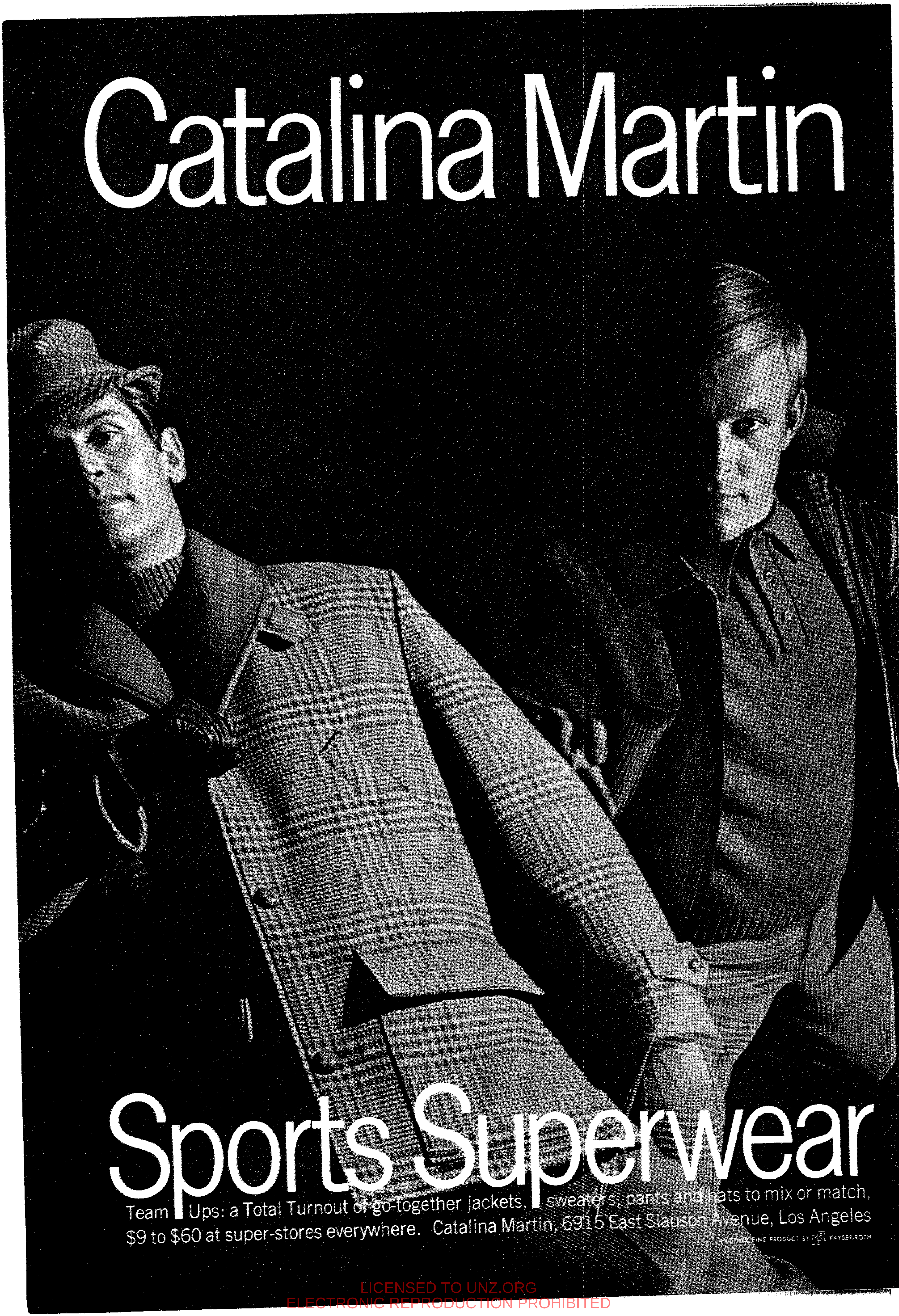
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still haven't really gotten over it. It's really terrible. Honestly."

"They're even more than grandparents," Karl said. "My brother and I lived with them part of the time after my mother died. He was very kind to me. When I was young, he took me to construction sites. It made me feel important to be with him. Everybody knew him."

"I know. You talk about him a lot. My grandfather was great too. He came from the old country and all he wanted to do was fish and pinch broads. Whee! I loved him! You know that hardware store we have? That was his. He had the worst Yiddish accent you've heard in your life, but he called all his customers 'Jew bastards.' He was a real tiny man . . ."

Although Karl kept his eyes on Curtis, he had stopped hearing what Curtis said. His own thoughts made him deaf to everything outside him, and then blind. His grandfather was standing over him and he was on his back. What was that from? Oh, of course, the time he was sick in bed for months, alone at home during the day. There was a window beside his bed, and a bookshelf ran along the ceiling above the top of the window. His father, somewhat amused, said that his grandfather was bothered by a recurring dream about him: the bookshelf was coming loose, the heavy books were falling down on him, and injury was added to illness. Even though his grandfather visited him without fail every afternoon, he never mentioned the dream. Then one afternoon, waking from sleep, Karl discovered him standing high above him on a chair, stretched across the bed, testing the bookshelf. *Go back to sleep. Everything's all right.*

". . . not even half my size," Curtis was saying, "but he had a nose three times as big. Imagine that! I come into a house from outside and three hours later I'm still smelling grass! It probably took a smell *days* to go the whole length of his!"

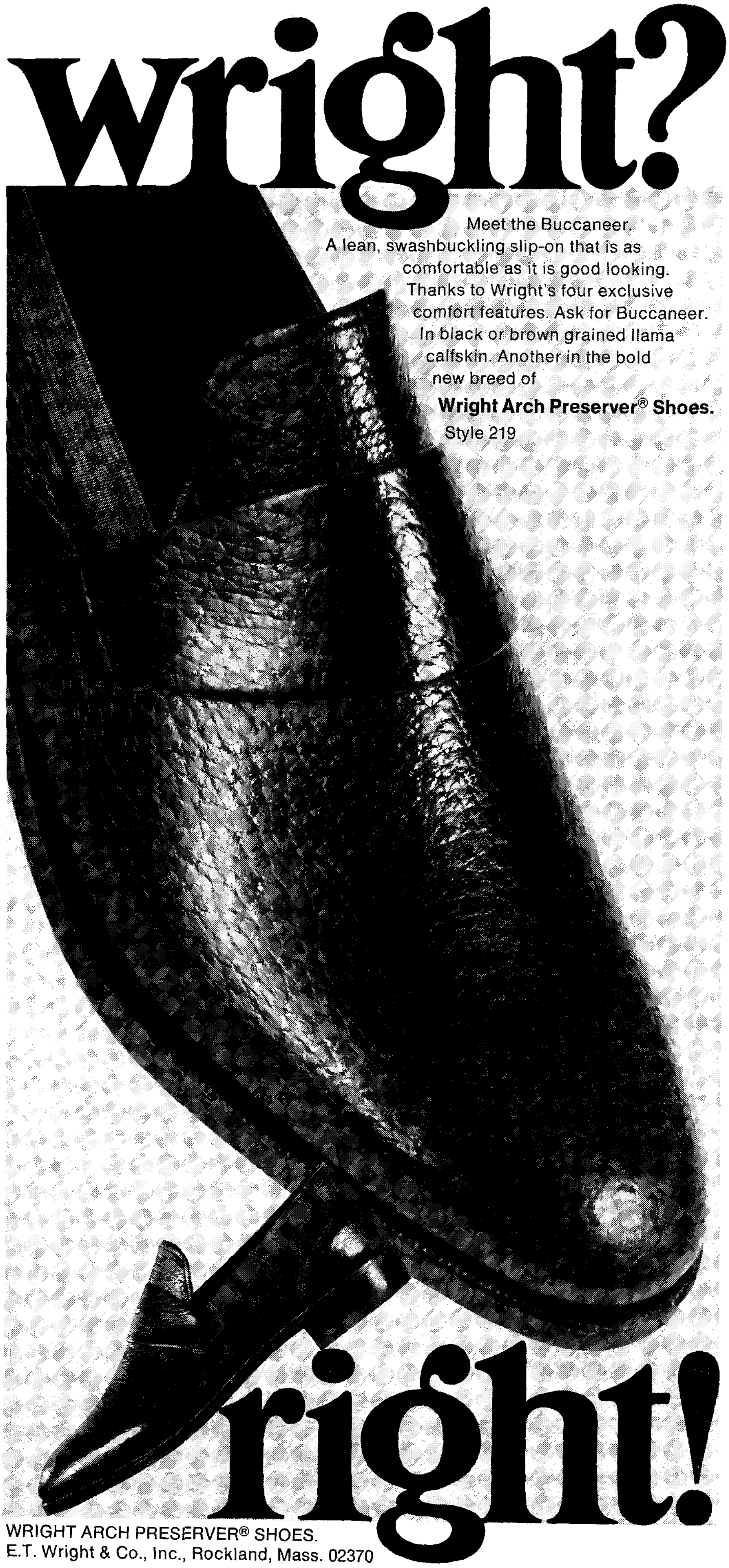
It was more painful to suppress the laugh than to submit to it. "Don't," Karl said.

"I'm sorry. I thought it might make you feel better. When I'm feeling terrible, the best thing for me to do is laugh."

"Not now, please."

"Tell me about your grandfather."

It was as if the floor had given way, and at first—as Karl fell past layers of voices, gestures, colors, scenes, faces, a landscape of past love—the descent left him speechless. Finally, almost to himself, he said, "What?" And then,



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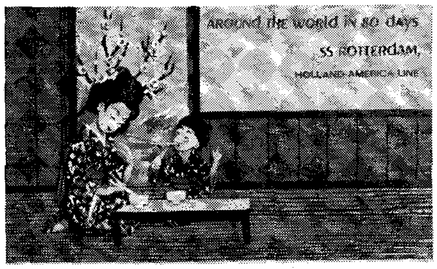

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"Sometimes, when he'd finished a job that was under contract, he'd give money back to the person he built for. His bid was the lowest, but he thought he'd made too big a profit. A few years ago it came time for him to retire and he wasn't ready to retire, but my uncles told him to go ahead and do it. They said it was just a formality—he could draw retirement pay and work at the same time. But once he went through the formality, things changed. I think they wanted to make more money. He showed up for work every morning, but all they had him do was sweep out the shop, sharpen saw blades, or pick up material from the lumberyard. He came to work every day anyway. He had to lock up his own hand tools, because they took them out on the job and lost them, or else left them out in the rain. Then, about two years ago, complaints started coming in about the business, and when my grandfather heard about them he went to my Uncle Alfred, who's the foreman now, and he said, 'There's a right way and a wrong way to run this business and you know it. If you can't do it the right way, then just don't. And I don't mean workmanship. I mean the way you treat people. In case you've . . .' But he didn't get to say any more. Alfred got in a truck and drove off. They never talked to each other after that."

Karl rearranged his weight in the chair, his eyes picked out a pale bar of sunlight on the carpet, and these two shifts in sensation made him ten years younger. He was riding in a truck from Seton Forest to the Casselton Farms with his grandfather, and the sunlight came in regular flashes through the branches overhanging the country lane. He had on a cloth painter's cap that his grandfather had doubled over at the headband and stapled so it would fit him. He pushed it onto the back of his head, copying his grandfather's way of wearing a cap, and in order to judge how he looked, he turned and studied his grandfather's profile. They were approaching a small, steep hill and the truck slowed and swayed in the loose sand. His grandfather reached for the floor shift, and then turned to him. *Want to help me shift gears?* Karl reached out and put his hand on his grandfather's hand. The strength of his hand.

Curtis put another cigarette to his lips and lit it nervously. The way he closed one eye, to avoid smoke from the match, and backed his head away, reminded Karl of a similar gesture of his grandfather's. He felt he was going to cry. He hurried into the bathroom and

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leaned against the closed door. When he was young, and had got into trouble, his grandmother would take him aside and say, "Your Mother and Dad gave you your Grandpa's middle name, and as long as I'm around to do anything about it you'll live up to it." If she wasn't angry with him, she would say softly, with melancholy, "You know, you look just like your Grandpa when he was a boy."

He stepped in front of the sink, but all he could see in the mirror was a pair of eyes, and they looked anonymous. He turned away, trying to recall his grandfather's face. Lips, half a jawline, a high cheekbone, a blue eye—but when he tried to arrange them into a single face, they resisted one another, and then disappeared. He felt his grandfather's presence leaving him, and his chest tightened to make up for the loss.

He turned on the shower and let it run.

The constriction tightened around his heart, rose higher, closed around his throat, rose higher again, reaching toward his eyes, and might have been released there—which might have emptied him of whatever was crowding out the presence of his grandfather—but at that second Curtis knocked on the door and asked, "Are you all right in there?"

"Yes," he said, and stripped off his robe, and spent a long time under the warm water, propped against the wall.

Propped against the wall. Metal chairs. Holding one of his grandfather's hands while Jerome held the other, Karl (nine now) stepped into the end of a long, dimly lit room, and was standing in a semicircle of pale faces. The people seated in metal chairs. Other chairs propped against the wall. The faces seemed to belong to uncles and aunts, but whenever Karl tried to identify one it dipped into shadow or turned away. His grandfather led them past the metal chairs toward the far end of the room, where the light, flooding an alcove banked with flowers, was so brilliant it looked as if the flowers were giving off a radiance. Karl saw his father kneeling at a *prie-dieu* in the alcove. The pressure on his hand increased. Almost buried in the flowers, parallel to the *prie-dieu* and a few feet away from it, was a bronze casket.

His grandfather, holding him and Jerome by the elbow, helped them kneel on either side of their father, who touched their shoulders, and then put his hands over his face. Karl looked up at his mother. Her dark head,

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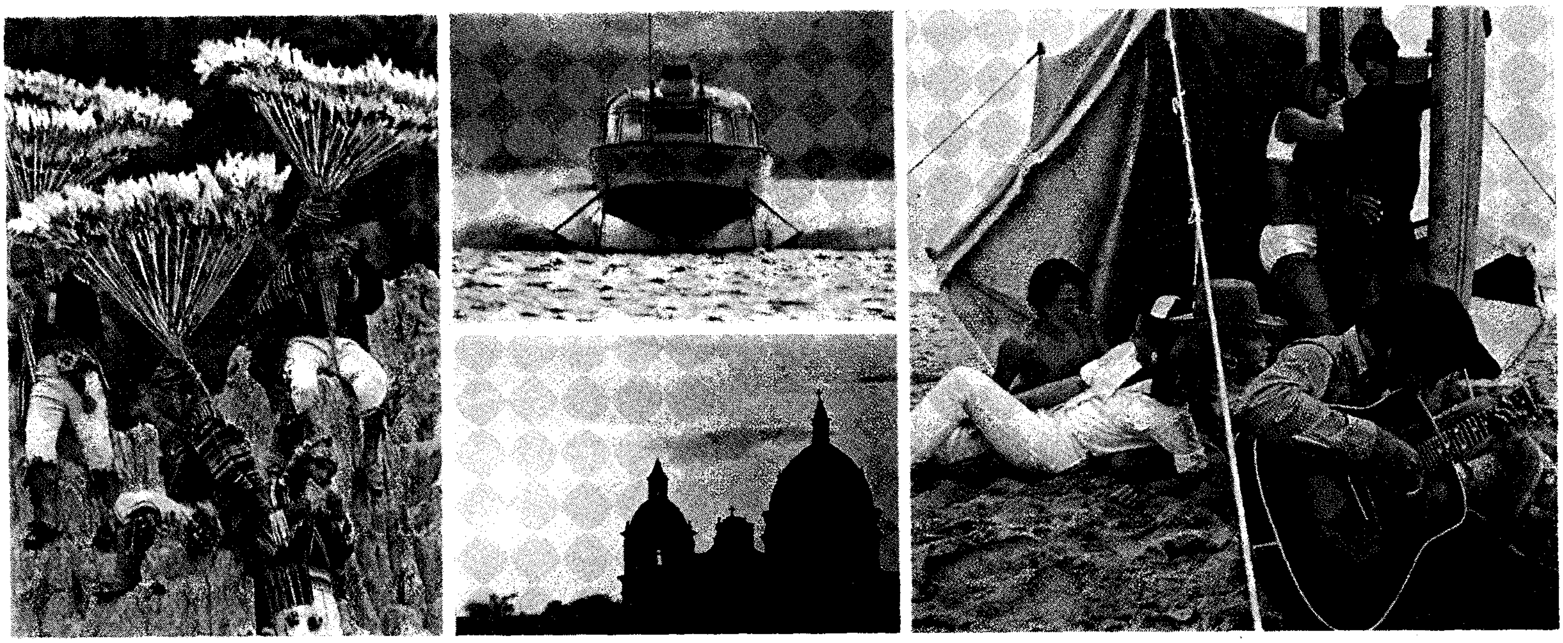

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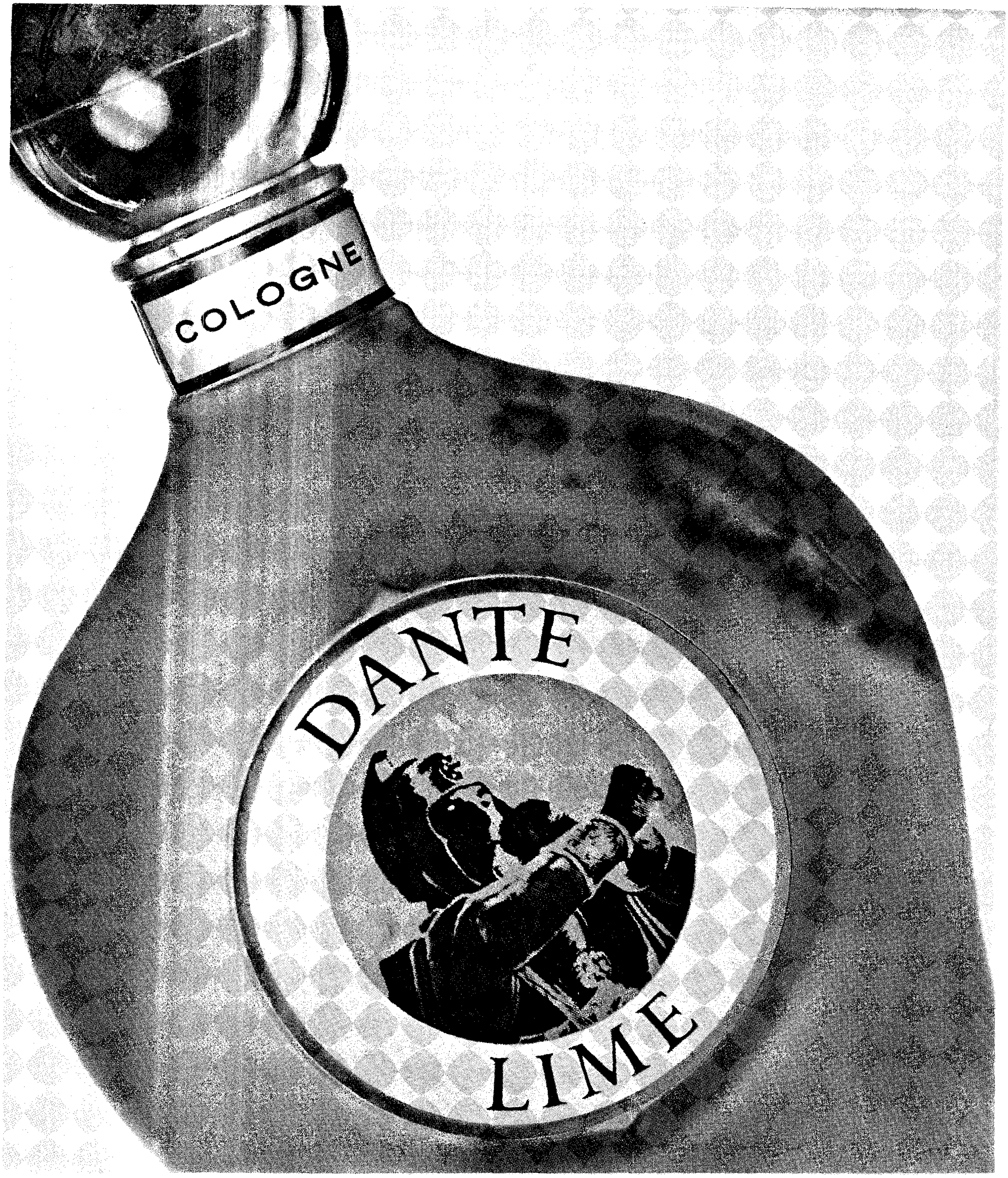

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turned a little toward him, was sunk deep in a pillow of white silk. He followed the curve of her throat to her chin, then looked away. Her right hand, resting near her heart, was turned up slightly. The arm was bare. The still fingers held a white rosary. His eyes went to her chin, tilted up too high; her cheek, her cheekbone, the even line of her nose. This corner of her lips set tight, sending a deep line down toward her chin. Her mouth. And then her forehead, the globe of her dark eye. Closed now. And then the wet, mildewed smell mingled with another smell almost like incense, the whispering behind him, and the odor of too many roses, so cloying it seemed to him his nose was bleeding the sweet smell. It made him ill. He could smell it now, mingling with the steam from the shower.

He got out quickly, dried himself, and then went into the living room and sat in the chair. Curtis ate the last of the Tums, laid the crumpled wrapper on the coffee table, thought better of it and dropped it into the ashtray. Having used up all there was to do with his hands, he clasped them together and squeezed until they were unnaturally white, mottled with spots of red. "Karl," he finally said, "I hope you don't think I was making fun."

"No. Of course not."

"Had he been sick?"

"No."

"That makes it worse."

"Why?"

"Well, if you're expecting it it's not so bad. If you're not expecting it you don't really realize it's happened and then all at once it hits you. When are you planning to go back there?"

"This afternoon. I'll go to my classes."

"I thought you said you weren't."

"When?"

"When you woke me."

"Oh. Well, I guess I will. He'd want me to."

It was true, his grandfather would want him to attend his classes, but Karl had said it to make Curtis feel sorry for him. Now he was trying to make himself unique, and the need to do that, to use his grandfather's death to his own advantage, filled him with guilt and shame. He went into the bedroom, sank heavily onto the bed, and stared at the calendar. On its top half, above the spiral hinge, there was a color photograph of the Grand Canyon. To the right of the photograph he noticed some small script printing—partly obscured by a streak of reflected

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sunlight—and went over to the dresser to read it.

> THE SWALLOWS are making
> them ready to fly,
> wheeling it out on a
> windy sky:
> goodbye summer,
> goodbye, goodbye . . .
> —GEORGE MELVILLE

Seeing the verse on the calendar above his grandfather's name, he again had the sensation of being imprisoned in a dream. He hurried to the doorway and looked around the living room. Curtis wasn't there; the quilt was gone. There was a concussive sucking sound like a muffled explosion, followed by a high whine, and when Karl realized what it was (Curtis there, in the bathroom) he began to tremble and threw himself onto the bed. There was something he had done, or had not done. What? DeNiro?

The year before, he and Curtis studied the history of philosophy under DeNiro, a witty and permissive graduate student, and the three of them, with only occasional references to history, had made a comedy of the class. Karl persuaded Jill to take the course this school year, and she complained that DeNiro would not deviate from a mimeographed lesson plan, and was now humorless, crotchety, pedantic, and a great big bore. "That's because none of you know how to get him going," Karl said. "I'll prove it. Curtis and I'll come to your next class and you'll see him transformed."

The whole of the morning he had been at the mercy of circumstance, of forces contrary to his will, so when he came across this simple promise, everything in his mind was displaced by it. It was of his own making; it was something to do. He dressed in a rush, hardly conscious of what he was putting on, and then knocked on the bathroom door. Curtis pulled it open and said, "You all right?"

"Yes. I'll see you in DeNiro's class."

"You aren't going now! I mean, are you? You know—" Curtis brought a towel to his glistening face and wiped at his chin cautiously, keeping his eyes fixed on Karl.

"I told Jill we'd be there today."

"True, but—"

"I have to see her anyway. To tell her."

"I'll tell her for you. Stay here. Please. You look pale."

"I'll see you there at ten," Karl said.

He gathered together some books (three books that were handy—the wrong ones—the Monday, Wednesday, and Friday books), left the apart-

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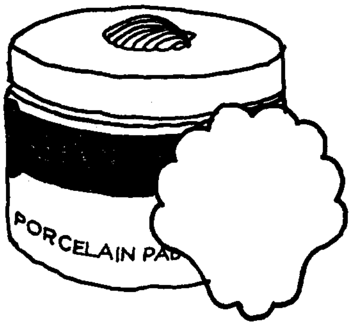

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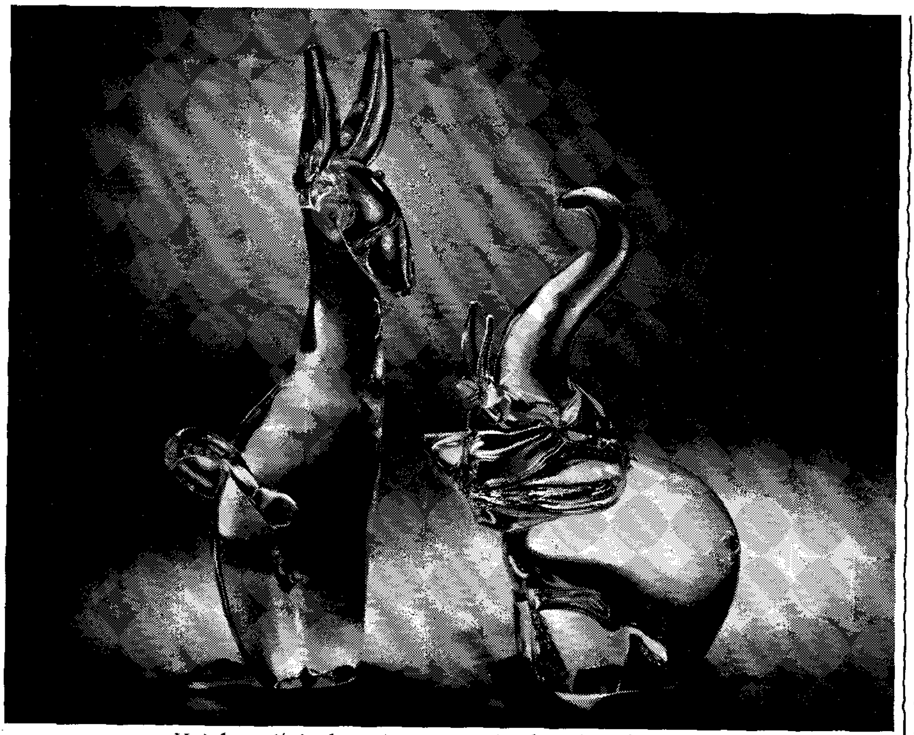

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ment, and went for a full block in the chill October air before he felt free of Curtis's eyes.

The red brick sidewalk blurred, floated up toward him, and then fell away, greatly widened. A street? A driveway? Without Curtis there to call him back to his surroundings, the past, which had been rising up in his mind all morning, dimming the present, overtook him. His gait and his carriage changed. He was walking up the driveway to his grandfather's house. It was hot, darkness was falling, and at this time of day, when the sound of summer insects started rising from the grass, Karl and his grandfather would set the sprinkler out on the terraced lawn, and then they would walk down toward the road, his grandfather's hand swinging at the level of Karl's eyes, and on the way they would stop to look at the roses on the trellis and then again to check the level of the water in the concrete pond where the goldfish were, and then his grandfather would examine the stake and the binding around the trunk of the young willow he had planted the summer before, and then they would walk over the grass and across the driveway to another part of the lawn, shaded by tall trees, the location of the playground his grandfather had built when he built the house, and here it was Karl's job to test the swings, swing in them all, and then test the seesaw to see if it squeaked, and then they would go over to the merry-go-round, and his grandfather would stare at it, his fists on his hips, while Karl waited for him to say the words he said every time—"This, too, I suppose." Then he would lift Karl onto one of the seats of the merry-go-round and turn it until Karl came around to him, and then turn it around once more, just to make sure, and then he would say that it needed oil, and they would go toward the back of the house, checking the flower beds along the way, picking paper and bits of branches off the lawn as they went, and they would drop the refuse into the incinerator and go into the garage, where it was cool and damp and smelled of sawdust and burlap, and where there were always tools that hadn't been put away, and after they had straightened up and put the tools back in their proper places his grandfather would take the oilcan and they would go outside again, where it was darker already and the sound of the night insects had grown shriller, and after the merry-go-round had been oiled, his grandfather would lift him

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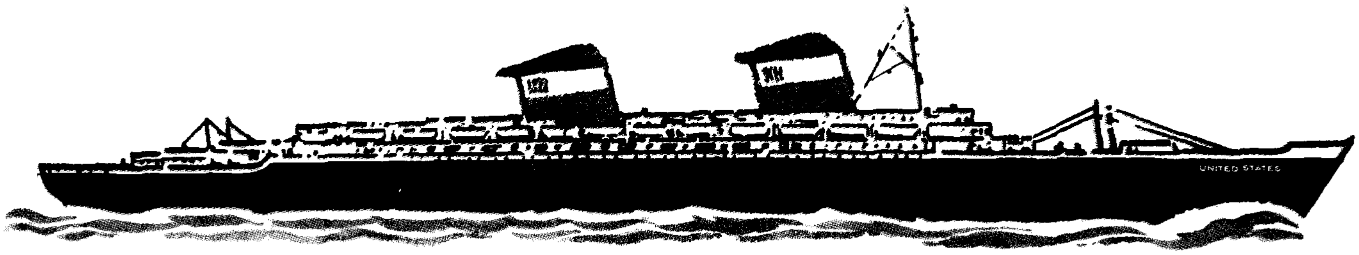

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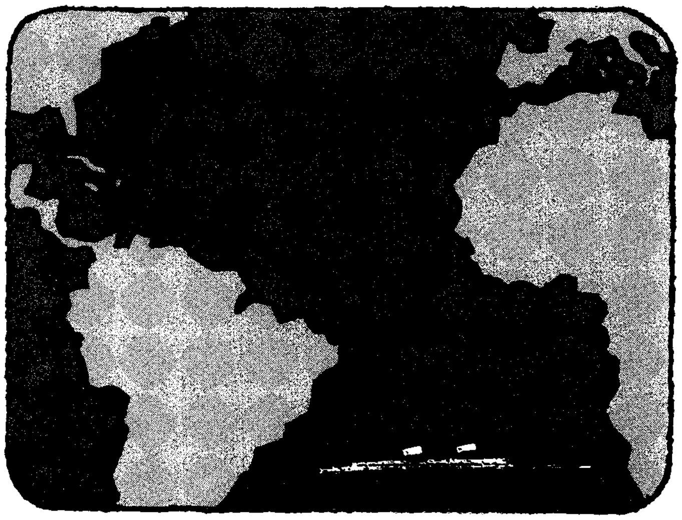

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HAWAIIAN RUM · 80 PROOF · CALVERT DIST. CO., HONOLULU, HAWAII onto the seat and push against the small of Karl's back to get it started, and as it turned his grandfather appeared and then passed, and reappeared and passed again—Karl feeling each time the pressure of the hand against his back—and reappeared and passed again, faster now, the grass starting to blur. . . .

The reflection of sunlight on the sidewalk stunned Karl. Blinking, he saw that he was on a deserted street corner, more than seven blocks from his apartment, and most of them in the wrong direction.

And when he reached the campus, he had the uneasy sensation of having arrived at the wrong place. Because it was still early, not yet eight o'clock, there were no students on the broad walks leading up each side of the quadrangle, and what was more, the red brick Georgian buildings, lined up formally along the opposite walk, didn't look as if they could hold students, or any kind of life. Resting beneath a sky so pale it was almost white, the buildings—their flat façades evenly lit, the shadows beneath their windowsills and eaves blackened in harshly, with no sense of dimension—looked like toy buildings of cardboard set up inside a large room. Even though he could identify each one (Gerard Hall, Peterson Annex, the Administration Building, Moxness Hall, The Union), he identified them as he would a picture postcard of Notre Dame, Buckingham Palace, or the Taj Mahal—familiar but in no way a part of his experience. The feeling that he had never been inside any of those buildings chilled him, and he turned away, reluctant to enter one of them now for fear he was right.

He went into a cafeteria across the street from the quadrangle, ordered a cup of coffee, and sat down in a booth and opened a book, intending to read. Sitting in one of the chairs on the highest terrace, his grandfather would look over the lawn, the sprinkler, over the willow, the fishpond, the rose trellis, past the road and the vacant lot, to the building that held the office and shop of the business he had turned over to his sons, and then he would look quickly away and shift his weight in the chair and recross his legs, but his eyes would travel across the lawn and come to rest at the building again, and he would wince and turn his face in another direction, but soon his head would move around, followed by the rest of his body, and he would be staring at the building.

When Karl looked up at the clock (it was almost ten) he hadn't yet turned a page. He slid out of the

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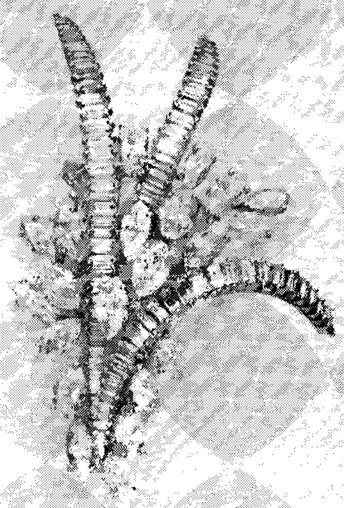

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booth. The only impression he had of those two hours was that on a yellow surface there was a mug of coffee which he wanted to drink but didn't, because for some reason it would be wrong to. He couldn't imagine what the reason was. Hadn't he paid for it? Wasn't it his? He couldn't remember.

On the sidewalk he looked for a friend. One student had sparse red eyebrows and a pointed chin and carried a portfolio high against his chest. One was Japanese and looked the other way as they passed. Another, shoulders bent, hands deep in the pockets of his blue jeans, had a mustache and wasn't wearing a jacket and looked cold. Karl had never seen any of them. He watched for Jill; she would be on her way to class now, and even from the beginning there had always been an air of impromptu and surprise about their encounters.

Going into the final rehearsal for "Twelfth Night," he was squinting into the illuminated mirror above his makeup table, trying unsuccessfully to line his upper eyelid, when a form moved from the edge of his mirror to its center and stopped there. He looked up and saw a blond girl. "I'm on the makeup crew," she said. "You need my help." He submitted to her hands, and then to her. She affected him so deeply that to have told her so would have been to risk his whole self, and so—because she walked with smart, satisfied strides (the glistening curl at the bottom of her blond hair bouncing with each step), as though she was being well taken care of by somebody else—he didn't. He loved her from a distance, telepathically.

She seemed aloof, except in repose; then, with her full lips parted, she looked like a young girl surprised that she had been overtaken by maturity, and also saddened that she had been overtaken by it, despite the beauty it had brought. Her face, no longer a girl's, still hadn't mastered the expressions that would come naturally when she was a woman, and as a result was almost impassive. It had the astonished prettiness of a mannequin's. She went from detachment to passion, from unhappiness to joy, in a matter of seconds, intransigently, with pep, and the only way she could express the changes was by lifting her eyebrows, or, if the emotion was a pleasurable one, by smiling.

Just when he began to believe that, by his silent dedication to her, he was insinuating himself into her soul, she would laugh at Sir Toby Belch practicing to live up to his part on-

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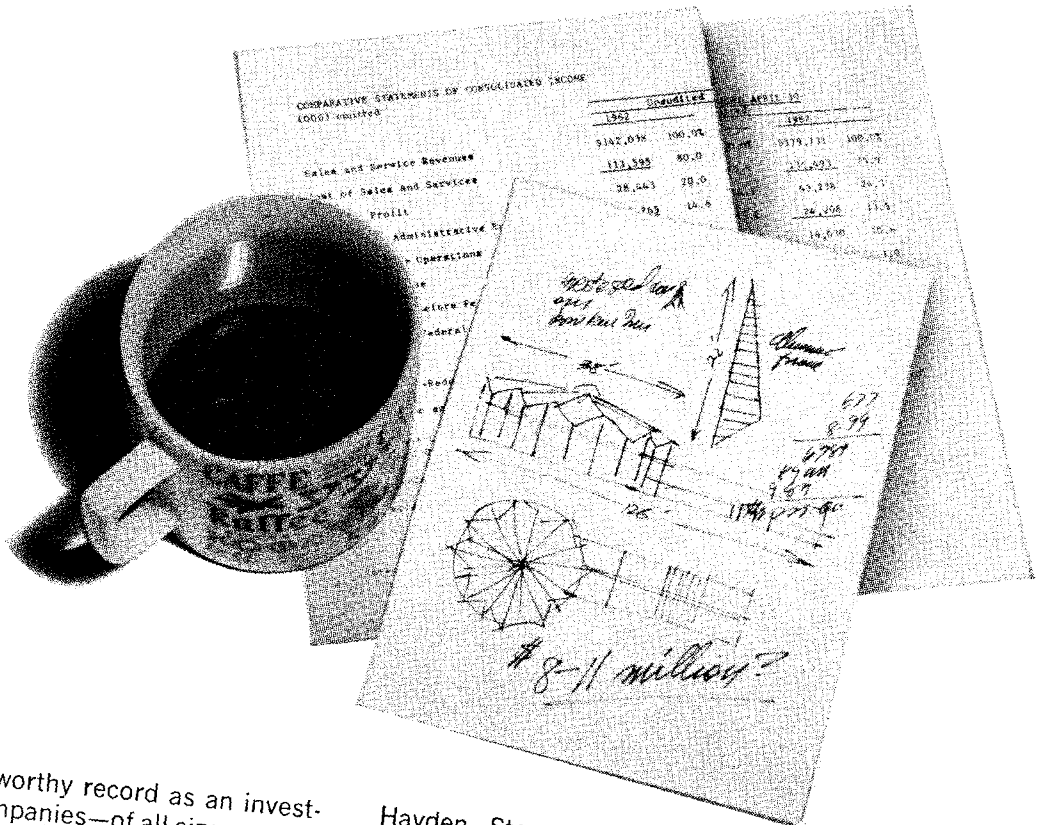

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stage (tasteless, and not funny at all, Karl thought) or line another actor's eyelids (holding him by the chin, *touching* him), and ruin everything. Nevertheless, he didn't give up; she was too lovely to let go. The night of the final performance, she walked smartly up to him, kissed him on the mouth, and said, "You're my Feste. I love you," which he didn't at first hear, because the texture, the softness, the pressure of her lips had overpowered all his senses. Her beauty had kept everybody at a distance, her aloofness was myopia, and she was lonely. From the moment he realized what she said, he had spent his time answering her in every way he knew.

INSTINCT, habit, gravitation—something had guided him into the correct building, and he was sitting, as he used to the year before, on the wide windowsill across the hall from DeNiro's classroom. Beneath the windowsill a radiator was clanking and sending up a smell of metallic paint, heating his pants legs until they burned the backs of his calves.

"Jill!" he called out, seeing her start through the doorway.

"Oh, you're here. I was afraid you weren't coming."

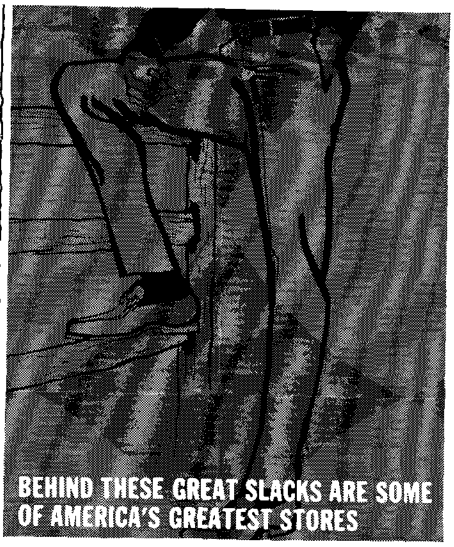
He took her by the elbows and tried to begin. Her eyebrows lifted high, questioning him, he thought, but then he saw that her eyes were widened with some sadness. Did she already know? Could she sense it just from seeing him? "Oh, Jill," he said, "I . . ."

"I know," she said, "I feel the same way." She leaned her head against his chest, and started working the zipper on his jacket. "You know that paper I did on Blake? The one I thought was so good? That I worked on for almost a month? I got it back just now and he gave me a D on it. When I went up after class he said, 'It's been copied from somewhere, and the only reason I didn't flunk you on it was because I couldn't find where.' " She lifted her face to him, and he saw tears standing along the rims of her eyes. "You know I didn't copy a word. Those are all my ideas!"

Not sure where or how to begin, or whom to begin with, he lowered himself from the windowsill, took her in his arms, and was saved from having to begin at all; over her shoulder he saw Curtis making a sign that meant he would retreat immediately, and wanted to.

"No, no. Come on," Karl said. And then to her, "It's Curtis."

"Oh good!" she cried, and turned



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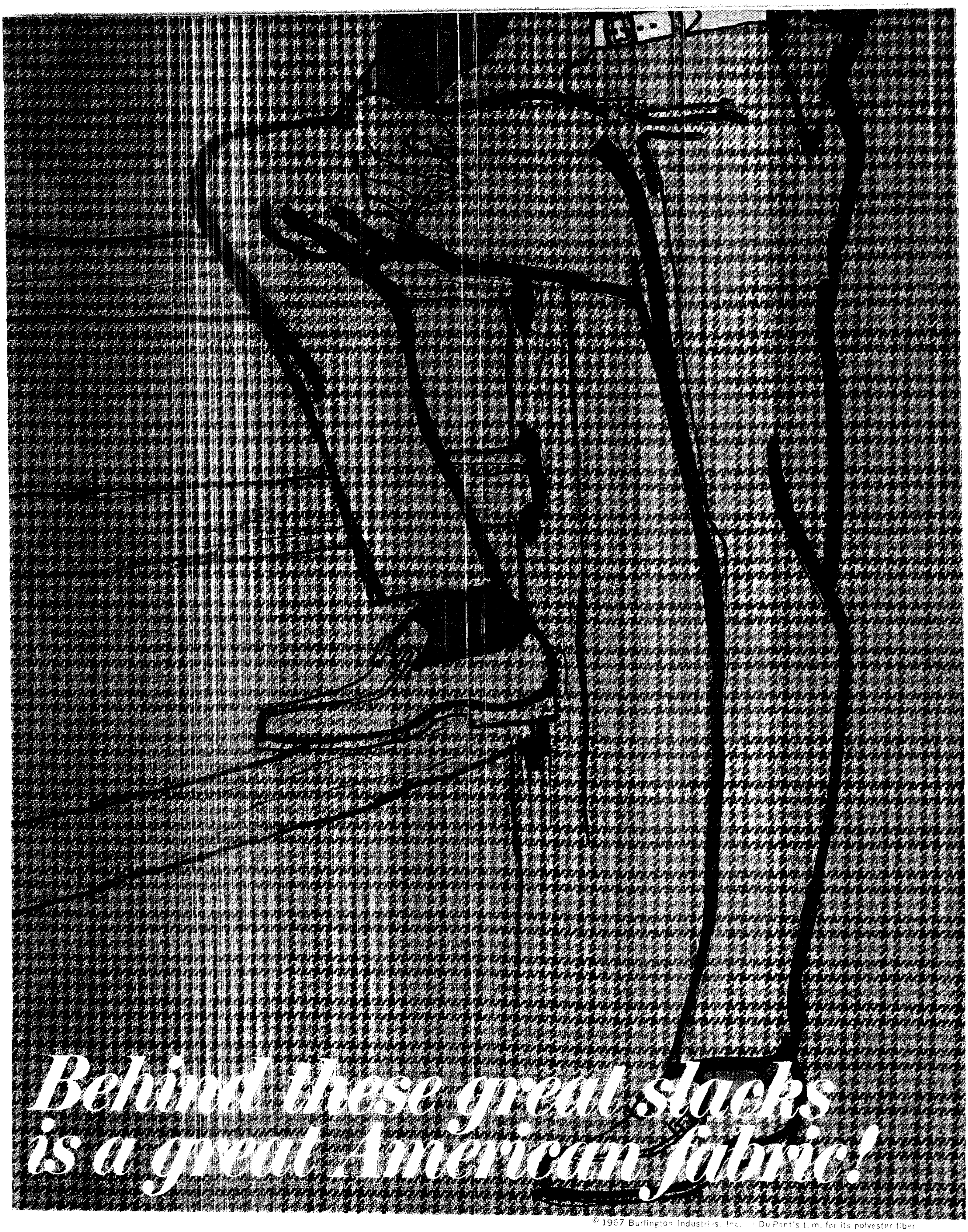
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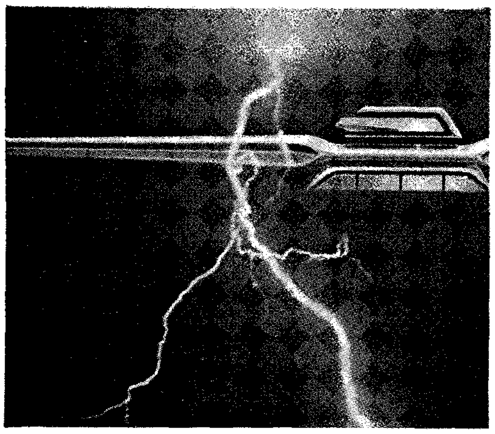

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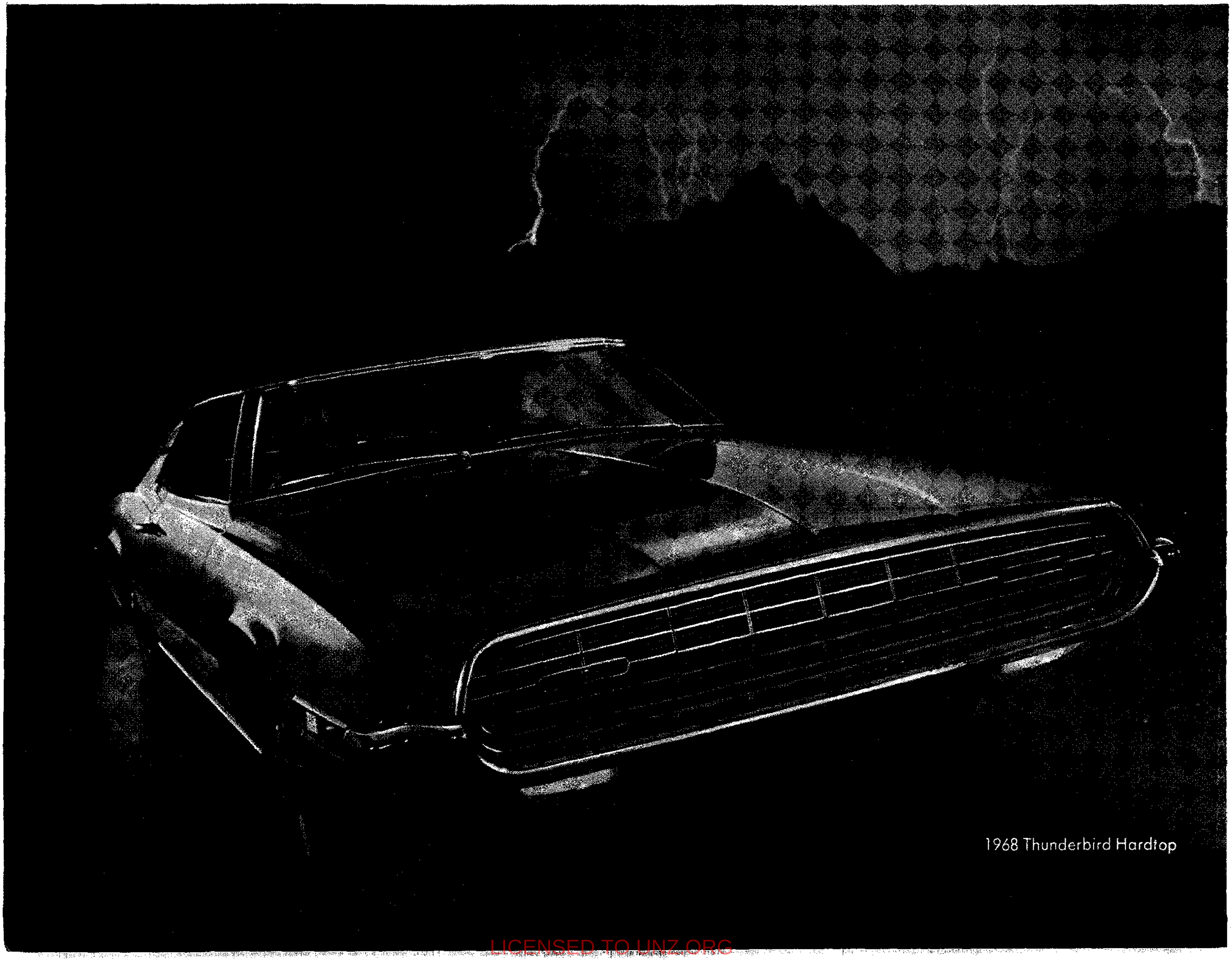

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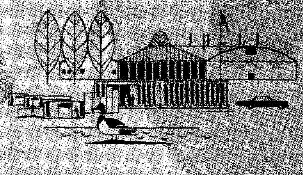

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to him. "I can't wait to see what you'll do!"

Curtis, bewildered, looked at her, then at Karl, then at her.

"I mean in DeNiro's class," she said. "*DeNiro's class*. Poor Curtis." She put her hand to his cheek and patted it, her lips pursed. "Awake so early. Oh . . . Poor Curtis. DeNiro's class. Remember? Something funny. You and Karl. DeNiro. Funny. Remember?"

Curtis's lips went white.

"There's the bell!" she cried. "Come on!"

"Yes, let's go," Karl said, and as she led the way he turned to Curtis and whispered, "I couldn't tell her," and Curtis blushed.

Jill sat with the rest of the class at a conference table, taking the last unoccupied chair, so Curtis and Karl went to a small table in a back corner of the room (exactly the right perspective for their purpose) and perched on its top. DeNiro, a few minutes late, hurried into the room and smiled at the two of them, but not without irony, Karl thought. He drew some mimeographed sheets out of his portfolio, distributed them to the class, and told one student to begin reading. The hope of class discussion, an open field for repartee and evasion of the subject, was destroyed. In a voice that was incredibly high (was this a wry sign to them from DeNiro?) and strident, the student read, " 'No positive quality possessed by a false idea is removed by the presence of what is true, in virtue of its being true. For instance, when we look at the sun . . .' "

Karl opened his notebook, wrote on a blank page, "This isn't history, it's hell," and handed it to Curtis, who snorted, and took out a pencil. When he returned the notebook, Karl saw, in large block letters: "THIS KID'S VOICE IS SO HIGH I CAN'T HEAR IT."

It was so absurd, and so nearly true, Karl couldn't trust himself to look at Curtis. He turned toward the wall, and the first spasm of laughter, coming so unexpectedly it escaped from his nose instead of his mouth, blew a streamer of mucus over his lips and onto his chin. He took out his handkerchief, used it, and had nearly recovered from his embarrassment when Curtis, mimicking the reader, cleared his throat in a sharp, stringy falsetto. Karl leaned his forehead against the wall, held Curtis in front of him as a shield, and began to laugh. The spasms grew into swells, the swells into waves—his diaphragm heaving with pain—and the waves rose to hysteria.

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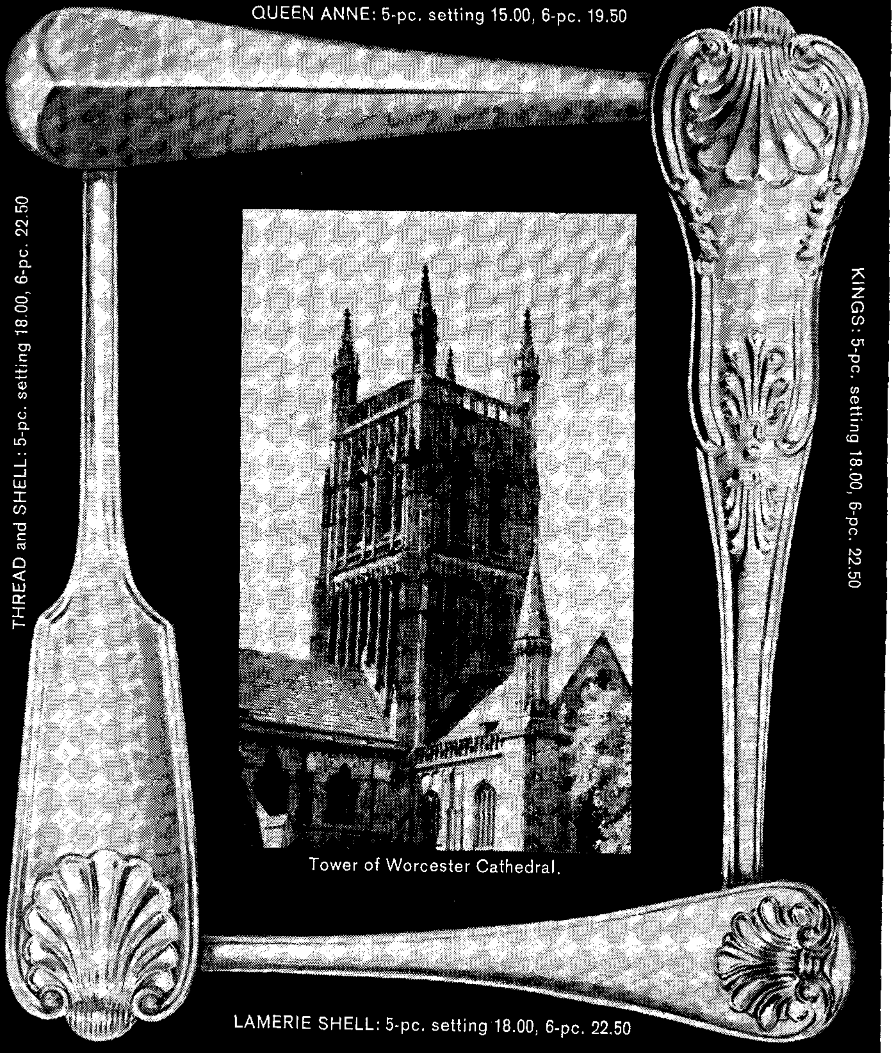

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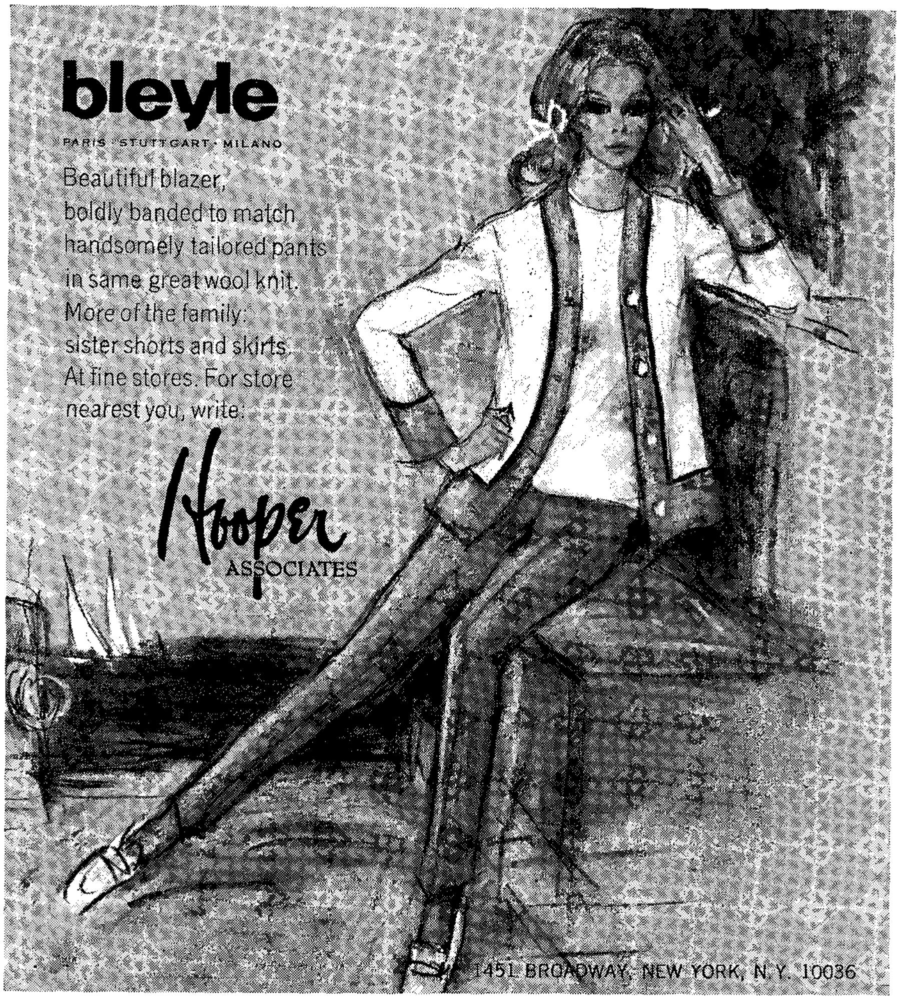

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made any sense of the words, and when it seemed to become a part of Karl's laughter, and a part of the pattern his spread hand made against the rough corduroy of Curtis's jacket, and then a part of his fingernails, he stopped laughing abruptly and felt on his cheeks the dampness of tears. What was he doing here? He scribbled another note ("Please tell Jill. See you both after class in the Y"), tore out the sheet of paper, and handed it to Curtis.

Circumspectly avoiding the eyes of Jill and DeNiro, he left the room.

LATER on in the day, in the early afternoon, he found himself standing at the door to his brother's apartment. He was puzzled when no one responded to his knock; of the three roommates, one was usually at home. Karl's reflection, grazing the dusty glass at the top half of the door, lifted its hands, cupped them around its eyes, then vanished as he leaned forward and looked into the dark basement apartment. An arm of the couch, a bullfight poster, a corner of the fibre floor mat. . . . Bewildered, the reflection reappeared. He turned the knob and the door swung open. Strange—all three of them were careful about keeping it locked. Then he heard a noise, and swung in that direction.

Looking into Jerome's eyes, red-rimmed and glassy, Karl's own behavior since the morning went through his mind like a garish charade of cruelty and untruth. He hurried into the kitchen and stared out a small window set along the top of the low ceiling; through it he saw the underside of the lowest branches of an oak, and, beyond the oak, a section of red brick wall. Because of Jerome's effect on him, they seemed the first incontestable things he had seen that day, the leaves against the brick, bronze against red, and then, their colors mingling, they trembled and went out of focus as his eyes filmed over with tears. Now he realized he had come to Jerome for guidance, for enlightenment, and after all his senseless behavior it was that simple: he was to submit, to grieve.

"Did you go to any classes?" Jerome asked.

Unable to speak, he nodded.

"I went to Psych," Jerome said, "but I didn't feel up to going to anything more, so I came home and lay down. I guess I fell asleep. It's almost one-thirty."

The leaves of the oak and the brick wall jumped back into sharp focus. Karl's error in judgment—mistaking the sleepy look in Jerome's eyes for grief—made him feel he had lost some important faculty, and this frightened him. He tried his voice—"Was it a heart attack?"—and it sounded too loud for the size of the room.

"That's what they think. There'll be an autopsy."

"What for?" The harder he tried to subdue his voice, the more he felt it was getting out of control.

"It was so unexpected," Jerome said. "They want to make sure."

"Of what?"

"Of what he died of."

"That's awful."

"The autopsy? It's a formality. I don't know, it might even be a law."

"*I don't care!*" Karl shouted, and, feeling the strength go out of his legs, he sat down at the table. In front of him, on the black Formica surface, there was a round plaster-of-Paris ashtray.

"Would you like something to eat?" Jerome asked.

"No." He felt nauseous.

"A cup of coffee?"

"All right."

When the ashtray became a foreshortened silo on a shimmering black plain, and the dizzying perspective heightened his nausea and made him feel he would lose control of himself altogether, he set it on the floor behind him and looked at his hands. Springing from his green cuffs, too large and too white, fringed at the wrists with black hair, they sat on the table like the ashtray. Objects. He moved them to his lap.

"Are you packed yet?" Jerome asked.

"No."

"I was going to before I fell asleep."

"I don't want to go home. All those people. The funeral."

"I know," Jerome said, and it was all he needed to say. The words came from the depths of a past identical with Karl's, a past that said to them, *The dead will not come back to us. Don't exhibit them, mourn over them, pray over them, lower them into a grave before our eyes. Let their living actions, held in the minds of the living, remain pure. Brought up against that effigy in the coffin, in no way a part of the person we knew, the mind balks, memory comes to a standstill, and they are killed for good.*

"Here," Jerome said. "It's hot. Watch out."

The cameo of Karl's pale face, resting on the onyx surface of the coffee, grew larger and larger as he bent toward the cup, tilting from side to side, and then flowed off to the edges

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until all that was visible was a nose and two eyes. He couldn't smell coffee. "My Christ!"

"I told you it was hot."

They sat in silence for three minutes before Karl was aware they weren't speaking. As long as they didn't limit it with words, the whole of their past—seventeen years of shared experience—remained intact: seventeen years filled with their grandfather's presence. In their silence they were doing homage to him. For the first time that day, Karl felt at peace.

And there was more. He was led to this peace by Jerome's quiet manner, a trait he had become so accustomed to it had remained hidden from him, invisible. But now it stepped forward with strength, in entirely new clothes; it was the monumental silence of his grandfather.

The only way to let Jerome know of his discovery, and make him understand how much it meant to him, was to reach out and touch his hand. But because he thought about it too long, instead of just reaching out and doing it, the gesture was lost.

"I better go now," he said.

"All right. They'll be here for us at four."

"I remember."

"Thank you for stopping."

"I'm glad you were here."

"Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

OUTSIDE in the street, all the serenity he had been wrapped in was swept away. The air hurt his eyes. He had left his jacket on in the house, and now he felt chilled. Some leaves flew directly across his path, so large and bright his breath caught. The heat of his body was draining from him, and he felt he had turned blue. His bottom lip pulled down stiffly, his shoulder blades drew together, the back of his neck twitched, and then his head jerked. He shook.

Even though his legs didn't seem to be moving him, a large walnut tree, tilting up the sidewalk it grew beside, advanced toward him. It became his goal; if he hit it with his fist, hit it hard, everything would come to a stop. He leaned against it with his shoulder, but his hand refused to clench. He felt someone watching him, and turned. On the ground floor of a white house that was set close to the walk, an old woman stared at him from behind parted curtains. As his eyes rested on her, pale and alone behind the curtain, his body relaxed against the tree.

His attention wasn't distracted until a handful of rocks soundlessly struck the sidewalk in front of him, skittered and hopped in a widening circle, and turned into a flock of sparrows. Flicking their tailfeathers, filling the cold air with their shrill cries, they pecked at the purplish stains on the sidewalk, their delicate claws travelling across an inscription stamped into the cement:

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Then he smelled smoke, burning leaves. A fire. What was that from?

On the neatly raked lawn in front of him he saw a gray knit glove, its leather-covered palm turned upward, resting beside a flat piece of bone which the glove seemed to have recently moved; a few inches away, pressed into the dark grass, was the bone's yellow shape.... Where had he been?

The old woman. Remembering her, and remembering that as they looked at one another his shaking had stopped, he lifted his eyes to the window so that with a gesture, with a look, he could acknowledge what had happened between them and thank her. She was gone.

He ran all the way to his apartment, stopped outside long enough to catch his breath, and then entered it quietly and went to the bedroom and leaned against the doorjamb. Jill was standing with her back to him, bent over his suitcase, rearranging the clothes she had packed. As he watched her loose hair swinging beside her cheeks, her shoulder blades working in her smooth back, she was revealed to him as if for the first time, anonymously, in her unprotected essence; and with the revelation—he had not known she was so young and vulnerable—his chest began to constrict with grief.

After snapping the locks on the suitcase and setting it on the floor, she sensed his presence and turned, with a look of fright on her face. But when she saw him it fell away, and a large tear started down one of the dull, silvery tracks that had dried on each of her cheeks. "Oh!" she cried, and ran to him and took him in her arms. "I was so worried!"

"I saw Jerome and then an old woman and everything came to me. I'm sorry, so sorry."

"I know, I know how much you cared for him."

"It didn't seem real. I couldn't believe it. Even the day, people, places, didn't

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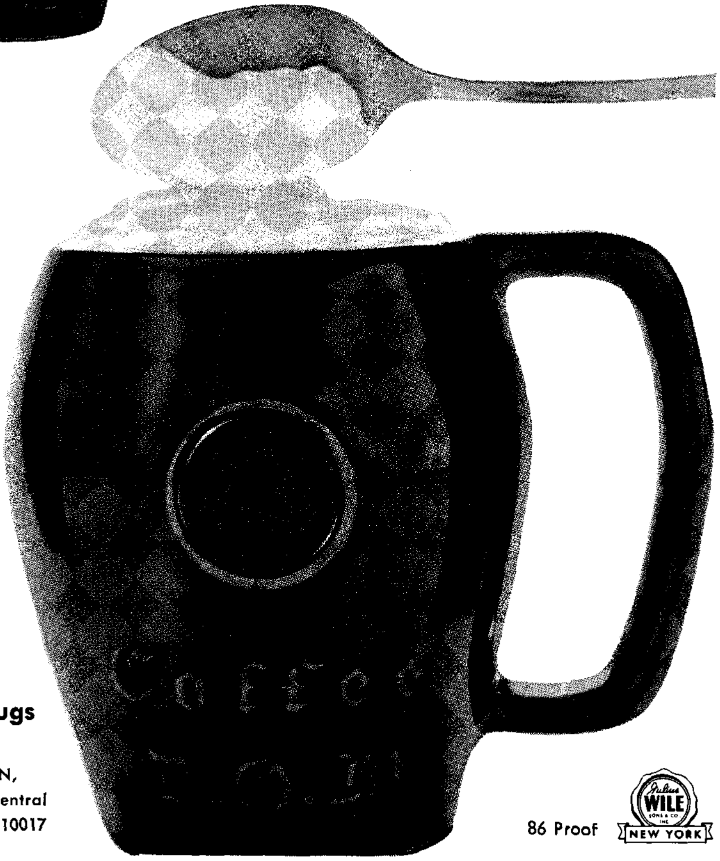

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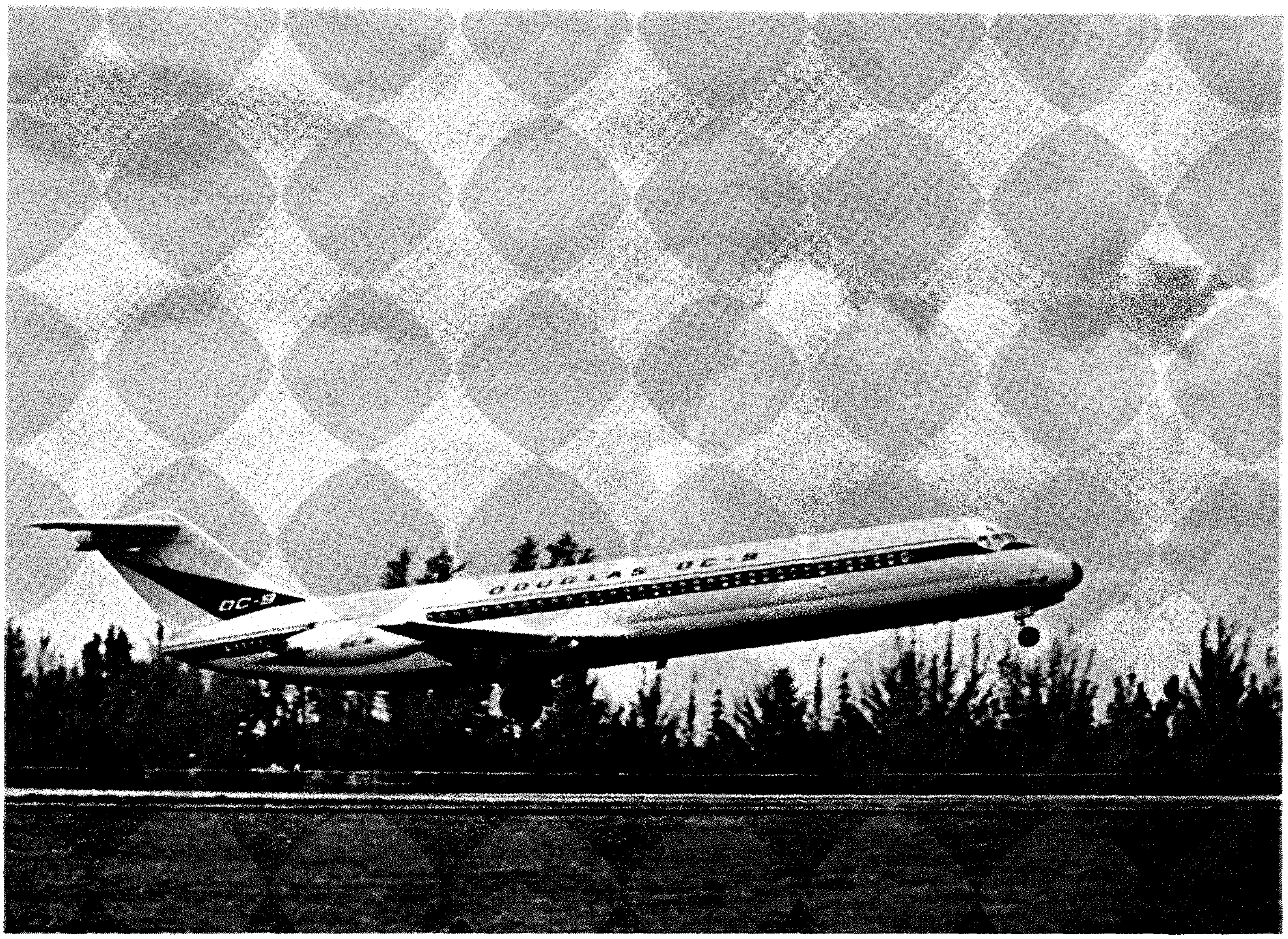

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seem real. But it was all my fault."

"No, no, no. Don't you see? That's the way it affected you."

"No, I made it that way. I've been watching myself, waiting for something to happen to me, and it's already happened. He's dead."

"Don't make it worse. There's nothing you can do."

"Not anymore. The day is over. What you and Curtis said I didn't hear. I hardly noticed you. And I couldn't be open with my own brother. All because I've been watching myself. It's wrong! It's the worst way to be! The grief isn't here, it's outside, it's in everybody else. It's in everything outside me that's alive. Everything that has to die."

"But there's nothing you can do!"

"I could love more, the way he did. Today I could have loved you more, and Jerome, and Curtis. Most of all, I could have loved him more, and now it's too late. He's gone."

"No. He's been with you all day. I've felt him."

Either it was true or it wasn't. If it was true, he had missed him; he hadn't felt in himself the presence of his grandfather. If it wasn't true, then it was as he sensed: his grandfather was gone, gone from him for good. And either way was just as bad. Her putting of his fear into words caused the grief—as though it actually were resting outside—to descend, and tighten around him with such force he felt smothered. His legs gave out and he grabbed the doorjamb. She helped him to the bed, sat down on the edge of it, and held his head against her breasts. But he felt stranded in her arms, isolated, at a distance from the comfort she was trying to give. He rose up, grasped her hair in his hands, and kissed her forehead, her face, her lips, and her throat, and when that made him feel more agonized than ever, more estranged, and more helpless to do anything about it, he swung her legs around and lowered her onto the yielding bed, into the center of grief. —L. WOIWODE

•

De Gaulle's most articulate critic, former Premier Pierre Mendes-France, replied this way in today's issue of Le Nouvel Observateur to the question: Do you believe de Gaulle does not want peace in Vietnam? "No, I wants peace in Vietnam. What I certainly do not. I believe he mean is he does not place seeking for peace above all other preoccupations."

—*The News.*

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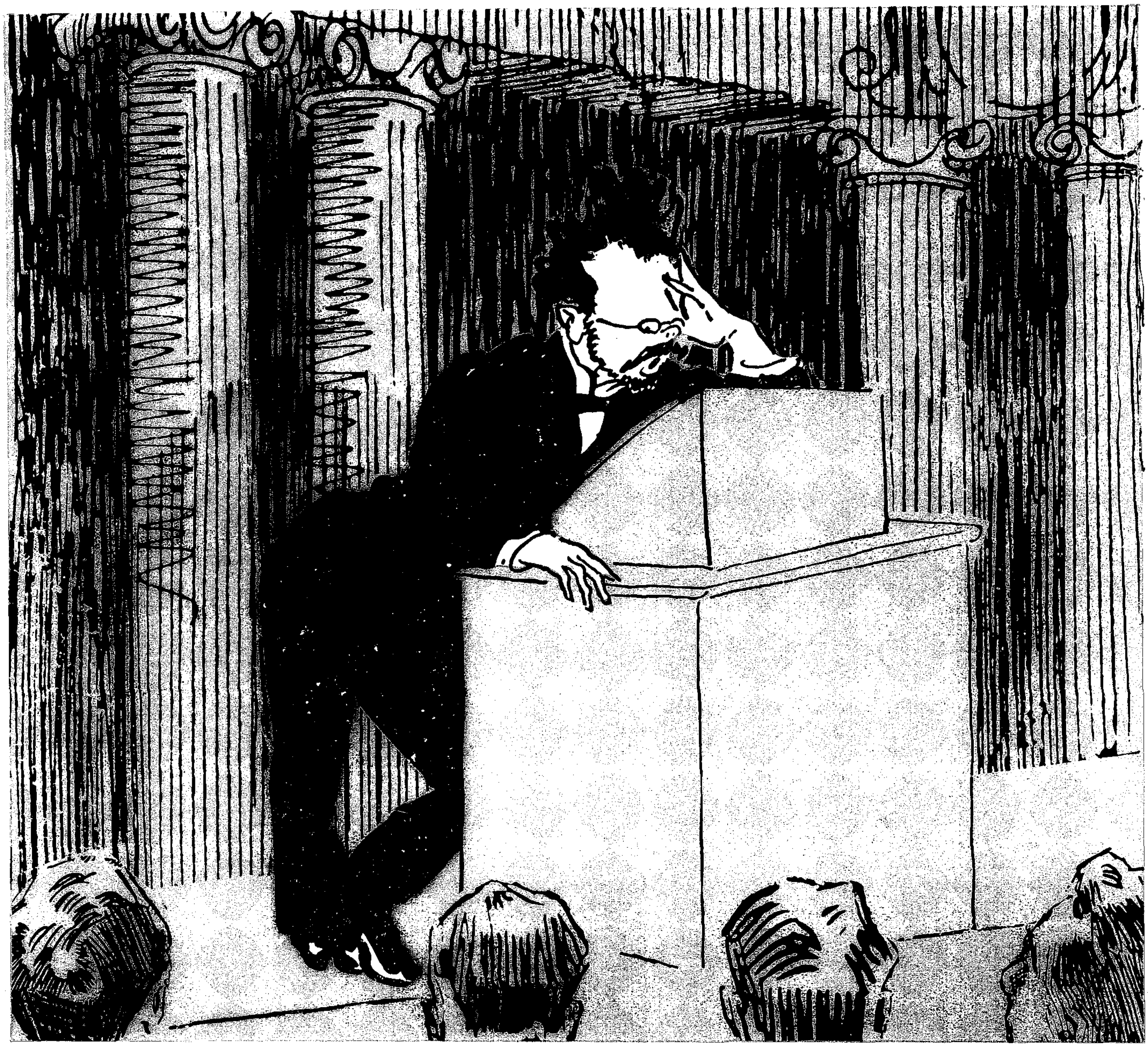
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Knitted Brow

The Metropolitan Opera House opened its season on Monday night of last week before an audience that was rather light on what is called aristocracy, consisting, as it did, largely of successful businessmen and their wives. The rhinestone horseshoe was no less brilliant, though, and the women were no less pretty or fashionably dressed. The opera was "La Traviata," and the production was not new. Alfred Lunt directed it, and the scenery was the Cecil Beaton setting, with the barnyard second act, and heavy everywhere with fake drapery. The principal singers were Montserrat Caballé, Richard Tucker, and Cornell MacNeil—the last-named, of course, in the part of the Elder Germont—and the conductor was Fausto Cleva. There was a good deal of flatting in the ensembles, and Mr. MacNeil did not appear to be in good voice. Mr. Tucker, with a handsome new reddish wig, sang the role of Alfredo with the art of a veteran, and though his voice is no longer in the prime of its youth, he managed to give the best performance of the evening. How shall I describe the performance of Miss Caballé? Several years ago, when she made her début with the American Opera Society, as Lucrezia Borgia, she knitted her brows—a change of expression that gave her attractive face a slightly sinister look. Within the frame of the American Opera Society's concert performances, in which everyone is dressed in evening clothes and hardly anybody moves a muscle, to knit the brows is to act, and most of her audience, including me, thought that they were in the presence of a formidable operatic tragedienne. Subsequent performances by Miss Caballé, however, have shown that brow-knitting is the beginning and the end of her gamut of dramatic gesture. The other night, she knitted and unknitted her brows again. Otherwise, all that one can say of her visual projection is that she proved to be one of the largest sopranos ever to undertake the role of Violetta. Vocally, there was more of interest. Miss Caballé is a pure lyric soprano, with unforgettable high pianissimos. She sang the last three acts in a memorable manner. But she is not a natural Violetta, and her first act proved it. Here she had to force in order to negotiate the florid passages, and the result was a coarsening of tone and a good deal of breathiness. Her voice is a curious one. It can cajole with the most limpid, velvety tone, but it cannot be pushed into a real fortissimo without damage to its quality.

The following evening, the Metropolitan trotted out a brand-new production of Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," an opera that had been absent from its boards for twenty years. The work was cut considerably—as, indeed, it always has been at the Met—but the cuts interfered not at all with the drama and very little with the music. This was necessarily an Italianate "Roméo et Juliette." Mirella Freni was the Juliet and Franco Corelli the Romeo. There was scarcely a French "u" to be heard, and mute "e"s were frequently broadened acutely. There was a consequent lack of authentic French style. The Metropolitan, however, can scarcely be blamed for this. The authentic French style of opera singing is very nearly extinct today. One reason is that France has apparently ceased producing singers of major stature. Another is that elegant French diction is difficult to acquire for anyone not born in France. Still another is that the number of cultivated non-French singers of French opera—people like the Australian John Brownlee, the Canadian Edward Johnson, the Brazilian Bidu Sayão, the American Geraldine Farrar, and the Scottish-American Mary Garden—has declined to the vanishing point. This is a regrettable state of affairs, for French opera requires the French touch if it is to make its maximum effect.

Granting this inevitable limitation, the performance was not a bad one. Miss Freni made a charming Juliet to the eye, and her tone and dramatic inflection were excellent. Mr. Corelli was handsome as Romeo, and his magnificent voice was again the natural phenomenon it has been in the past. He even made considerable efforts toward refinement of vocal style. The high note at the end of his "Ah, lève-toi soleil" began forcefully and then dwindled off into a spectacular diminuendo. It would have been even more impressive if it had been sung softly throughout, but we must await Mr. Corelli's development into a really finished artist. He



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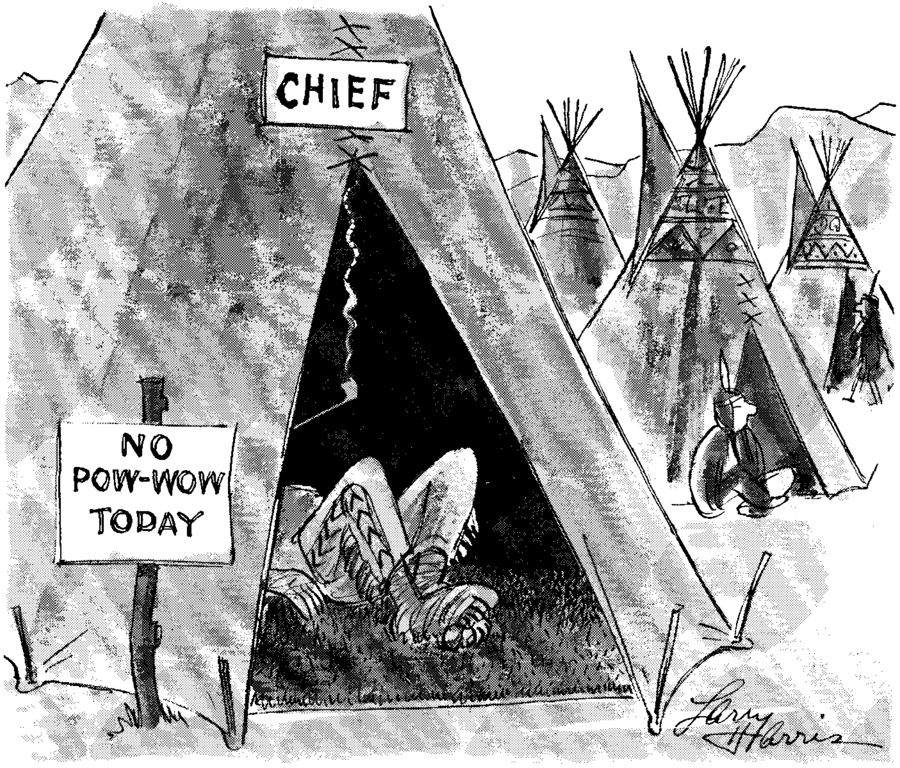

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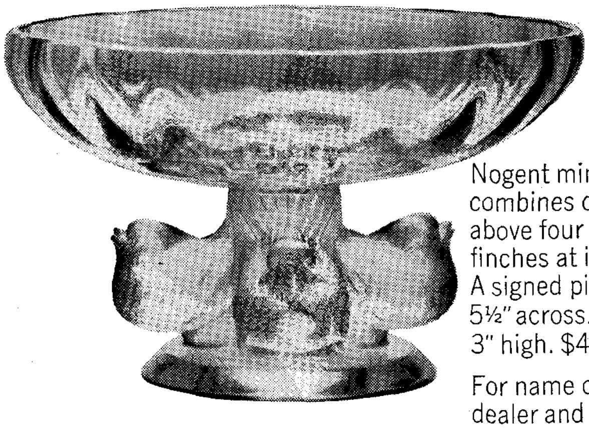

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is improving, but thus far he seems unable to attack a high note softly. Marcia Baldwin sang the trouser role of Stephano acceptably, and John Reardon as Mercutio, John Macurdy as Friar Laurence, and Raymond Michalski as Capulet were among the most skilled of those in the minor roles. Francesco Molinari-Pradelli conducted, and kept things going in an admirable manner. The sets, by Rolf Gérard, were imaginative. There was a unit background depicting the towers and battlements of the city of Verona, before which evocative abstract screens and other arrangements suggested changes of scene. The costumes were lavish, and a ballet choreographed by a newcomer, Milko Sparemblek, was as effective as it could be, considering the crowded stage on which it was arranged. Altogether, by present standards, this is an adequate production, yet it does not succeed in making "Roméo et Juliette" much more than a very dull opera. Perhaps it was always dull; it is certainly in no way comparable to "Faust." But I remember performances of it that have given me greater enjoyment.

ON Thursday night, the New York City Opera presented a new production of Rimski-Korsakov's fairy-tale opera "Le Coq d'Or," which, as it was sung in English, might have had its English title, "The Golden Cockerel." This is an opera with a wholly delightful score, and its drama is lightly satirical about war, kings, and the power of the female sex, but in such a way that fantasy takes precedence over irony. Unfortunately, the present staging, by Tito Capobianco, is so broad that it verges on caricature, and much of the work's fantastic beauty was lost the other night. Norman Treigle, as King Dodon, was encumbered with a scarlet wig and mustache that nearly obscured his features, and the effectiveness of his comic lines and actions was correspondingly impeded. Ming Cho Lee's sets and José Varona's costumes tended toward a kind of childhood-nursery style that is all wrong for this work. Enrico di Giuseppe, a remarkable high tenor with an upper reach that is far more powerful than that of any countertenor I have ever heard, did the role of the astrologer superbly; Muriel Greenspon was excellent as Amelfa, the King's housekeeper; and Joan Summers was exactly right as the golden cockerel. But the star of the performance was Beverly Sills, who

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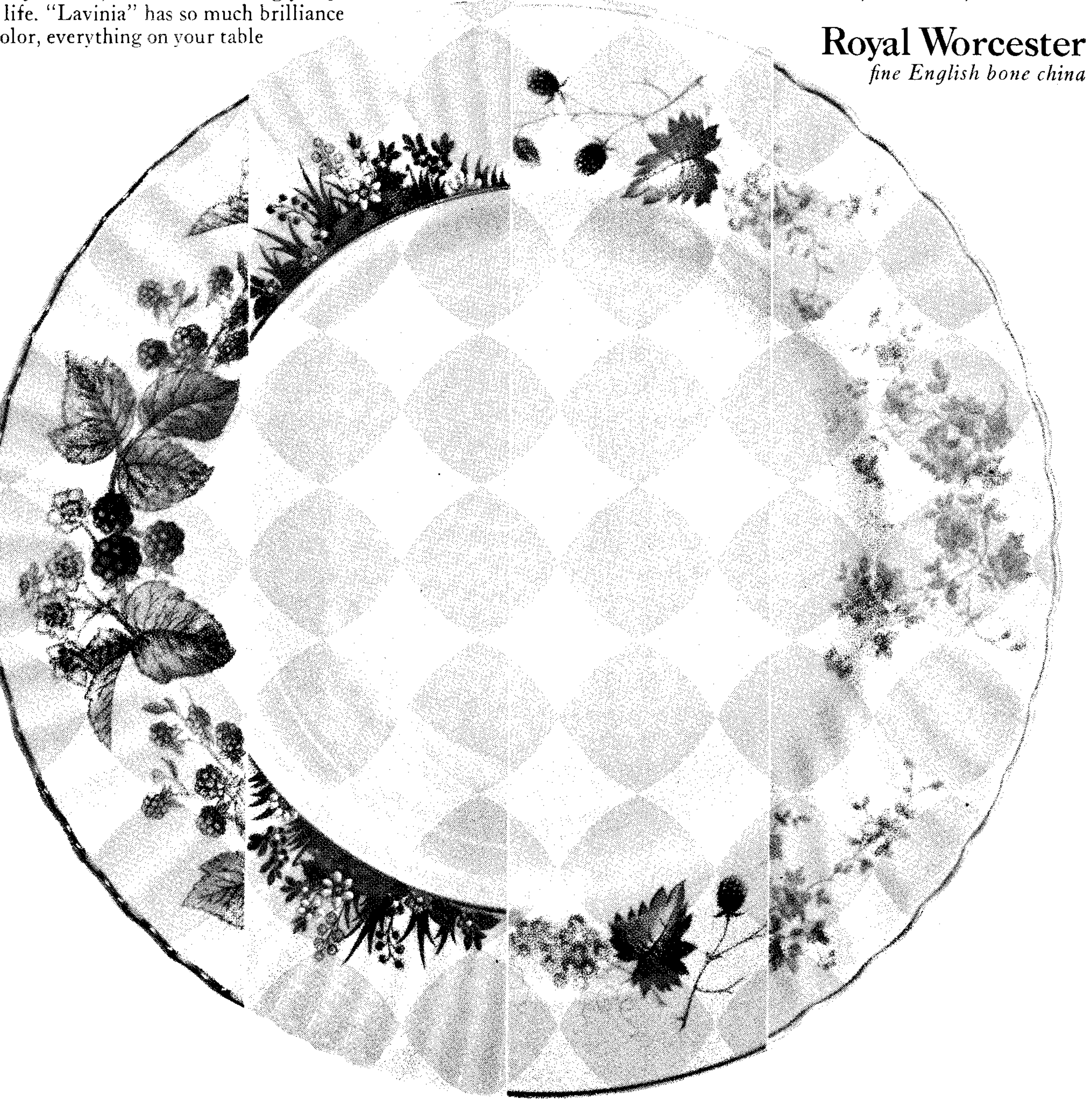

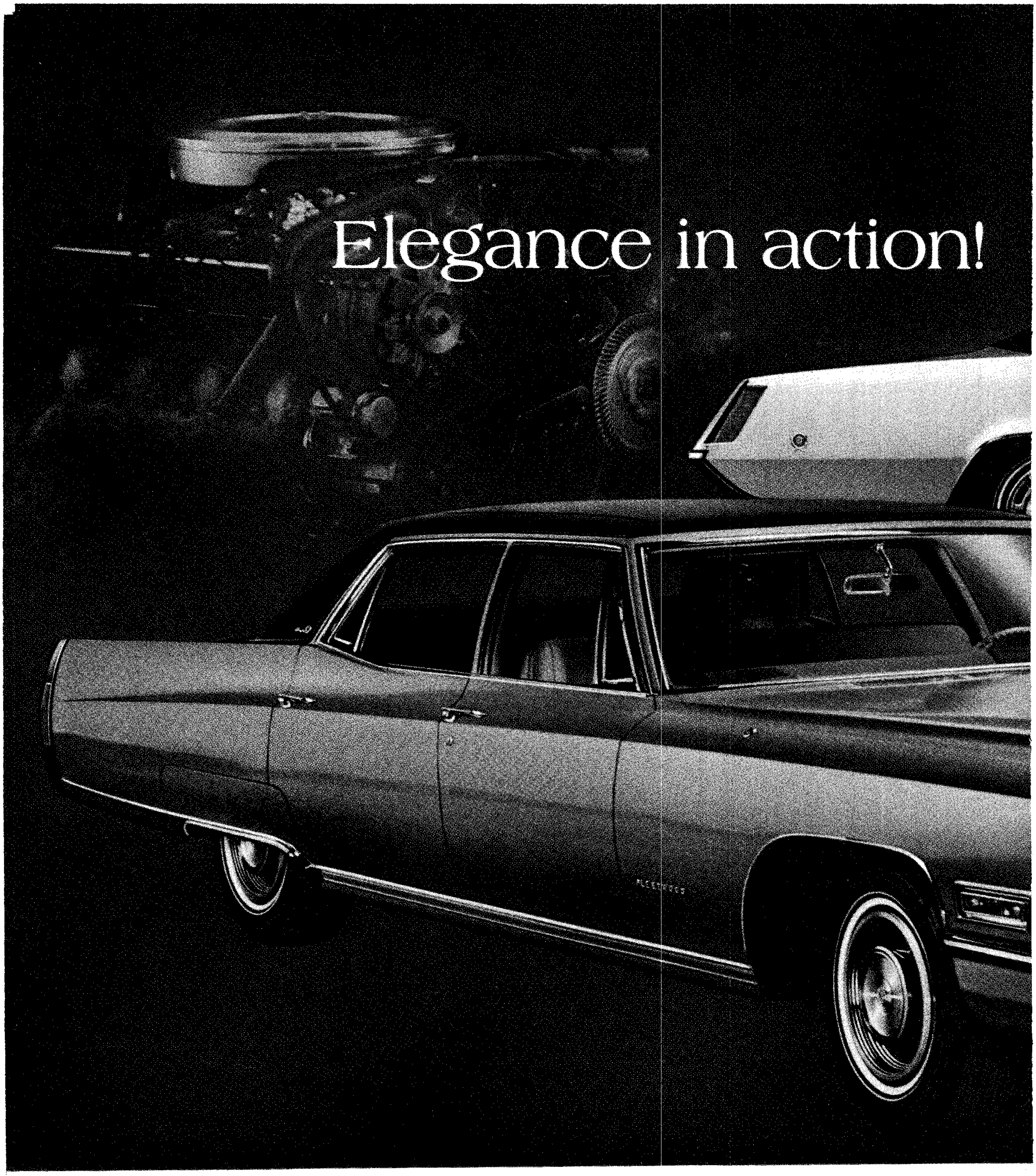

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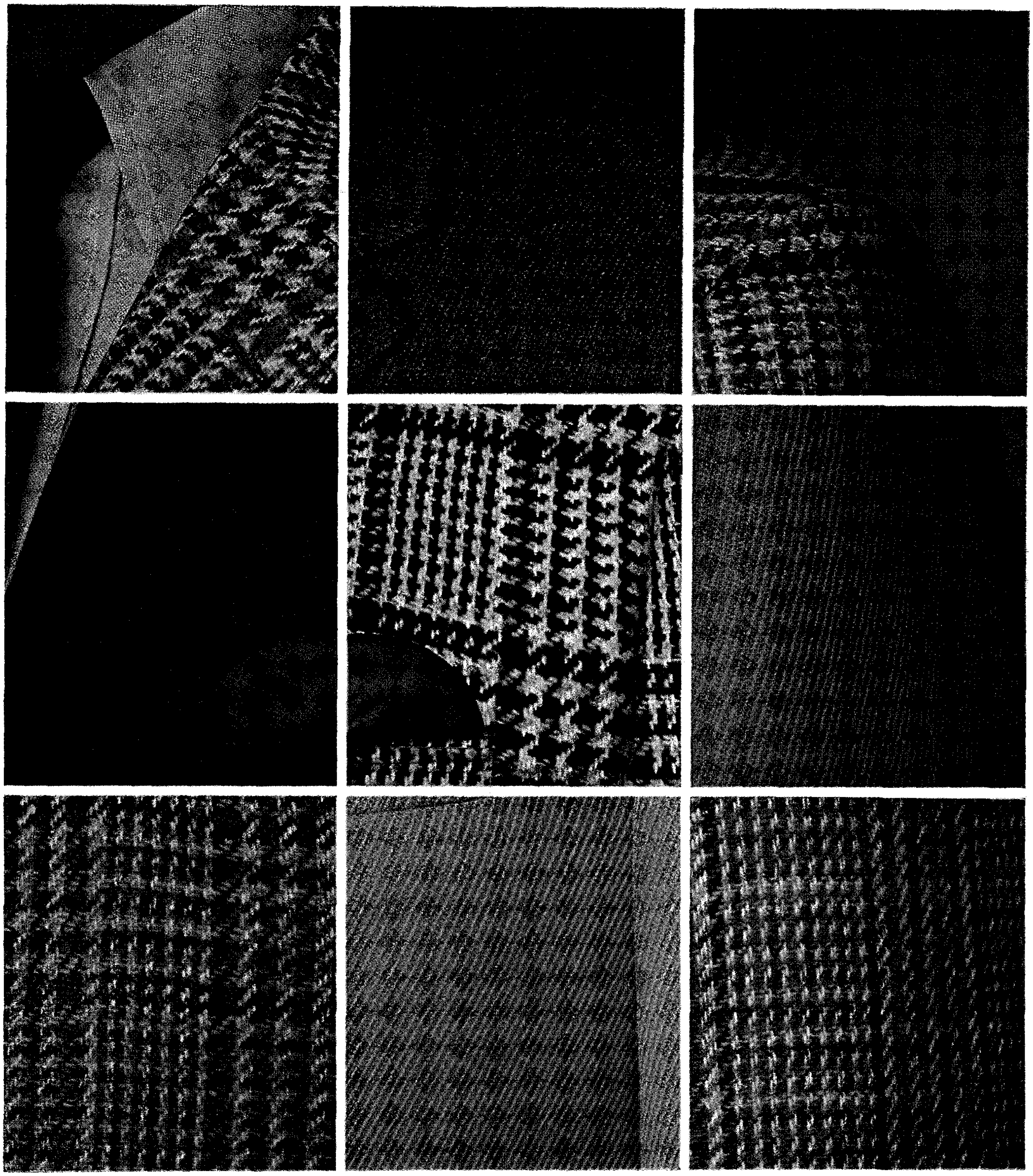

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dominated the last part of the opera as the Queen of Shemakha, and sang ravishingly, with flawless tone and perfect intonation. Owing to her singing, the second part (Act II in this version) had the total enchantment that should have pervaded the entire opera. Julius Rudel conducted ably, as usual, and from the musical point of view the production was an outstanding one.

ON Wednesday evening, in the New York City Center, the City Center Joffrey Ballet unveiled a new work by Robert Joffrey entitled "Astarte," after a well-known Phoenician fertility goddess. It turned out to be a psychedelic "trip" for those who want to take their trips without resorting to drugs, though this description does not do justice to the skill with which it was choreographed and danced. Searchlights were beamed, blindingly, about the audience. A man (Maximiliano Zomosa) arose from an aisle seat and made his way to the stage, where he proceeded to take off a bright corduroy suit, stripping as close to nudity as current rules of propriety allow. An obviously sexually disturbed backdrop followed him with interest. He awakened a woman (Trinette Singleton) who was dressed in tights with Paisley-shawl motifs and who seemed to be in a trance, and they danced together while sections of a tremendously enlarged film of both were thrown onto the backdrop—sometimes straight, sometimes distorted. This combination of live and filmed dancing was accompanied by deafening rock-'n'-roll music, some of it electronic and all of it amplified. Mr. Zomosa performed prodigies of athleticism, but he did not look happy. The moral seemed to be "He who awakens a fertility goddess had better look out." I found it all quite engrossing, though the "mixed-media" arrangement sometimes left me wondering what part of the stage to look at. "Astarte" is something new in ballet, and well worth going to see—once, at any rate.

—Winthrop Sargeant

•

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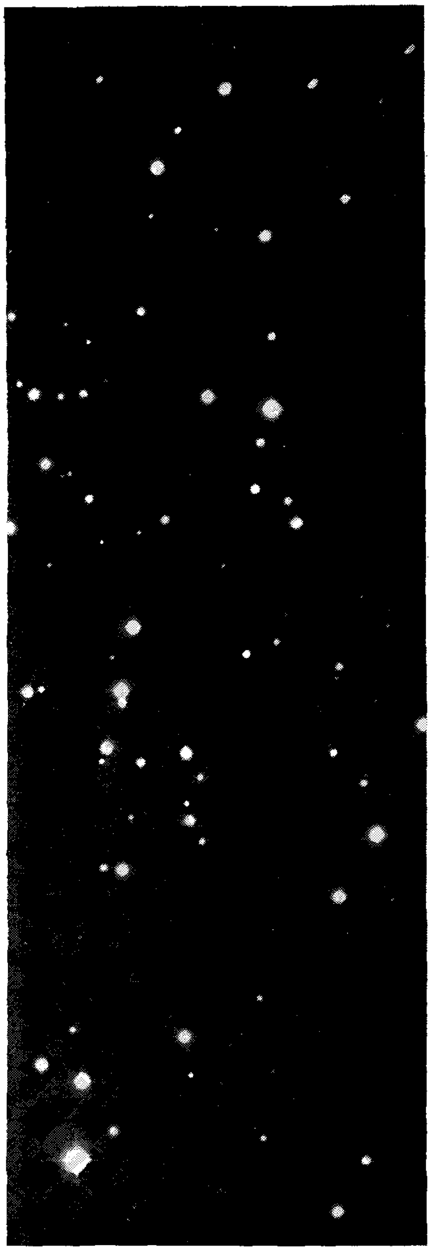

The search for life forms on other worlds probably will begin with Mars, our controversial planetary neighbor. Does life exist there? Why does the surface of the planet change color during the Martian spring? Do the polar caps contain water? Scientists and engineers at Martin Marietta are doing some hard thinking about how we can use an unmanned spacecraft to explore "the red planet."

The possibility that there is life on other planets—even intelligent life—is not discounted as science fiction by modern thinkers.

Reducing it to its simplest terms, they argue that there are quite possibly billions of planets similar in many respects to ours in the universe.

Is it likely, they ask, that our planet alone would evolve life?

Unfortunately, most of these planets are spread over trillions upon trillions of miles. A space journey to explore them could take thousands of centuries.

In our own solar system, however, a "mere" 35,000,000 miles away, at its closest, is Mars, some 270 days distant by spacecraft.

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These changes in appearance have been attributed by theorists to either plant life, nourished by water vapor released from the shrinking polar cap; or to wind-blown iron oxide particles; or to chemical reactions in minerals.

Many agree, however, that of the eight planets in our solar system, Mars is most likely to have forms of life.

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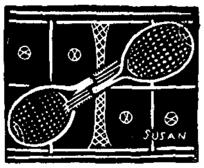
A LITTLE NORTH OF GUAYAQUIL

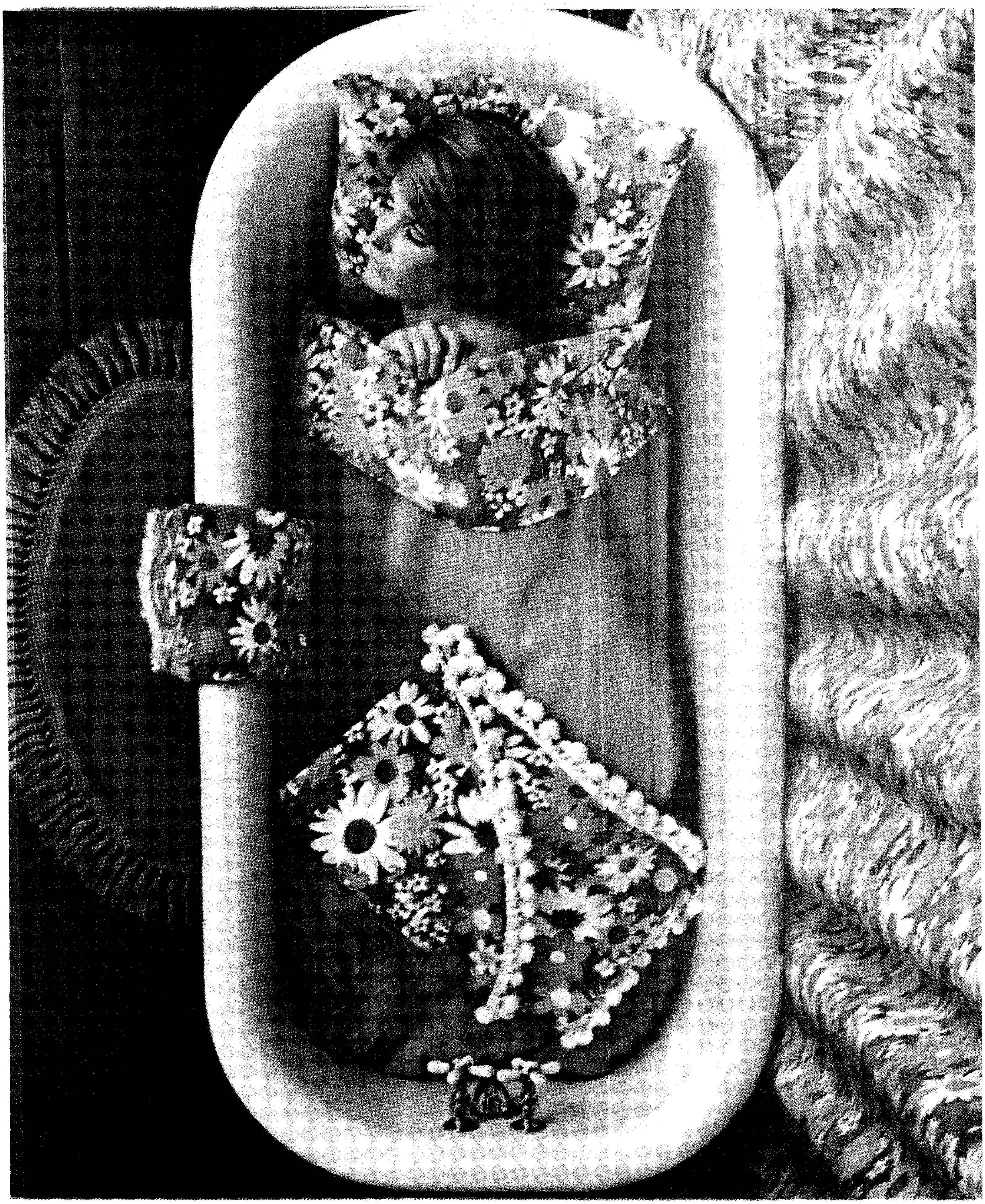


NOT so long ago, one of the more sanguine aspects of the United States Lawn Tennis Singles Championships at Forest Hills, at least in the eyes of the endlessly hopeful American tennis community, was that the men's singles could be regarded most years as a sort of preview of that staple feature of the Australian Christmas season, the Davis Cup Challenge Round match. By the time Forest Hills rolled around every September, it had usually been forgotten that (more often than not) our players had shown very little in the French Championships in May and at Wimbledon in July—certainly less than the Australians had. Moreover, through some strange alchemic process, it had also been forgotten that the very week before Forest Hills the Australians, if they had bothered to enter, had (generally) mopped us up once again in the United States Doubles Championships at Longwood. The standard crackle of optimism in the air at Forest Hills was founded on the expectation that one, or maybe two, of our young players might suddenly erupt into full bloom during the championships and demonstrate a new ability to stay with the best Australians. Two years ago, we had an almost perfect example of this. Charles Pasarell, the strong young Puerto Rican who had beaten the Australian aces Roy Emerson and Fred Stolle at Merion in July, looked as if he had finally arrived when he defeated Stolle in straight sets at Forest Hills. In that same championship, Arthur Ashe, a college mate of Pasarell's at U.C.L.A., decisively outplayed Emerson in the quarter-finals. The only difficulty was that we had already been eliminated from the Davis Cup competition that year—by Spain, in the Interzone Final at Barcelona. As a matter of fact, that has been our chronic trouble lately—simply getting to the Challenge Round. In 1960 and 1961 we were ousted by Italy, in 1962 by Mexico, in 1965 by Spain, as noted, and last year by Brazil. None of these were exactly imposing tennis powers, but there we were, gazing airily into the distance toward Australia and the Challenge Round, and stumbling long before we reached it.

This year, the atmosphere at Forest Hills was much more subdued than ever before in my memory. Few people mentioned how unfortunate it was that Ashe, now on active duty at West Point, couldn't have been given a leave to play in the championship. No one came panting back to the stadium from the outside courts to spread the cheering word that Pasarell's game looked great, that Clark Graebner, our top-seeded player, was revealing a fine new maturity, or that Cliff Richey, our young Davis Cup veteran, had improved his second serve and his first volley. The explanation is simple. This year, months before Forest Hills, American tennis suffered the most crushing blow in its history—a defeat that was almost beyond belief. The date was June 19th—the day our Davis Cup team was eliminated in the American Zone Final by Ecuador, a country that hardly anyone knew even had a Davis Cup team. It is difficult to think of any international sports event whose outcome was as profoundly shocking. The closest that one can come, perhaps, is the defeat that the Italian soccer team, a leading favorite, suffered in the 1966 World Cup, in England, at the hands of the inexperienced young men representing North Korea. (Instead of flying back to Rome, the Italians arranged to sneak into Genoa in the middle of the night, but several hundred outraged fans were at the airport there to pelt them with tomatoes and epithets. Our Davis Cuppers got off easier. Ashe went back to his Army post and the rest went on to Wimbledon.)

In the light of the consternation it caused, we might take a moment to review our Davis Cup match with Ecuador. The abiding—and mystifying—fact is that we have no alibi for our defeat. The match was held on the red clay courts of the Guayaquil Tennis Club, and while our players are more redoubtable on grass than on clay, they had been practicing on clay all year. Indeed, a month or so before Guayaquil, our team, playing on clay, had got safely past a much tougher opponent, Mexico. That match, moreover, had taken place at the Chapultepec Sports Center, in Mexico City, where the home team is always difficult to beat because of the seventy-five-hundred-foot altitude. Guayaquil, a sea-level town, presented no such exotic problem. In the victory over Mexico, Ashe had been the particular hero. Although he had had barely two weeks to sharpen up his game, he was in irresistible form—especially against Rafael Osuna, the Mexican star, whom he overpowered, 8–6, 6–3, 6–2, scoring sixteen aces and forty-three placements, and forcing Osuna to catch *his* breath periodically at the courtside oxygen tank. Ecuador's team had no one of Osuna's quality. It was made up of Francisco Guzman, the twenty-one-year-old son of a Guayaquil banker, and Miguel Olvera, a former ball boy, now twenty-six, who was returning to competitive tennis after three years of convalescence from tuberculosis. Olvera is a staunch retriever and Guzman has a pretty fair serve, but neither can be considered a player of true international calibre. Briefly, this is what these two young men proceeded to do: In the opening singles match, Guzman pushed Richey to four sets before going down, 6–2, 2–6, 8–6, 6–4; in the second, which was suspended by darkness and continued the next day, Olvera defeated Ashe, 4–6, 6–4, 6–4, 6–2; in the doubles, our experienced team of Graebner and Riessen, after taking the first set at love and leading by 5–2 in the second, were outlasted by Olvera and Guzman, 0–6, 9–7, 6–3, 4–6, 8–6; on the third day, Guzman scored the clinching third point by beating Ashe, 0–6, 6–4, 6–2, 0–6, 6–3, after which it was of no consequence that Richey won over Olvera in four sets. An ignominious defeat for us, yes, but what a glorious triumph for Ecuador!

In July, just about a month after Guayaquil, Graebner and Riessen met Olvera and Guzman again, in our Western Championships, at Indianapolis, and blasted them, 6–1, 6–0. This reversal of the results of the Davis Cup doubles only deepened the soul-searching that had begun the moment the news from Ecuador arrived and continued without letup wherever tennis people gathered. Why—so went the Great Reassessment, as it came to be called—why were our players unable to win on the important occasions? Why couldn't they find a way, even on their off days, to handle clearly inferior opponents? Why was it that so many of our promising eighteen-year-olds failed to fulfill their promise and were stuck in the mud at twenty-two? Why, in short, weren't our players better players? In my travels, I heard myriad explanations, but five main points were cited time and time again: (1) Our current crop of tennis players is remarkably spoiled, even for tennis players. When a young man gains a ranking in the top ten or fifteen—



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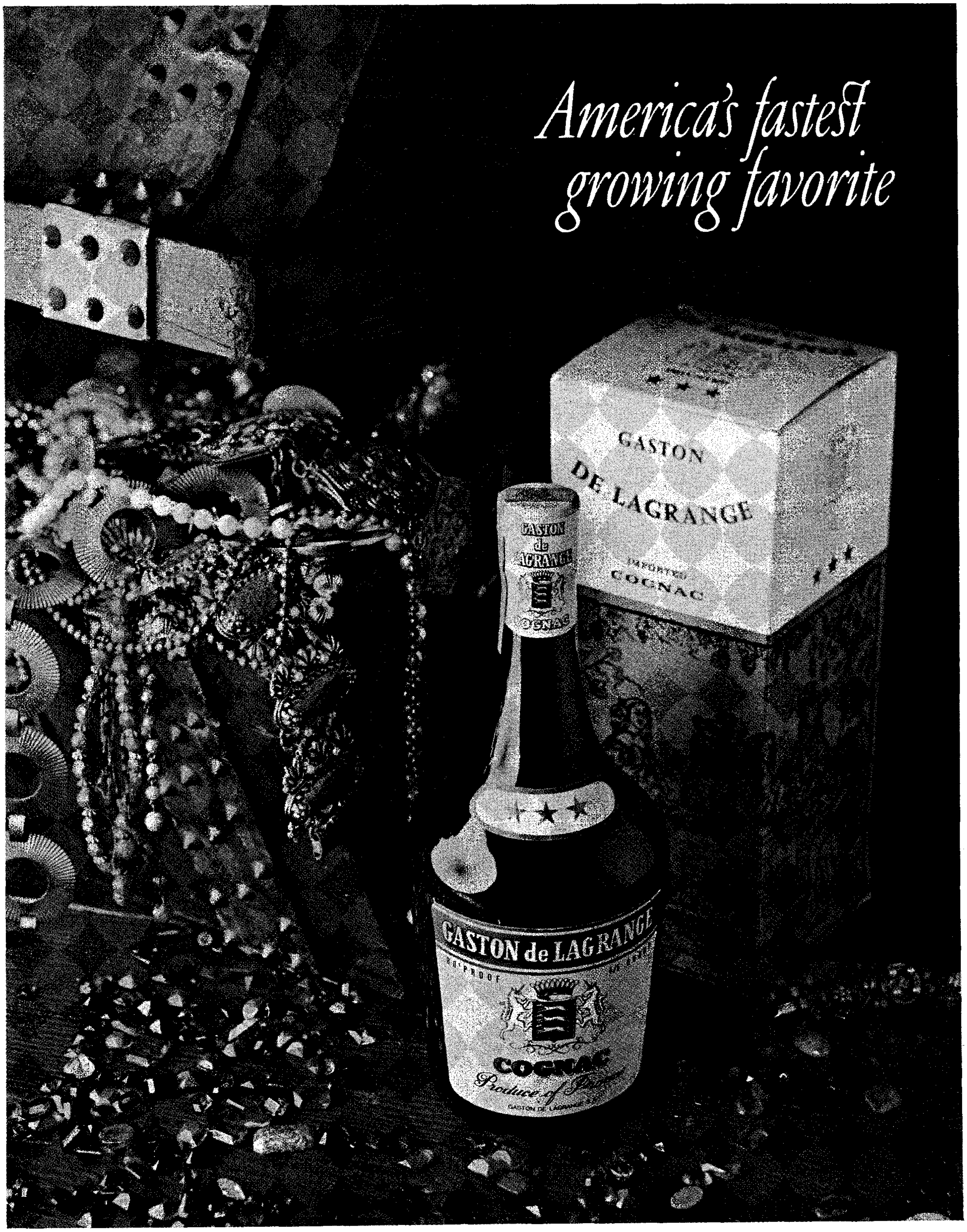
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and often before—so many doors open to him that he begins to view himself as a junior celebrity. Since he tends to think himself a much better player than he is, it is hard to tell him anything, and, as a result, he seldom improves. We give our kids too much too soon. The Australians are wiser. There a young man must work hard to earn his trips abroad and his other privileges. (2) Our young players receive plenty of instruction—sometimes too much—but they suffer from a lack of direction. Instead of appointing men from tennis officialdom to captain our Junior Davis Cup Squad, we would do well to entrust the job of developing our young talent to former top-rank players, who are naturally far more knowledgeable about technique and match tactics. And in selecting our captains on the Davis Cup level we have made the same mistake—bypassing the men who have been under fire themselves in the matches and know what it is all about. (3) Our young players are overaddicted to the "power game." Practically all they work on in practice is the big serve, the big volley, the big smash. It follows that most of them are spotty at returning service—one of the keys to winning tennis. In fact, most of them, with their blinkers on so tight, have no idea of how to defend. Every first-class player must be able to do this; it is the only way he can cope with an inspired opponent, or with his own off days. Here, more training on slow surfaces like clay would be invaluable. As it is, when a young player finds that his serve-and-volley game isn't functioning, he has no other game to fall back on. (4) If open tennis were sanctioned, it would provide an opportunity to play against the top pros, which would undoubtedly hasten the development of the young amateurs. Our own players would stand to benefit most, since nearly all of them are tied to the same rigid game. Incidentally, a proposal this July to give open tennis a trial period was once again voted down by the International Lawn Tennis Federation, which had convened at the perfect spot—Mondorf-les-Bains, in Luxembourg, a terrific spa a hundred years ago. (5) If our tennis players today lack the determination, the scrappiness, of our earlier players, they are not the only American athletes who have changed in this respect. In baseball, this is the era of the batter with the inflexible home-run cut who cannot lay down a bunt or hit behind a runner; in football, the era of the pass-catching end who dazzles you with his footwork but can't block; in basketball,

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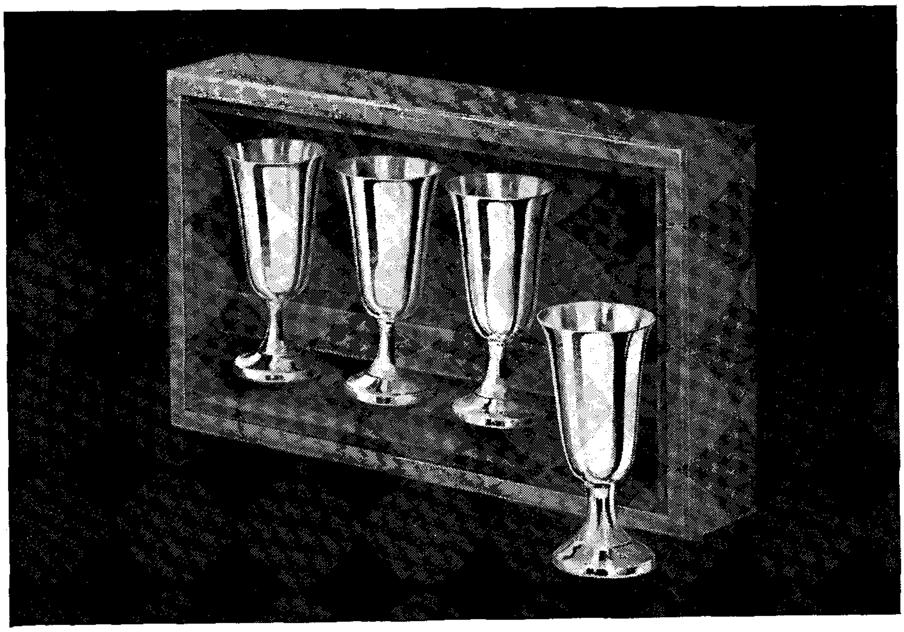

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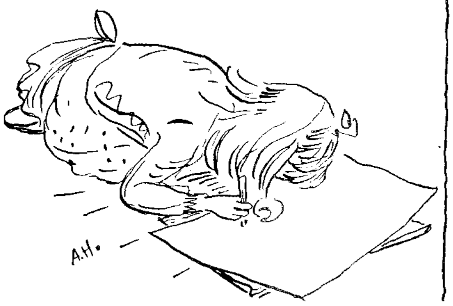
the era of the jump-shot virtuoso who can't pass and is invisible on defense. And so on, down through the other sports. Today, the goal of the young American athlete is not winning for himself or his team but making the headlines.

It should be added that many people who were caught up in the Great Reassessment took pains to state that *we may be too hard on our current* tennis players, since few of them possess exceptional natural talent, which is the fount of everything. Furthermore, they are competing in a tennis world in which, if the champions are not as accomplished as the champions of earlier decades were, there are many more players of substance on the rung just below the top than ever before. They come from all over the globe, and on their day they are capable of knocking anyone off.

THE week before Forest Hills, I went up to Longwood, outside Boston, primarily to watch some of the play in the United States Doubles Championships, now in their fiftieth year at Longwood, which itself is in its ninetieth year—the oldest tennis club in the country. Before the Second World War, I hardly ever missed a Longwood, but since then my visits have been few. Old homes of tennis don't change much, though, and Longwood least of all. Chicory stalks still break through the cracks in the sidewalk in front of the clubhouse, and, inside the grounds, the dirt walk leading past the battered tool shed to the stadium courts is as bumpy and untended as ever. I made a sentimental pilgrimage one afternoon to the field courts where, thirty-odd years ago, I saw the best (or, at least, the most attractive) mixed-doubles match of my life—Kay Stammers and Gregory Mangin versus Alice Marble and Gene Mako—and I would have sworn that the identical spectators were gathered around the court. It is a nice, unhurried, unself-conscious old Yankee world. Overhead, the gulls still flap along so slowly it is a wonder they stay airborne, and at the start of each afternoon's schedule of matches the national anthem is played. (In one department, though, Longwood—I should say Boston—has jumped ahead of New York and the other sleeker centers of tennis. Each night during the tournament, starting at seven during the week and at eight on the weekend, WGBH-TV, Boston's enlightened educational-television station, presents a taped rebroadcast of the entire day's play. The photography is good, and the commentary, by Bud Collins, of the Boston *Globe*, is crisp and informed, so even when the show runs well past midnight thousands watch until the last point has been played.)

In this summer of the Great Reassessment, I had a special reason for going up to Longwood. I wanted to talk with Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman, the famous old champion, the donor of the Wightman Cup, and a guiding beacon still for young players, in order to learn her ideas on the subject. On the Saturday, when the matches were rained out, I visited her at her home on Suffolk Road, close by Longwood. Mrs. Wightman is now eighty, but her blue eyes are as bright as ever and there is the same old bounce in her step and in her thinking. (Earlier in the week, seven hundred people attended a luncheon in her honor at the club, and seven hundred more would have come if there had been room in the tent.) During the hour and a half we chatted, she said so many good things that I can't begin to remember them all, but here is the essence of her remarks: "The youngsters today put entirely too much emphasis on the serve, the only stroke played from a stationary position. They don't work on the other strokes sufficiently, so, as a consequence, they are not on balance either running to the ball or when they arrive at the ball. They should be there a little sooner. Then they'd have the time to play the right shot to fit the situation, and not just any old shot that comes into their head. . . . Most of our young players want to be too flashy. They don't realize that nine good shots will always beat one sensational shot. They don't think enough about preparing each point—setting up the winning shot with two or three shots that draw your opponent out of position. Billie Jean King is an exception. That girl has a purpose behind every shot she plays. . . . I don't know why our players don't understand defensive tactics better. They've all seen Roy Emerson often enough, and he lives by defending and having that wonderful nice disposition of his. . . . A good many of our players are inclined



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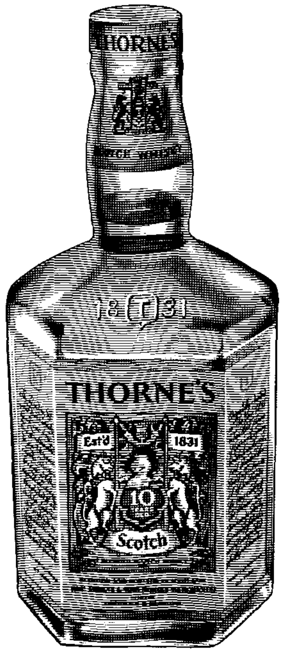

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to develop artificial strokes, sometimes through overinstruction. Everyone, you know, hits the ball a little differently from anyone else. You can't just copy a stroke; you must build better strokes that are extensions of your natural style. The old-timers did, and that's one of the reasons why a McLoughlin or a Tilden or a Johnston didn't play flop matches. For that matter, nobody taught Kramer or Gonzales. We've gone too far in the other direction. The best tennis teacher is the player himself."

As I walked back to the clubhouse after my visit with Mrs. Wightman, I couldn't help thinking what a different America it was back in 1902, when she took up the game in Berkeley, California, as a girl of fifteen. She and two of her brothers—Marius and Homer—got up every morning at five, awakened by a neighboring boy, the fourth for doubles, who yanked at a piece of string that was tied to Homer's big toe and trailed out a window. The four ate apples for breakfast as they trotted a mile to Berkeley's one available court, where they played till six-thirty. This gave Hazel time to get in an hour's practice at the piano before she headed for school. Industriousness—that's what lay behind her record of forty-four national titles.

At Longwood, the Australian team of John Newcombe (the new Wimbledon champion) and Tony Roche won the doubles, taking the final from their countrymen Bill Bowrey and Owen Davidson. Newcombe then went on to win the singles at Forest Hills—the ninth Australian since 1951 to do so at least once.

DURING the first few days at Forest Hills, it looked as if we might be in for the drabbest championships in years. Both the men's and the women's fields were relatively weak. In the men's division, Fred Stolle, having turned professional, was not on hand to defend his title, and Dennis Ralston was absent for the same reason; Manolo Santana and Wilhelm Bungert hadn't bothered to come over from Europe; and Ashe, as I mentioned earlier, was on military duty. On top of this, Roche, the No. 3 seeded player, suffered a recurrence of an old shoulder injury on the morning of his first-round match and had to default. In the women's division, we were without Margaret Smith, who is in retirement in Perth, and also without Maria Bueno and Nancy Richey, both *hors de combat* as a result of injuries. Nevertheless, the tournament steadily gained

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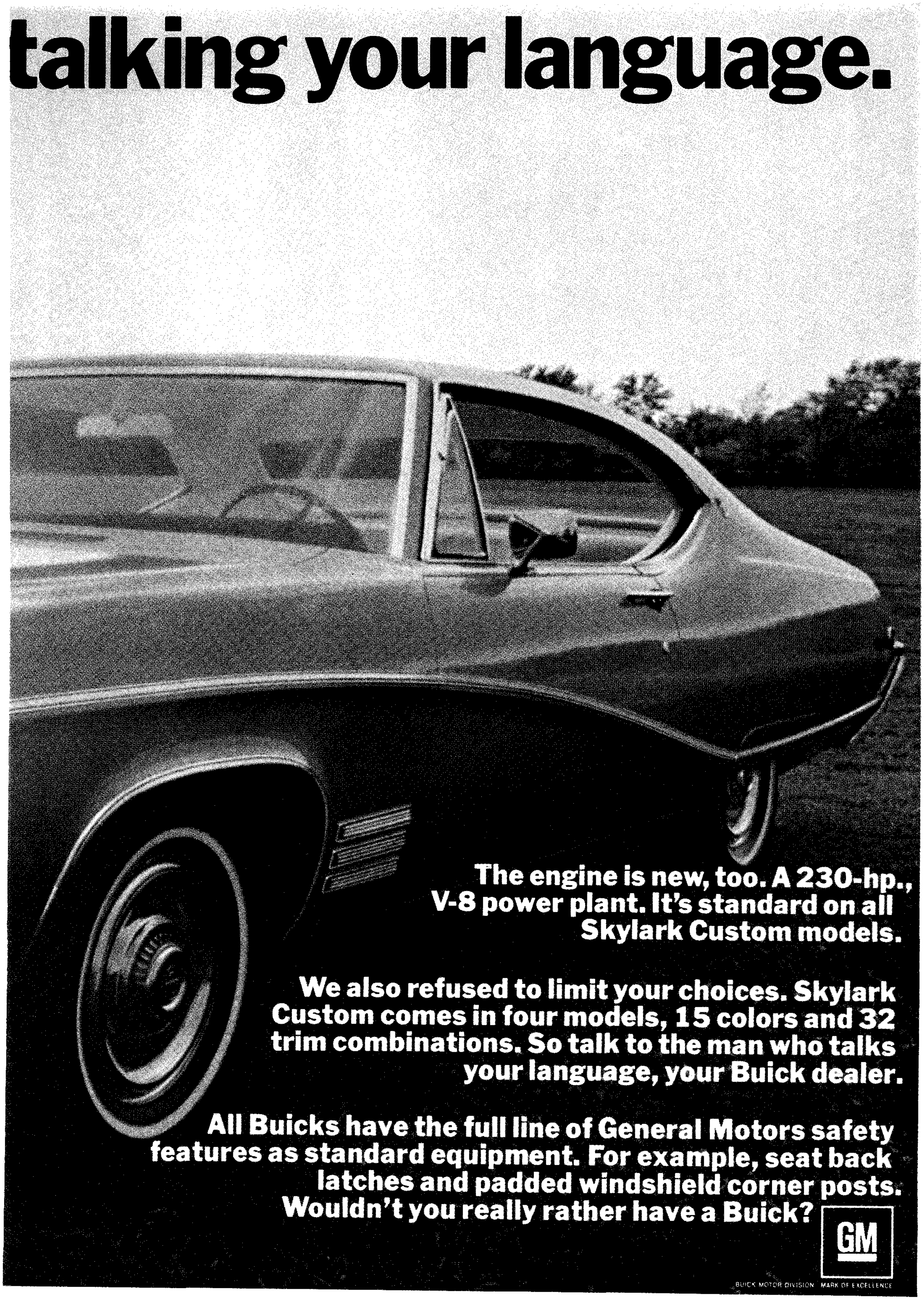

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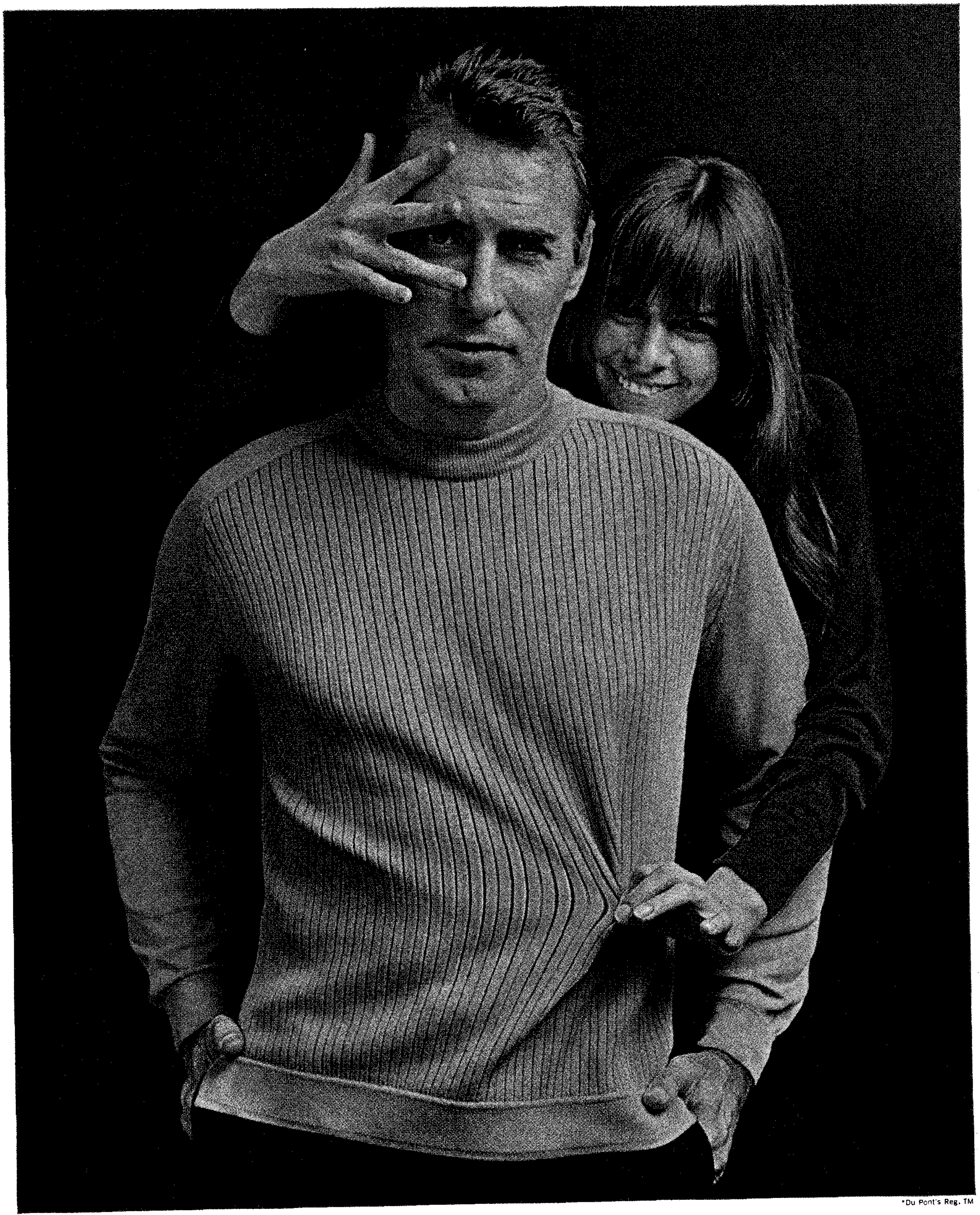*Du Pont's Reg. TM

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momentum and meaning. The big story in the women's division was Billie Jean King's round-by-round progress. For some time now, Mrs. King has been a great favorite at Wimbledon, where the firm, fast turf suits her—she has won there the last two years—but, for one reason or another, until this year she had never managed to be at her best at Forest Hills, and had failed to win our championship in eight previous attempts. Since she patently had her heart set on rectifying this and showing the home folks why she is accepted as the finest woman player in the world today, her matches drew large, admiring, and concerned galleries. I should guess, though, that the most emotionally involved gallery of the tournament was the one that watched the fourth-round singles match in which Mrs. King's doubles partner, Rosemary Casals, the exciting little eighteen-year-old fireball from San Francisco, went down, 4–6, 6–3, 7–5, before the rigorous baseline attack of Jane (Peaches) Bartkowicz, a girl several months younger, who has been our junior champion the last three years and is the star graduate of Mrs. Jean Hoxie's famous tennis academy in Hamtramck, Michigan.

We had some interesting matches in the men's division, too, the most gruelling being the five-setter in the third round between Pasarell and Bob Hewitt, the volatile Australian doubles expert who moved to South Africa after marrying a Johannesburg girl and now, having completed the necessary three years of residence there, is the bellwether of that country's Davis Cup team. I don't think it is being too severe on Pasarell to say that a sturdier competitor would have found a way to win this match, for he took the first two sets and was leading 4–0 in the fifth before finally dropping it, 12–10. At the same time, it should be remarked that over the last year or two Hewitt has become a much ruggeder customer in singles play. A surprisingly soft-spoken young man off the courts, he has gained a good deal more self-control on them. Where it was once the rare Hewitt match in which he didn't get embroiled in wild, noisy arguments with hecklers in the stands, he now restricts himself to a few shouts of anguish and to minor demonstrations that are not untinged with humor—such as remaining stubbornly hunched for a full ten seconds to receive a second serve in order to show that he does not agree with the line judge's call that the first serve was an ace. All this brings us to Graebner and

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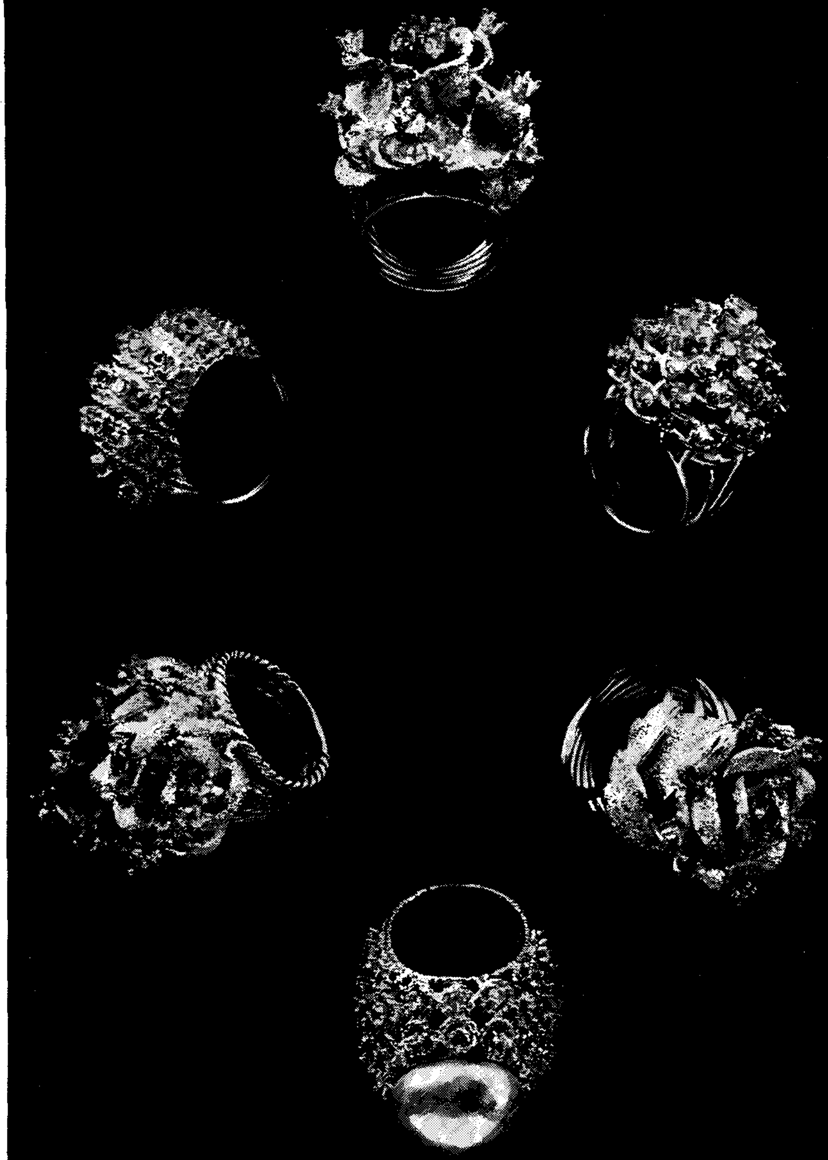

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the next match of consequence—his meeting with Emerson in the quarter-finals. Though he never went to such extremes as Hewitt, Graebner, a tall, husky, bespectacled Ohioan who is now twenty-three, somehow picked up the idea last season that a player conveys determination and zeal (and perhaps color) by badgering line judges, scowling, tossing his racket, or slamming the ball a mile high after failing to win a critical point. This summer, much to his credit, he cut all that out. Apart from helping his reputation, it has helped his tennis. Graebner was all business against Emerson, who was not in top form, and defeated him, 8–6, 3–6, 19–17, 6–1. My feeling was that Graebner would have won this match even if Emerson had not been hampered by a torn muscle in his right thigh—the result of a freak accident early in the third set, when Graebner was leading 1–0 in games and the score was 15–all on Emerson's service. On the next point, which Graebner won with a well-executed drop shot, Emerson, charging in from the back court after the ball, had a moment of indecision. It seemed that he first intended to brake his rush short of the net and then at the last instant decided to leap the net. His right foot caught the net cord, and, toppling across the net to the ground, he landed heavily on his right side. I mention this incident less because of the effect it may have had on the match than because of two things it revealed about Emerson, the leading light of amateur tennis for almost a decade. He is thirty now, and the years have finally slowed down his incredible reflexes. The old Emmo, even off balance, would have cleared the net with plenty to spare. Second, Emerson, being Emerson, played the remainder of the match as if nothing whatsoever had happened to him. He is as fine a sportsman as I have ever seen. If I had a young son and Emerson ran a summer camp, that's where I'd send him.

Since we had all spent the previous months discussing what was wrong with American tennis, I suppose it figured that this should turn out to be one of those infrequent years in which two of our players reached the semifinal round at Forest Hills. Arriving there along with Graebner was Gene Scott, a twenty-nine-year-old Yale graduate who is the model Ivy League athlete come to life—handsome, engaging, hopelessly articulate, and as poised as a prince. Scott, who was our fourth-ranked player in 1963, now practices law in Manhattan, and this summer, because of the demands of business, he had entered only four tournaments prior to Forest Hills. Set to face Roche in the first round, he took full advantage of the opportunity that Roche's default offered, and marched impressively through the second quarter of the draw. (Like Graebner, Mrs. King, and a number of the other players, Scott was using the new tubular-steel-frame racket developed by René Lacoste, and in giving the racket primary credit for his surprisingly strong tennis he went as far as to prophesy that in three years' time the wooden-frame racket will be as passé as the wooden-shafted golf club.) In the semis, however, Scott did not have enough firepower to stay with Newcombe, and was defeated in straight sets, 6–4, 6–3, 6–4. The next day, in the final, Newcombe defeated Graebner, also in straight sets, 6–4, 6–4, 8–6. The final, I'm afraid, was a rather dull affair, as are all matches that are basically battles of big serves. Against Newcombe, Graebner's rocking-horse delivery was nowhere near as effective as it had been in his previous matches. (Against Emerson, for example, he had scored twenty-four clean aces, and twenty-nine other times Emerson had not been able to put service back in play.) In the first two sets particularly, his timing was noticeably off—possibly because a brisk north wind was whipping over the court—and he was broken through early in each set. Newcombe, a chiselled-featured giant who looks as if he should be on television leading the wagon train to Alice Springs, serves a very heavy ball that has about the same velocity as Graebner's. In the final, fearing that he wouldn't be able to control it in the wind, he took a little off his serve and concentrated on getting it in, and his success would suggest that these were the correct tactics. An experienced internationalist at twenty-three, Newcombe has now mastered Emerson's old knack of lying doggo during the early rounds of a long tournament; then, as he faces more formidable opponents, his serve gradually grows heavier, the loop comes out of his ground strokes, and, moving much more swiftly on his sorties into the forecourt, he becomes all adeptness at handling the difficult low volleys he was just waving at before. Newcombe's game still has a certain unimaginative, prosy, mechanical quality, but he has learned how to win, and that is the big thing. Since his victory at Wimbledon, he has won seven of the nine tournaments he has played, and today many experts would rate him above

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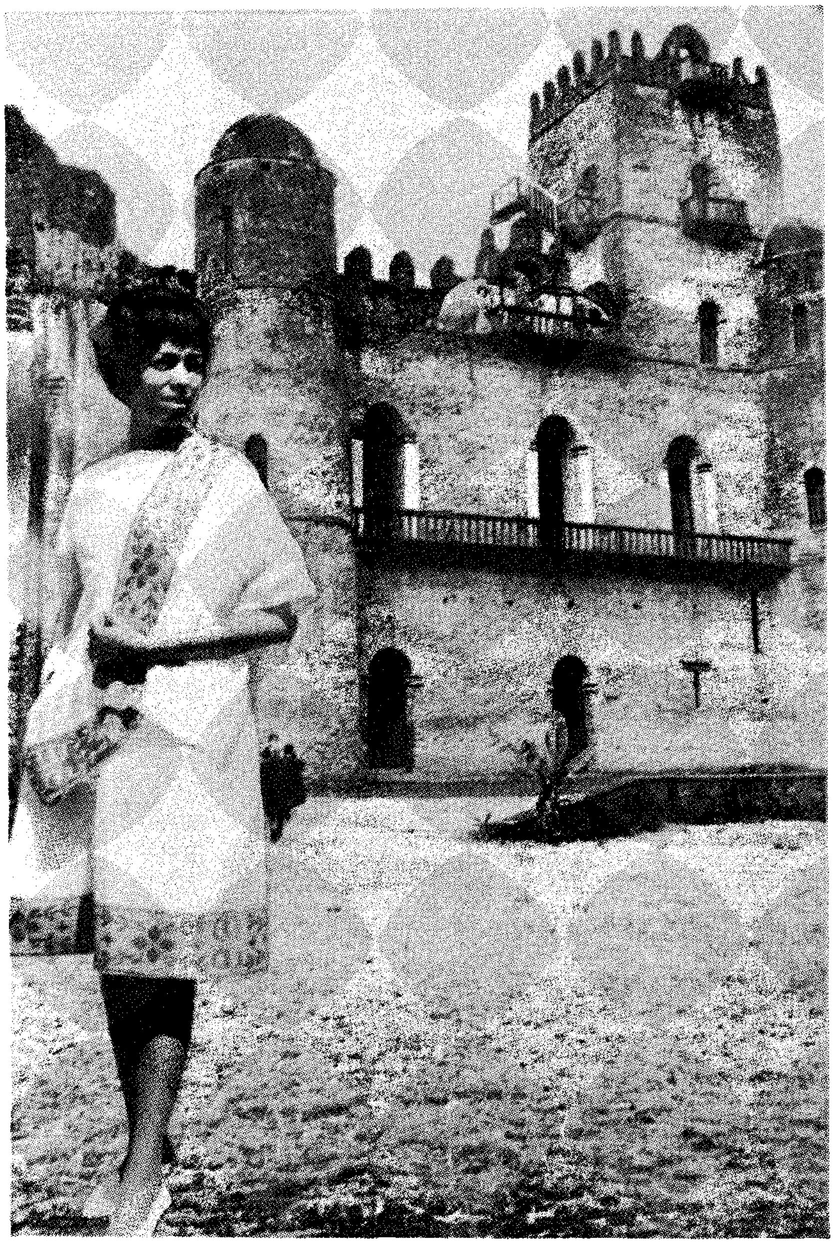

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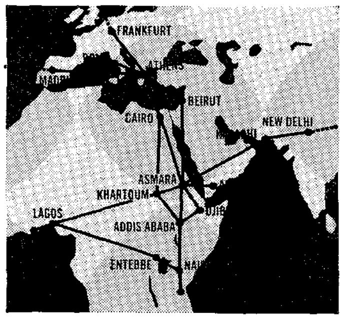

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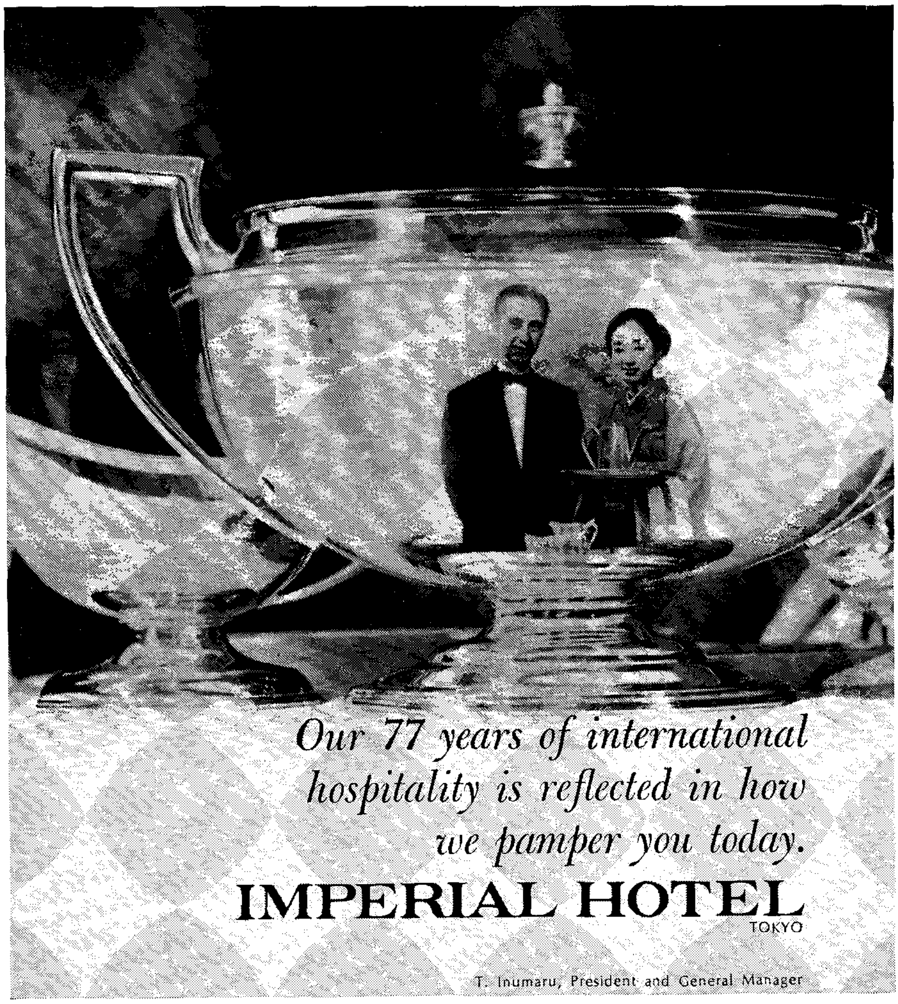
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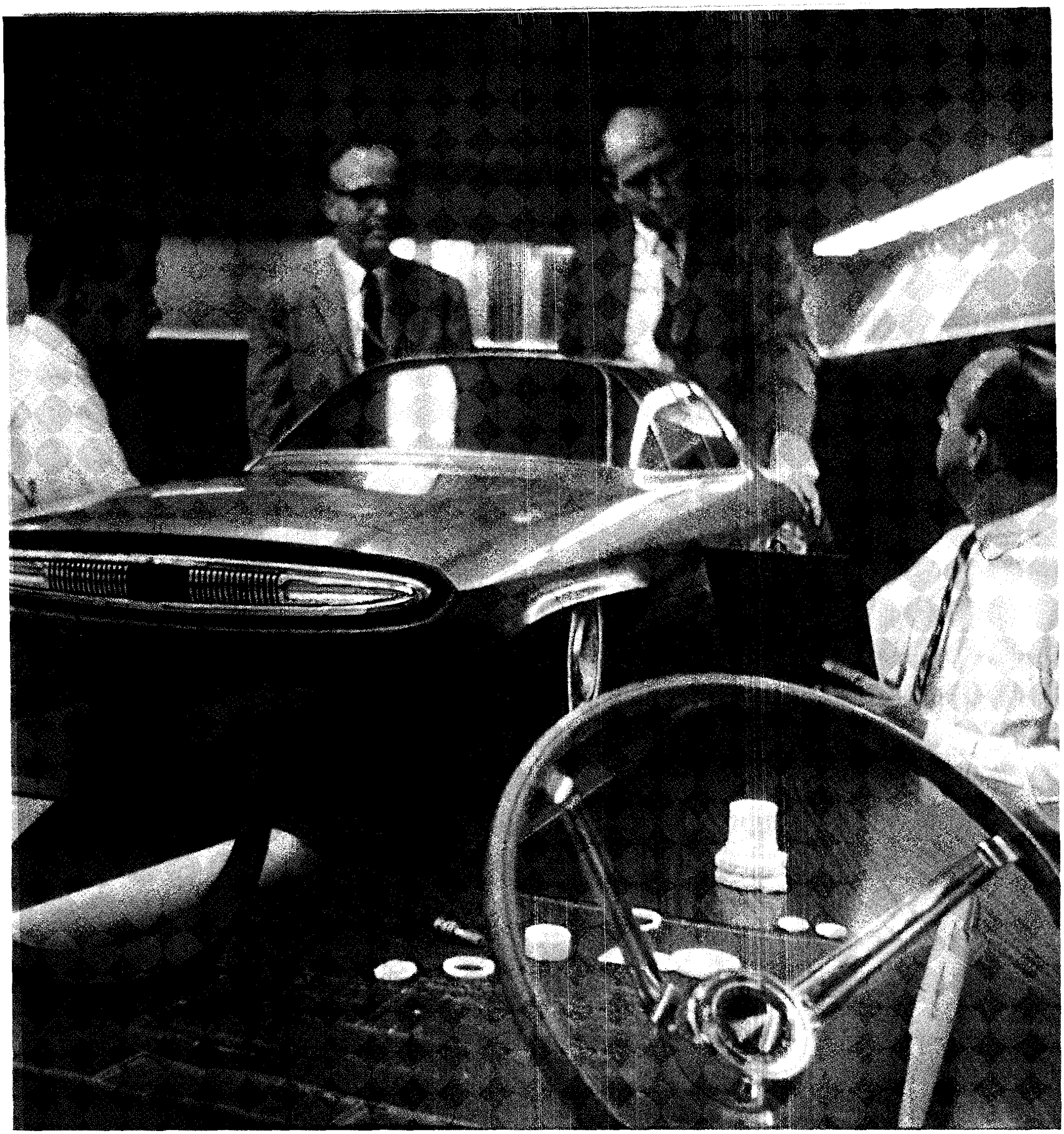
One of the reasons the final seemed so lacklustre, I'm sure, is that on the day before, we had been treated to an unusually entertaining and dramatic match—the semifinal between Graebner and Jan Leschly, of Denmark, a lithe, blond, enormously gifted twenty-six-year-old left-hander with a fine, lighthearted court personality. Leschly had already defeated four very good opponents—Cliff Drysdale, Frank Froehling, Thomas Koch, and Ronald Barnes. A wonderfully conditioned athlete, especially considering that he works, and works hard, as a chemist for a large Copenhagen pharmaceutical concern, Leschly had pulled out his matches against Koch and Barnes in five sets after being down two sets to one. In a curious way, this may have been his undoing in the match with Graebner. After racing through the first two sets, 6–3, 6–3, taking Graebner's cannonball deftly on the rise, à la Cochet, and allowing Graebner to win no more than a point a game off his own fast, sharp-breaking spin service, Leschly, instead of going all out to wrap things up in the third set, slowed down his attack, almost as if he were thinking too far ahead and telling himself that if he dropped that third set he would get Graebner later on. He finally lost the third set, 7–5, on what seemed a really bad call by a line judge—one of several such calls that Leschly received and endured gracefully—but in Graebner he was up against a man of far greater physical stamina than either Koch or Barnes. He never quite regained control of the match, and lost the last two sets, 6–4 and 7–5. In defeat, Leschly retained his sense of humor. When he saw Graebner vaulting the net, he drolly vaulted it in the other direction, and then, after enjoying the confusion, re-vaulted it to congratulate the winner.

I would not have been at all unhappy if Leschly had gone all the way, but since this wasn't to be, I derived considerable solace from Mrs. King's victory in the women's singles. In taking the final, 11–9, 6–4, from Ann Jones, of England, she was in something less than her most overwhelming form. In the first set, for example, after holding two set points in the twelfth game, she held seven more in the fourteenth game and blew them all, most of them on unforced errors. Early in this set, Mrs. Jones aggravated an old muscle strain in her left leg, and though she ran very well during the match, I think that Mrs. King's con-



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sciousness of this debility may have accounted in part for her rather erratic performance: It is much more difficult to play against an injured opponent than a healthy one. The main reason, though, was that as Mrs. King closed in on her long-sought first National Singles title the pressure naturally mounted round by round. Though she has not yet reached the level of Alice Marble, Mrs. King is at least our best all-court player since Marble, and since she is only twenty-three, she should get a lot better. A good-sized girl (she stands five feet six and weighs a hundred and forty pounds), she is a prodigiously talented athlete who switched to tennis from her first love, baseball. Her father is a Long Beach fireman and her husband a law student at the University of California, and she herself is, in Mrs. Wightman's phrase, "an extremely sound young lady." If she has an idiosyncrasy, it is her loquacity. During a match, she talks to herself continuously, each error bringing on some reproving remark, like "Lazy, lazy, lazy" (after moving too slowly into position for a backhand volley), "You don't have time on grass" (after outing a big top-spin return of service), or "You're showing them all the wrong things to do" (after a much too shallow lob). Spoken almost inaudibly, not for effect but to relieve her tensions, this running commentary is not at all unappealing. Neither is the forthrightness with which she speaks off the court. "There's still not enough interest in tennis in America," she was saying late one afternoon. "You never see tennis in the papers the way you do in Britain, South Africa, or Australia. I'll bet if you stopped twenty people on Fifth Avenue, not one of them could tell you who won the men's singles at Wimbledon. Myself, I never even *heard* of tennis till I was eleven. It's no different, really, today. The average American has no idea what a great game tennis is. More television would help. One way or another, what we've got to get across is that it's a major sport, so that everyone will follow it—and all the kids will want to play it, not just the child from the country-club family who takes riding lessons one day, golf lessons the next, and tennis the next." At this point, she was interrupted by her sidekick, Miss Casals, who called over to her, "Hey, Old Lady, when you coming?" "Any sentence now, Rosebud," Mrs. King answered.

IN retrospect, it appears that the Great Reassessment may not have been a bad thing for American tennis. In fact, if some of the indicated steps are taken, it may prove to have been a positive boon. For one thing, it came at a good time. The incumbent president of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, Robert J. Kelleher, a lawyer from Beverly Hills, has shown a far greater awareness than any of his recent predecessors that the U.S.L.T.A. will probably remain the Ottoman Empire of the sports world unless the grand viziers, the not so grand viziers, the janissaries, and the pashas who dominate its seventeen geographic sections and its fifty-odd committees come to realize that nowadays a sport cannot find its best expression without the direction of a strong, centralized governing body. As Mrs. King was saying, tennis *is* a major sport, but its administration and its presentation lag decades behind those of football, baseball, golf, hockey, basketball, and even track. I imagine they run the game much better in Ecuador.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

• •

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—ROBERT DAVID COHEN

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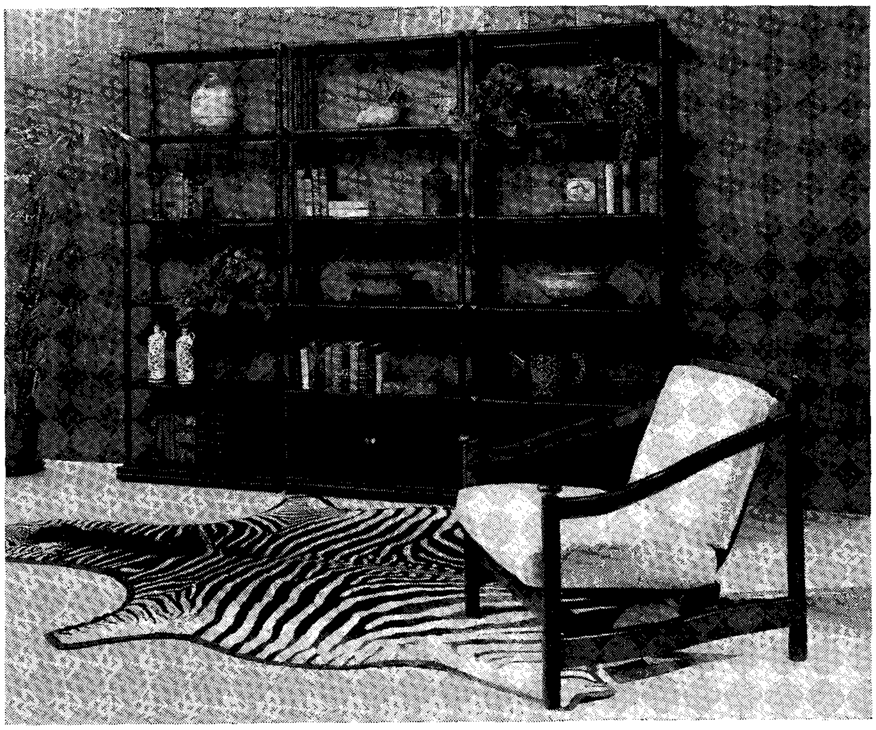

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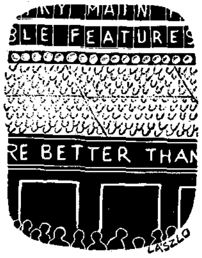

THERE have been a number of people in my time whose infatuation with money verged on mania. I call to mind a granduncle who used his bank as other men use a private club, reading his newspaper there and maintaining a substantial correspondence on the backs of deposit slips; the smell of fresh currency, the tinkle of silver sliding across a marble counter were meat and drink to him. He died, poor fellow, of a broken neck, in his late eighties, when he tripped as he was running down a flight of stairs to the safe-deposit vault to put away some newly issued stock certificates; though he was dead by the time he hit the last step, the certificates were still tightly clasped in his hand. Uncle Harry aside, for sheer, dogged, down-to-earth devotion to the dollar I would give the palm to the character played by Lee Marvin in a very peculiar movie entitled "Point Blank." Let me note first that nothing I have to say about what happens in this movie is guaranteed to be accurate; *caveat lector*, for the authors of the screenplay, Alexander Jacobs and David and Rafe Newhouse, and the director, John Boorman, have decked their simple and savage tale with such showoffy gewgaws of flashes back, forward, and sidewise, and have left so many critical facts either untold or unexplained, that any six members of a given audience would be apt to recount six different versions of the plot.

As for the Lee Marvin character, all that we know for sure is that he has a stone face, a one-track mind, and a single name—Walker—and that his troubles begin when he helps a crooked friend pull a heist against a band of bigger crooks, called the Organization. (The makers of the movie have taken elaborate pains to indicate that the Organization is not Our Thing. None of the crooks bears an Italian name; indeed, the chief crooks bear three of the most distinguished names in American history: Carter, Fairfax, and Brewster. To me, these names lack the convincingly murderous lilt of Albert Anastasia or Joe Bananas.) The heist takes place in the exercise yard of the

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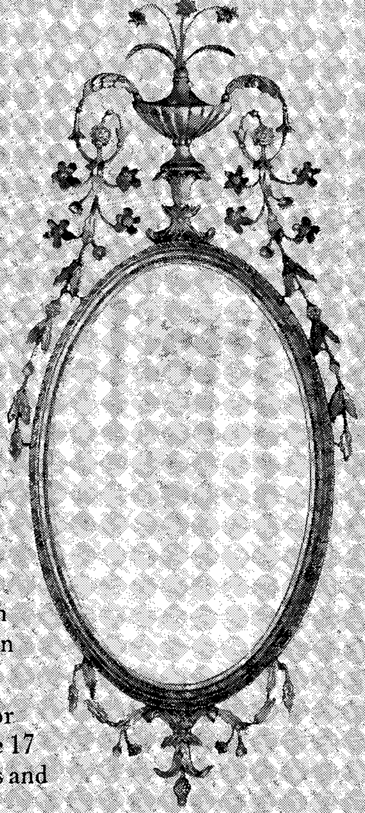

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abandoned federal prison on Alcatraz, which the Maf— the Organization uses as a handy rendezvous, accessible by helicopter, for the exchange of large sums of hot money. Walker's friend quickly proves faithless as well as crooked; aided by Walker's equally faithless wife, he grabs Walker's share of the loot, which amounts to ninety-three thousand dollars, and leaves him for dead.

Not only does Walker fail to die but, apparently unbeknown to his enemies, he swims to the mainland and thus becomes the first person in history to escape from Alcatraz. With the help of a mysterious figure whom we take to be some sort of police agent and who gives Walker a clue to his former friend's whereabouts in Los Angeles, our grim hero sets out in pursuit of his unchained nest egg. The pursuit is continuous and unswerving, and is punctuated at regular intervals by suicide, manslaughter, homicide, and innumerable nearly fatal pistol-whippings and beatings. (For the record, "Point Blank" contains far more wanton brutality than "Bonnie and Clyde," and while the moral of the latter picture is plainly that the wages of sin is death, the infinitesimal moral of "Point Blank" would seem to be that the wages of sin is more sin.) Repellent and obscure as much of "Point Blank" is, there are reasons it remains in the mind and is worth going to see. One reason is that though the virtuosities of screenwriting and camera technique to which the movie is constantly calling our attention end by irritating us, they are manifestations of genuine talent; that the movie is ambitious to achieve something new and interesting is more important than that it is pretentious. Another reason for going to see it is Mr. Marvin as Walker. It would be hard to imagine a less sympathetic character—a man not seeking to avenge some grave spiritual injury but implacably determined to get back a sum of money that he had no right to in the first place. The ninety-three thousand dollars are Walker's Holy Grail, and it is fascinating to feel Mr. Marvin winning us over to the appropriateness of his search, with never a memorable word to utter and never an honorable deed to perform. Angie Dickinson is appealing as Walker's tough, reluctant accessory; also on hand are Keenan Wynn, Lloyd Bochner, and Michael Strong. The director of photography for "Point Blank" is Philip H. Lathrop, and the music is by Johnny Mandel.

—BRENDAN GILL

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

DAYS AT THE ZOO

III—PRIVATE ENTERPRISES

"WHAT greater pleasure can there be for a private gentleman than that of maintaining and establishing personal friendships with a large collection of foreign animals?" The words were written by Carl Hagenbeck, a nineteenth-century German who became widely known both as the founder of an extraordinary private zoo and as an animal collector and dealer. In the course of a recent investigation of the world's zoos, I spent some time looking into the current status of various private animal collections—including the Hagenbeck family's, which is still flourishing—and also into the activities of animal dealers in general. Even in the most favorable circumstances, keeping wild animals in private establishments is not a simple thing. I know a woman who manages to coexist in a New York house with a highly variegated lot of animals, both wild and domesticated, but what she maintains is not exactly a private zoo; she rents the animals out for photographic or dramatic purposes. Her name is Mrs. Lorrain D'Essen, and I've had tea with her in the company of a lar gibbon, two litters of puppies, a kangaroo, a cat, and a large white llama. We managed splendidly, but Mrs. D'Essen admitted that her life is sometimes complicated. "The worst moment I've ever had was with our lion," she said. "He was just a cub when we got him, but lions grow awfully fast. One day, I happened to look out of the window, and saw that he'd slipped through the front door. He was playing in that little garden next to the street. You see, he thought he was a cat—well, of course he *is* a cat, but he thought he was a house cat—and at the moment I looked out, he jumped up on the fence and began to stalk along it, just the way our house cat does. Luckily, nothing terrible happened, but the neighbors could have made a lot of trouble. We keep him in the country now."

There are still a few true amateur collectors as well, who do things in the grand manner. A young man in London, who prefers to remain anonymous, quietly keeps quite a lot of gorillas. He had nine at one time, and right now he owns seven. And not long ago another Londoner I know told me about a man he sometimes encountered at the local pub whose flat was evidently full of unusual animals—he'd seen them looking out of the windows. "I don't know what he hasn't got in there," my friend continued. "I've identified a baboon and what I'm sure is some kind of bear, and sometimes I see birds. If you're interested, I'll ask him to let you go and see them."

A few days later, he sent me the man's telephone number. When I called it, a harried, fluttering voice replied. I said, "Hello, is that Mr. B——? I'm told that you keep animals. Is that true?"

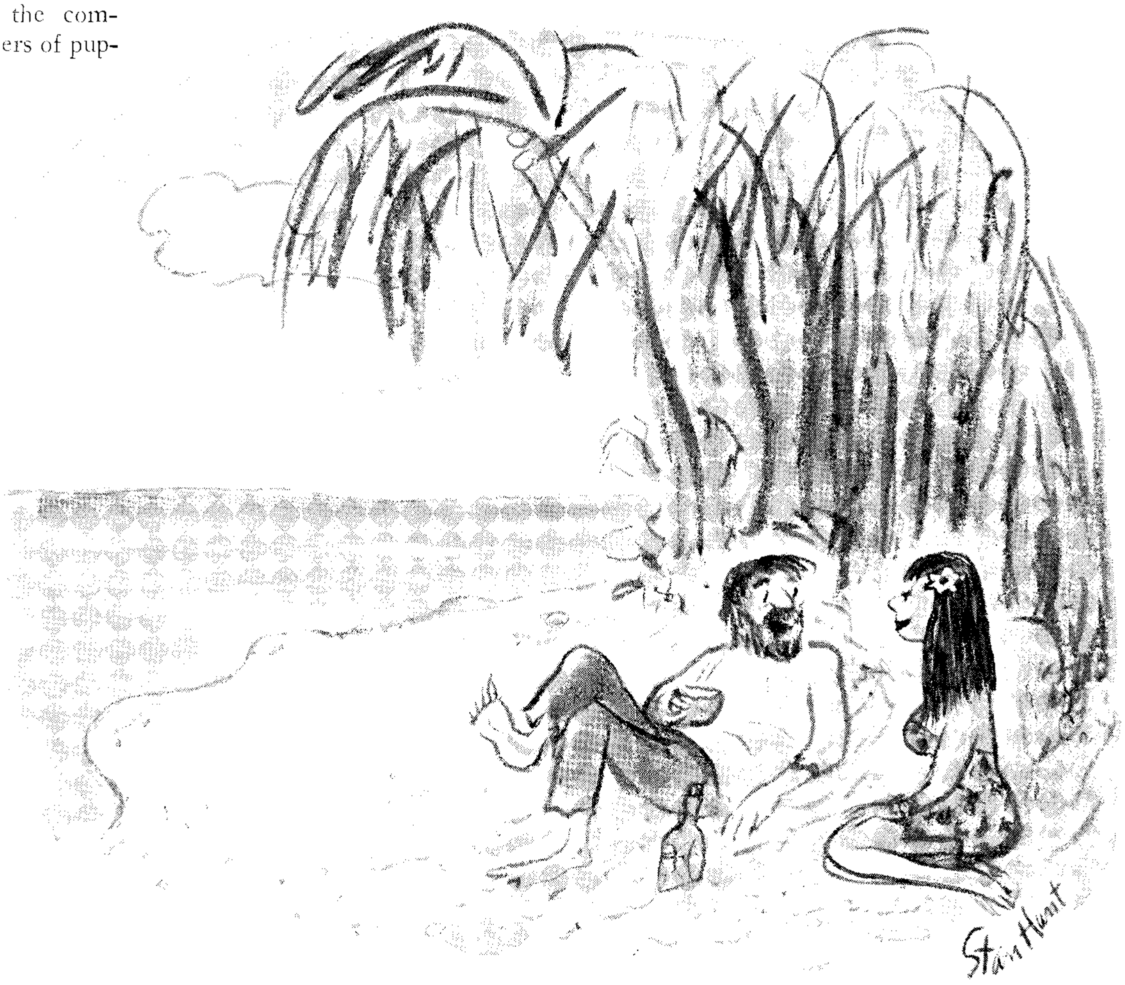
"Oh, yes, yes. You were the photographer, were you? . . . Forgive me, I'm muddled about things today because I'm in the most appalling mess—my man has suddenly left me, and you've no idea what this place looks like. What did you say you wanted?"

As I explained my interest, a shrill scream, not quite human, sounded in the background.

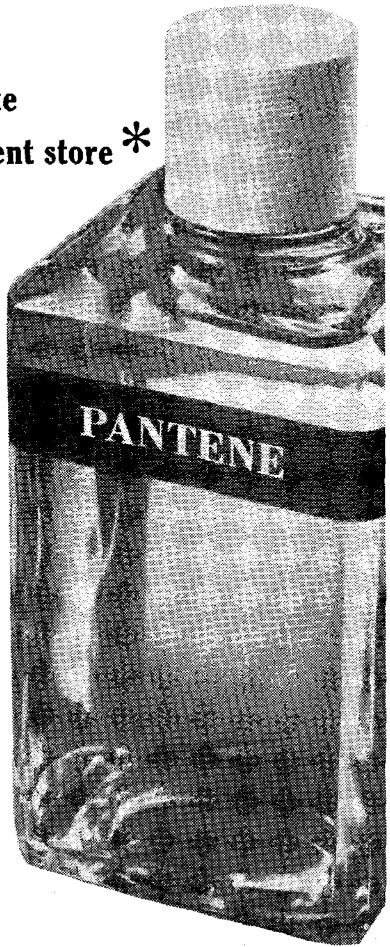
"Yes, yes, I remember now," he said. "But I'm afraid it's out of the question, quite out of the question. With my assistant gone, there's nobody to clean up, and everything is— I'm sure you understand. I couldn't dream of letting a lady— Mind you, some of my animals are very interesting. My favorite just now is a baboon, an olive baboon. A very interesting creature she is, but I often wonder if I have the right to keep her as I do, without a mate. There is another baboon available, not the same subspecies, but I wonder if he wouldn't do. I'm thinking about it. Really, living in London is so distracting that I feel I must move to the country. Cumberland. That's what I'll do. Tell me, Miss Uh—you've obviously had a good deal of experience—do you think one's *right?*"

"Right to do what?" I asked, bewildered.

"Oh, you know—to give these ani-



"One April day in 1962, I vanished from home without a trace, and I haven't been heard from since."



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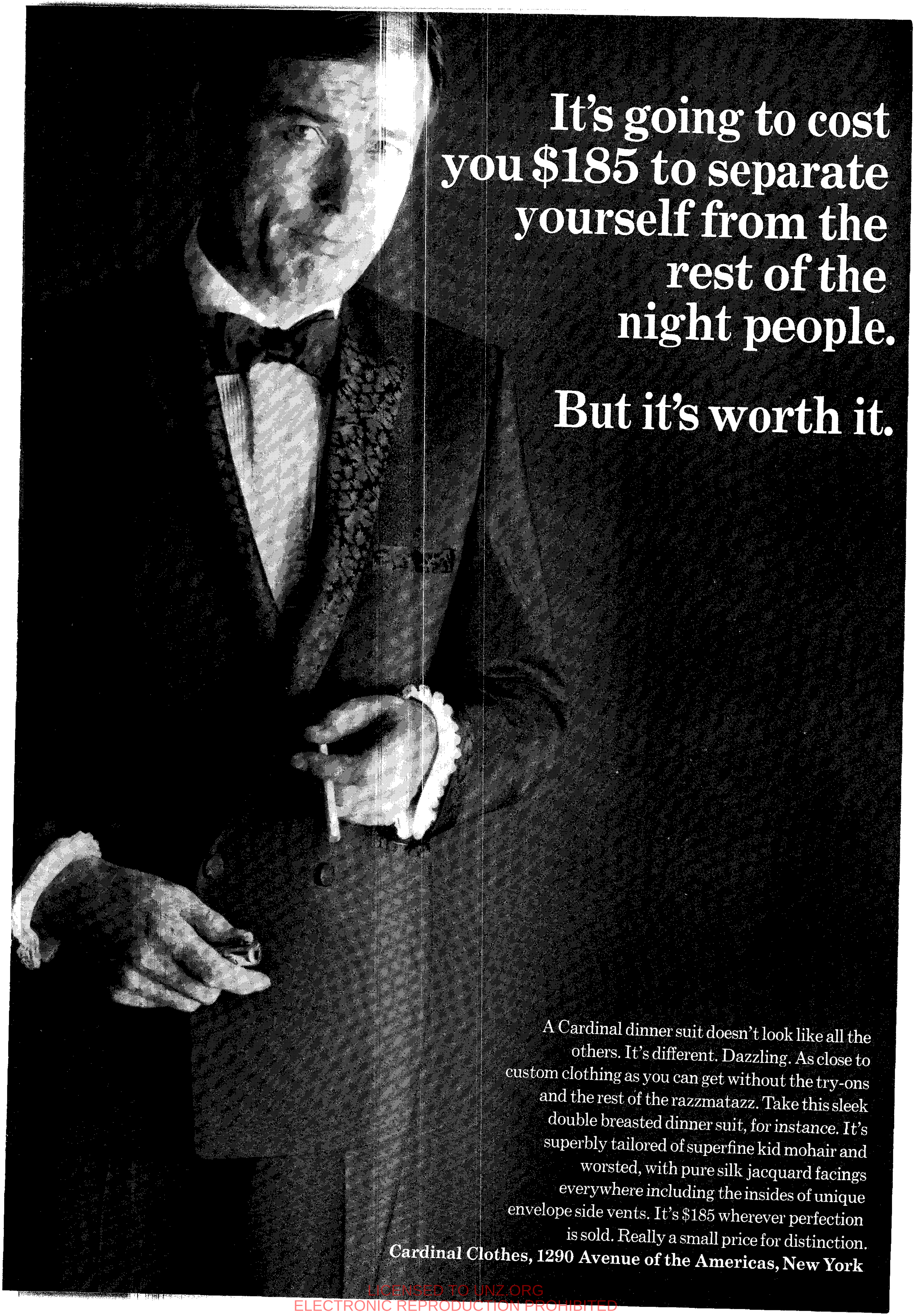
mals a home, to— Oh well, as long as they seem happy and healthy I don't have to ask myself that question. Cumberland will make them happy. Goodbye, Miss Uh. I've so enjoyed our chat. And thank you for helping me to come to a decision."

Of quite another type was the eleventh Duke of Bedford, who, in the late nineteenth century, built up the fine animal collection that still flourishes at the ancestral estate, Woburn Abbey, in Buckinghamshire, about fifty miles northwest of London. According to the autobiography of his grandson, the present Duke, he was passionately interested in this hobby and in nothing else. He did his duty by his tenants, was icily polite to his wife, quarrelled with his son, and treated his grandson with extraordinary coldness, but when it came to the animals—particularly the deer—nothing was too good for them. Woburn's three thousand acres were stocked with splendid herds. He also raised pheasants and cattle, but animal rarities were what attracted him, and thanks to this taste two Asian species, Père David's deer and Przhevalski's horse, were saved for the world. Père David's deer is a strange-looking animal, large for a deer, with a long tail that is tufted at the end. When a young French Jesuit missionary named Père Armand David first saw some of these animals, in 1865 or 1866, near Peking, in the Imperial Hunting Park, which is enclosed by a wall forty-five miles long, they had been extinct in the wild for perhaps two or three thousand years. What happened next is obscure. According to one story, Père David himself only brought out a skull and a skin of the animal rather than a live specimen. But sooner or later, by some mysterious means, a few of the deer were transported alive to England and the Continent, where they entered various collections. The Duke of Bedford was determined to get hold of all of these, and ultimately he did so. He kept them at Woburn, where they did so well that they began to breed. Then, in 1895, a flood breached the forty-five-mile wall, and all but twenty of the deer escaped through the gap and were killed by peasants. Five years later, during the Boxer Rebellion, the rest were slaughtered. Consequently, the only Père David's deer left in the world were at Woburn. At this point, the Duke, who was always a sensible man as far as animals were concerned, began to think that he should *not* keep them all. If hoof-and-



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mouth disease should hit the herd, he reasoned, the government would undoubtedly insist that all the creatures be killed off. He therefore dispersed them, entrusting one pair to the Regent's Park Zoo, another pair to Paris, and so on. Today, many leading zoos have specimens, and at Woburn a studbook is carefully kept up to date. In the *International Zoo Yearbook* for 1967, four hundred and forty-seven Père David's deer are listed, in forty-seven collections. Of these, Woburn still possesses by far the largest number. As for Przhevalski's horse, a rare wild pony from Mongolia, there are now none left at Woburn, but when I planned a visit there several months ago I hoped to find out more about how the eleventh Duke had helped to save the species.

When I arrived at Woburn, it was an overcast day, and only a few cars were parked under the enormous trees outside the gate. But almost never has there been a complete absence of visitors since 1955, when the present Duke put his estate on the "Stately Homes" list and opened it to the public so that he could collect money to keep the place. More than any of the other noble homeowners on the list, he has tried to give people their money's worth, scandalizing more conservative fellow-peers with such innovations as a children's playground, a fruit stand, water scooters on the lake, a nudist camp, and large helpings of himself as guide and signer of souvenir books. He has gone on television and has embraced every opportunity to publicize Woburn still further. He works hard, and so far has been successful in keeping the house and grounds he loves so much. Of course, he keeps all the animals, too, though his enthusiasm for them is distinctly limited. To me he explained, "You see, my grandfather and father were so keen on that sort of thing that I've rather turned against it. The animals bore me. But they do well—oh, yes, they do well. We have excellent people looking after them. I'll turn you over to my head animal man, Mr. Talbot."

Mr. Talbot showed a good deal more enthusiasm than his employer as he drove me around the grounds in his car to find the Père David's deer. On the way, he spoke of the birds at Woburn, among them three sarus cranes from India, and described the pheasantry, where ten thousand common pheasants are raised each year for shooting. Woburn also supports a nice little herd of European bison, he said, and another of American

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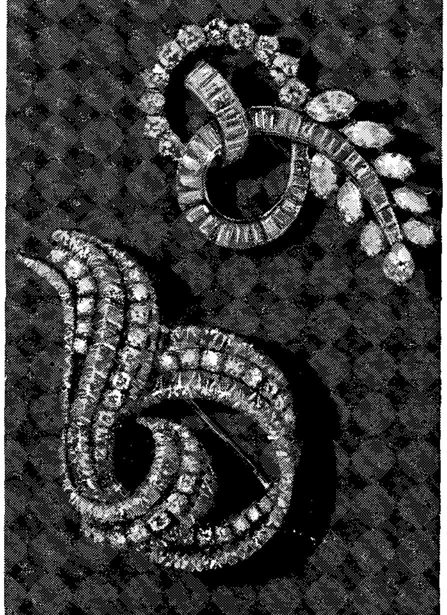

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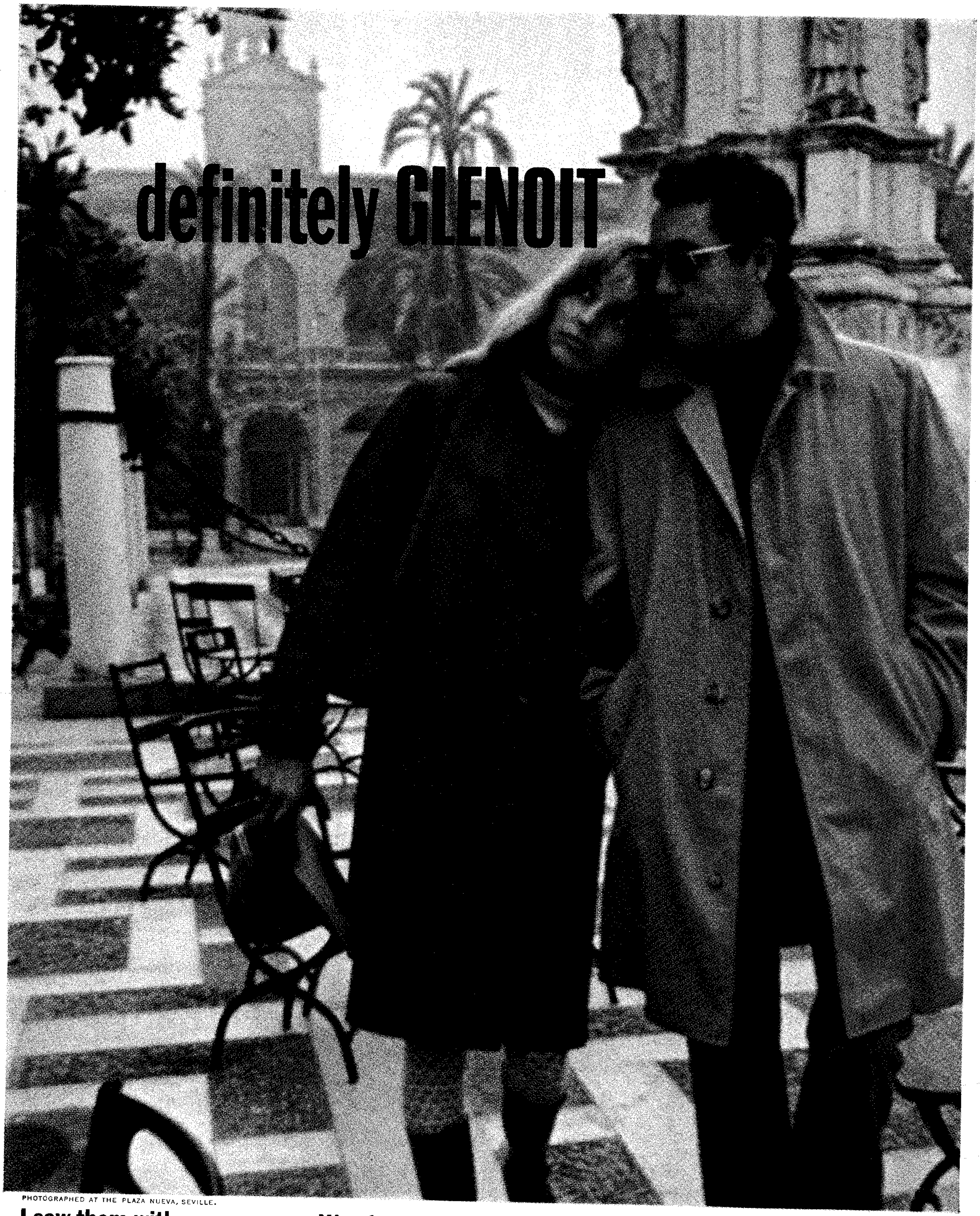

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bison. Soon we saw a large number of sika deer—medium-sized animals from Japan. "That's the public's idea of a deer," Mr. Talbot said approvingly. "The sika. Exactly like that."

We were driving over grass near a hedgerow, and a great wave of leaping rabbits was stirred up every few minutes as we rolled along. Mr. Talbot went on telling me about the other animals at Woburn: twenty-four axis deer, from India (a very rare species nowadays), red fallow deer, muntjac deer, Chinese water deer, swamp deer, Bennett's wallabies, and Old English Chartley cattle, which are now rated as feral animals, though they were once a domesticated breed. As we met another car, he put on the brakes and shouted to its driver, "Where are the Père David, do you know?" The other man gave directions, and we drove on. "It's a pity you can't see the golden carp," Mr. Talbot continued. "Unfortunately, we lost them all in the winter of 1963, which was very severe. There was one carp that must have been nearly a hundred years old. The Duke's father used to call them to be fed with a series of bells, one for each—the biggest bell for the biggest carp, and so on down. What's this, I wonder." Again he put on the brakes. We were now on a straight road, which ran between rows of trees. Ahead of us was a parked car with a man and woman standing near it. A dog was running around, sniffing. "Signs everywhere saying no dogs must run loose," Mr. Talbot muttered, and got out of the car and advanced on the offenders. There was a short conversation, and then the strangers called their dog, got into the car, and drove away, looking angry.

" 'We just thought we'd let him have a run,' " Mr. Talbot quoted as he got back behind the wheel. "Really! People! You'd think they were *trying* to kill themselves or the animals. They'll drive off the road right into the herds during the season when the deer are dropping fawns, though we have signs everywhere warning them. There they are, the Père David."

Ahead of us, the great animals cropped the grass or stood with antlered heads held high against the horizon, as if posing. The park stretched away on all sides, so large that no boundaries were visible. Grass and trees were softly green in a faint mist. The deer looked at the car as we started up again, but showed no obvious concern—only moved away easily, so that for a while we followed a shifting wall of long legs, powerful bodies, and

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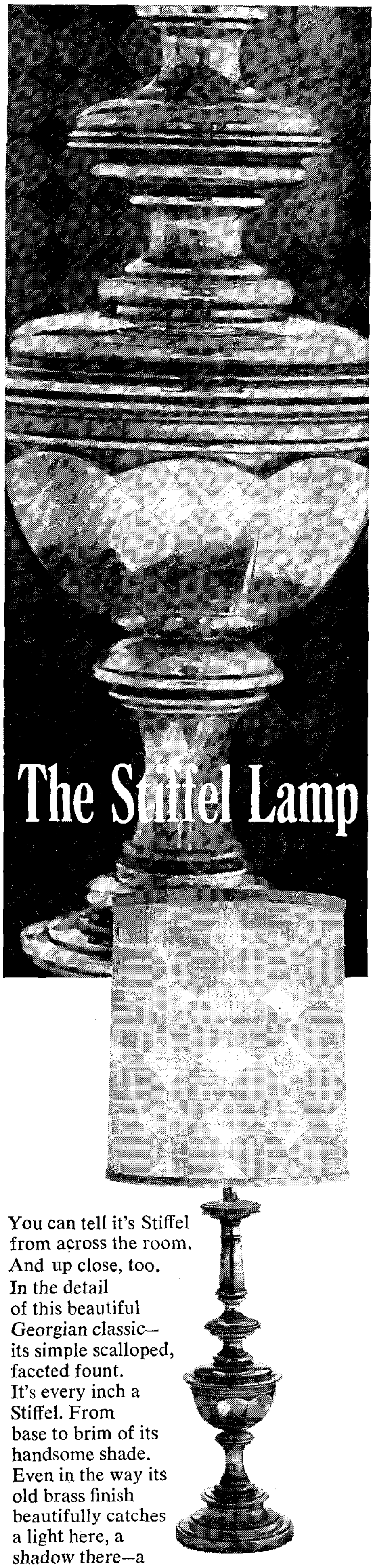
proud necks. "There must be nearly three hundred here," said Mr. Talbot as he turned the car around at last. We headed back to the Abbey.

There I had a chance to ask the Duke about his grandfather's connection with Przhevalski's horse. In about 1900, I learned, the eleventh Duke commissioned Carl Hagenbeck to go to Mongolia and capture specimens from the wild herds that were then still extant, if scanty. By now, the horses are almost extinct in the wild, but Hagenbeck's men were able to bring back a number. The pick of the lot went to Woburn, and several others to Continental zoos. Later, the Duke set to work building up a breeding herd. When he had done so, he had second thoughts, just as he'd had about Père David's deer, and distributed his Przhevalski's horses among various collections. The horses' studbook shows that at least a hundred and twenty-one of the animals are currently living in twenty-nine zoos, not counting a herd at Askaniya-Nova, in the Soviet Union, whose authorities won't tell how many animals are in the herd.

SOME weeks after my visit to Woburn, I called on Caroline Jarvis, the editor of the *International Zoo Yearbook*, which is published in London, and she told me of an interesting little private zoo in the Midlands, run by two women who were very good at primates. It was described in the *Yearbook* as "Zoo Park Twycross, Twycross, Atherstone, Warwickshire . . . directors Miss M. W. Badham and Miss S. N. Evans . . . 32 acres . . . Special Exhibits: apes, South American primates."

I arrived at Twycross in the early afternoon, and found a new-looking park spread out over flat, fertile-looking land. I concluded that the place had formerly been a farm, and that a gray stone house near the gate was the original farmhouse. After I had announced myself, I was led upstairs in the house to the office of Miss Badham, a tall woman in jodhpurs. She said she would ask an assistant to show me around the zoo, and invited me to join her for tea afterward. A smaller woman, also in jodhpurs, took me under her wing, and I saw, among other animals, gibbons in a splendidly large enclosure, ring-tailed lemurs with a new baby, a pair of lions, a leopard, tapirs, orangutans, and an impressive number of chimpanzees. "All this started with two chimps, you know," my guide said as we walked over a lawn toward a new sea-lion pool. "Miss Badham will tell



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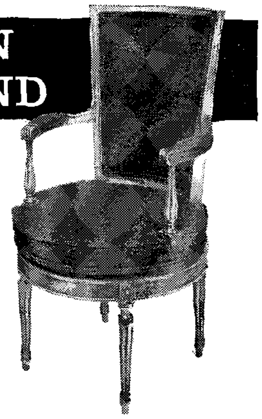

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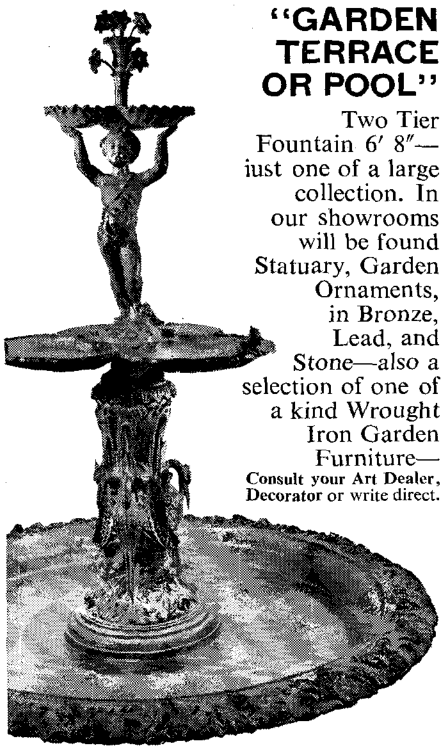

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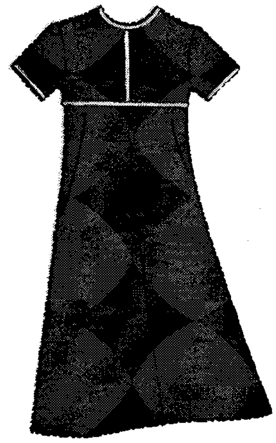

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you. This flamingo pool isn't bad, I think, considering it was just a mud patch when we started. At this zoo, we don't *cater* to the public. We just want to have the animals we like, and if people aren't satisfied, let them stay away."

Later, over tea, I learned more about the origins of the zoo.

"I used to breed dogs before we got into this," said Miss Badham. Her partner, Miss Evans, was there, too, but insisted on letting Miss Badham do most of the talking. "I bred dachs and Scotties, and the two of us had a pet shop in Sutton Coldfield. One day, at a dog-and-caged-bird show in London, we noticed a great crowd up at one end of the exhibition hall, and when we investigated we found that the people were looking at two young chimpanzees. We bought the chimps then and there, and it changed our entire lives." Before they had enjoyed the company of their new acquaintances very long, she continued, they bought a third chimp, sight unseen. As things turned out, the new ape wasn't as pleasant a character as the first two, but the young women persevered and about a year later bought a fourth one, a female that turned out to be the most intelligent of the lot.

"We were still living over the pet shop, in a small flat," said Miss Badham, "but the place was coming down around our ears, and people kept asking if they couldn't have just a look at the chimps, so we moved to the country—to a house on an acre of ground, where we could build a chimp room and a large run."

The partners met the expense of this more ambitious establishment by training the chimps to pose in various costumes for photographs, which were made into colored postcards and sold at gift shops and department stores all over England. Then a national tea company's advertising agent hired the apes, made films of them engaged in various teatime activities, and used these for TV commercials—which, in that zoophilic country, rapidly grew very popular. The chimps became better and better known, and so did the tea they advertised. The Misses Badham and Evans took the four animals around the country on personal-appearance tours, and before long they had become a British institution. "Our chimps' earnings still underwrite the whole zoo," Miss Badham told me proudly.

Inevitably, the Badham-Evans collection proliferated and grew more variegated, and in time the ladies re-

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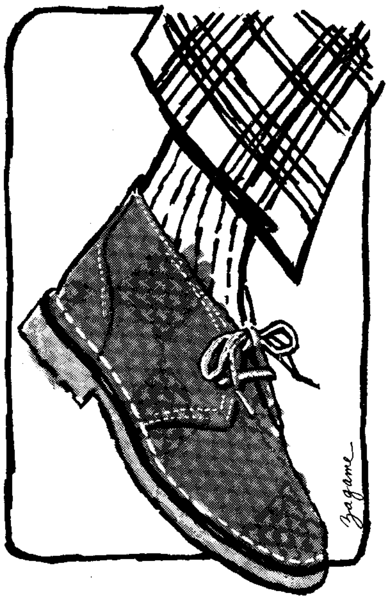

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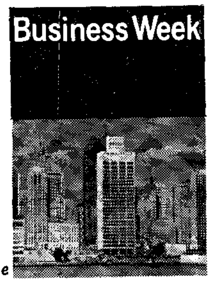
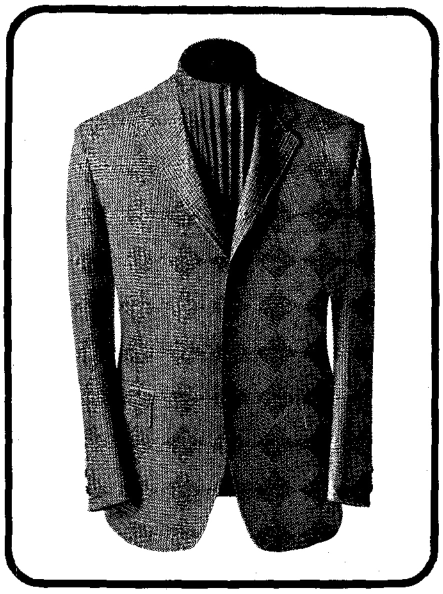


alized that they would have to enlarge their premises once again. A factor that made it urgently necessary, Miss Badham explained, was that their favorite chimpanzee, who had grown old, was too large to keep in the act, let alone around the house as a pet. "We couldn't bear to sell her to a circus or a zoo for the few years she had left. One might as well sell one's own relative. So we decided to have a proper zoo once and for all, where there would be space for her, and company. In any case, we were already running a zoo in everything but name. People were visiting us in such numbers that we'd started charging them admission. The origin of the zoo, then, was our wish to provide a home for retired chimps, so that circus people needn't shoot them, which was what had always been done in the past. But the first place wasn't big enough, so we came here a couple of years ago and opened on a shoestring. We have the best record in the country for South American monkeys, though woolly monkeys are difficult; we've bred three and never managed to rear them. I think we need a better female woolly. In general, it's going very well. The public is a great trial, though. We don't put up with any nonsense, but it's hard to watch people every minute. Not long ago, I caught a boy shooting at our little gray seal with a slingshot. I took him by the nape of the neck and threw him straight out the gate."

"IT'S important to remember that this zoo is a completely private affair," Carl-Heinrich Hagenbeck, a grandson of Carl Hagenbeck, said to me a few weeks later at the family establishment in Hamburg. "Never since the zoo was first opened have we had the help of government or municipal funds of any sort. Nobody has ever subsidized us. For this reason, we place limits on what we try to do. We can't afford—and don't want—big, modern houses or laboratories of the kind you may have seen in some other places. Our idea is still what it was originally when my grandfather built the place: we want a park with invisible barriers to hold the animals, and animals that can live best in this climate. It's not a collection of rarities but a display of the animals that most visitors look for—lions and zebras, the expected things. Our animals are healthy and they breed well; we like to think we take good care of them. As far as the permanent collection is concerned, that is the whole story of Hagenbeck's, but we are collectors for other zoos as well,



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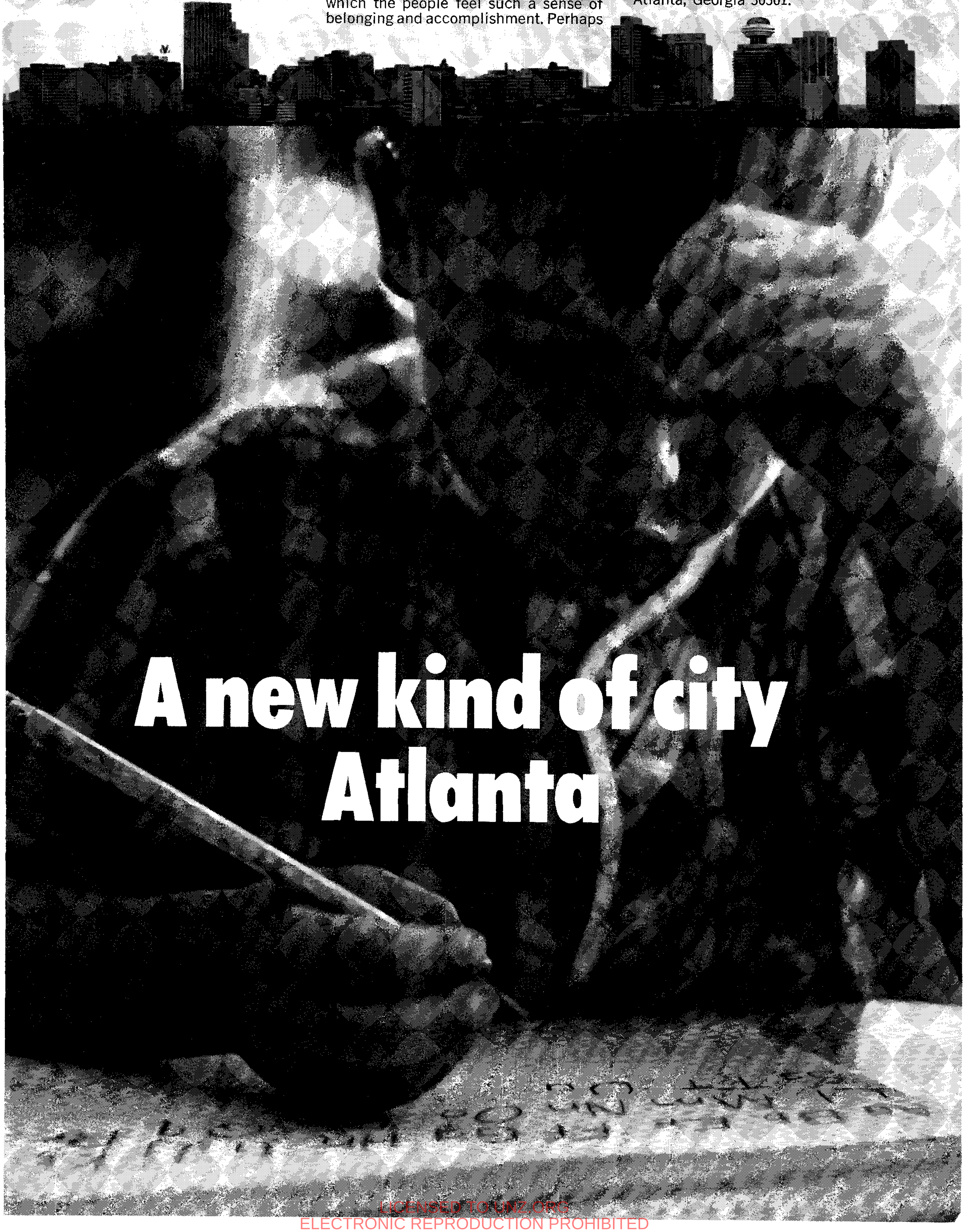
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and, of course, we also sell our own surplus."

I had previously looked into the history of Hagenbeck's, and now I got a more detailed account from Mr. Hagenbeck, who is co-owner and co-director with his nephew Dietrich. The founder of the dynasty was Carl Hagenbeck's father, a fishmonger named Carl Claas Gottfried Hagenbeck, who was fond of animals and became an animal dealer more or less by accident. For his own use or pleasure, he usually kept a few animals around his house and garden—some goats, a cow, a few barnyard fowls, a monkey, and a parrot—the last two items having been obtained from sailors who frequented his neighborhood of St. Pauli, near the harbor. Like other fishmongers in those days, Gottfried had an arrangement with certain fishermen, who were pledged to bring him regularly everything they caught in their nets, and one day one of these men brought in, in addition to the customary catch, six young seals. Gottfried filled a couple of his wife's big laundry tubs with water, dumped the seals in, and put them on show, charging his neighbors a Hamburg schilling—worth a penny or two—for a look at the animals. A lot of people were willing to pay—so many that Gottfried was encouraged to take his seals to Berlin and exhibit them there. It was 1848, and the political situation in Berlin grew so unsettled that he sold the seals and cut his visit short, but he had made a profit on the venture, and show business had got him. He enlarged the St. Pauli menagerie, procuring new seals and adding a polar bear, a few hyenas, and some other animals, and for the augmented show the public paid four schillings.

R.Donaldson

At best, though, it was a chancy way to make a living, and Gottfried was never able to relinquish his fish business. When young Carl was fourteen, his father had a serious talk with him about his plans for the future. Gottfried strongly urged the boy to concentrate on fish, but Carl voted for animals—a fortunate choice, as things turned out, for it was made at the onset of the great nineteenth-century zoo boom, when cities all over Europe were trying to catch up with London's Zoological Gardens, opened in 1828. Moreover, the race to get into Africa was beginning. Though it was fundamentally a political scramble, African animals were also involved; the adventurers who flocked into the new territory learned that they could not only defray the expenses of their trips but make handsome profits on lions, hippos, giraffes, and other creatures, which they could sell dead or alive. By 1864, Carl Hagenbeck had stepped into a brisk new trade. He moved from one European city to another taking orders from zoo directors and circus managers and examining the animals sent or brought back by African hunters. Soon he was finding it more satisfactory to hire hunters of his own. While he was still in his twenties, he became known as the foremost animal dealer of Europe; when he was only twenty-eight, he sold fifteen thousand dollars' worth of animals to P. T. Barnum, and afterward Barnum bought almost exclusively from him.

Before long, Carl was intimately involved in the mechanics of hunting and collecting. In 1870, when an Italian named Lorenzo Cassanova, his best hunter in Africa, was on his way home with a large consignment of animals, Carl got word that the man was lying very ill in Suez and could proceed no further. Carl therefore set out with a younger brother to take over. The Hagenbecks disembarked from the ship at Alexandria and continued by train. Puffing into the Suez station, they got their first glimpse of the results of Cassanova's enterprise when the heads of elephants and giraffes emerged from windows of a train on an adjacent track. But this was only a small part of the collection, as the Hagenbecks realized as soon as they reached the hotel, for they found its courtyard chockablock with animals. As Carl described it, in his autobiography, "Beasts and Men," "Elephants, giraffes, antelopes and buffalo were tethered to the palms; sixteen great ostriches were strolling about loose; and in addition there were no fewer than sixty large cages containing a rhinoceros, lions, panthers, cheetahs, hyenas, jackals, civets, karakuls, monkeys, and many kinds of birds."

Cassanova died almost immediately after the Hagenbecks arrived, and they had to take over the whole consignment. It was necessary to add a hundred goats to the caravan to supply milk for the youngest animals and meat for the carnivores, and, of course, tons

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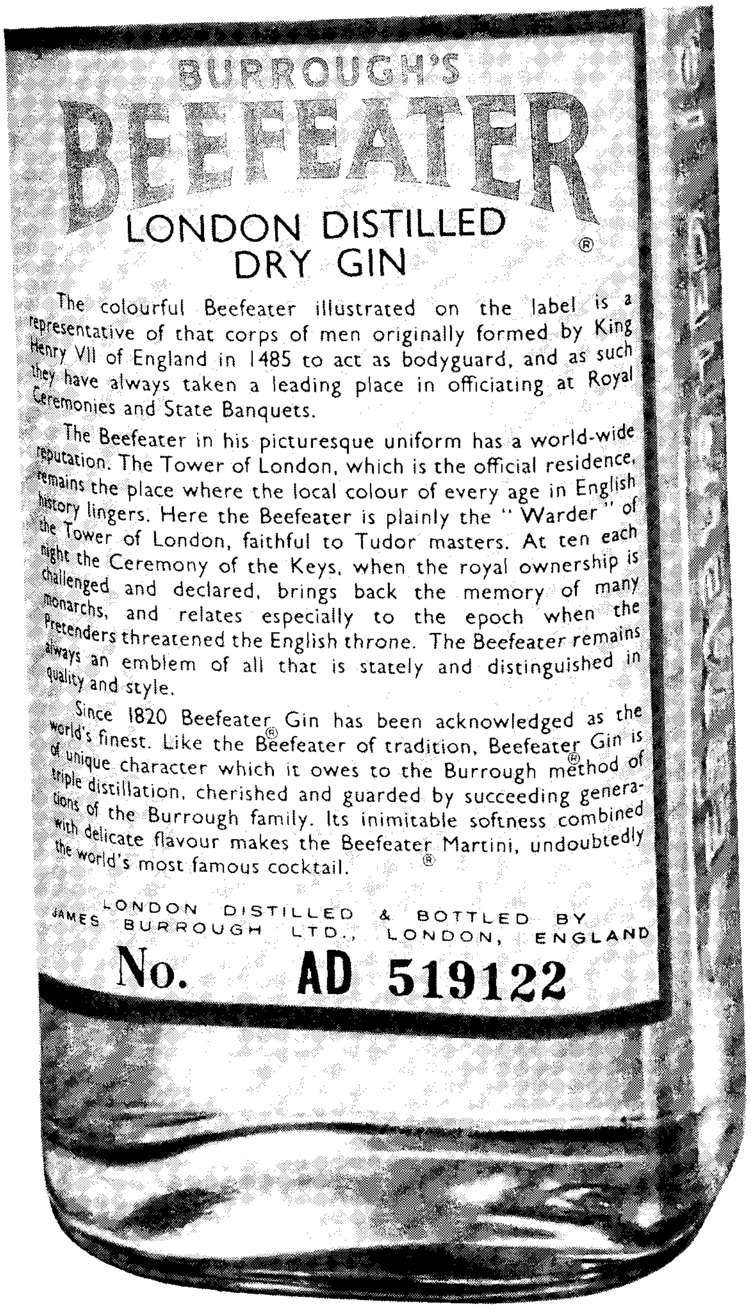

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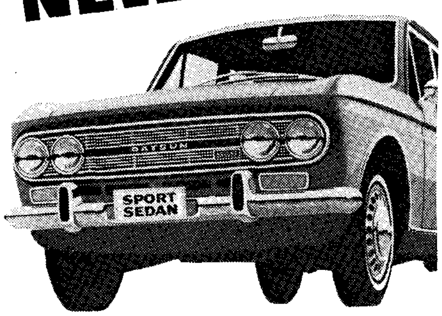
of hay, bread, and vegetables had to be arranged for. On the way to the Suez station, the ostriches got loose and had to be recaptured. Then one of the railroad cars caught fire. Still, the whole assemblage managed to board a ship at Alexandria and sail off to Trieste. From there, the Hagenbecks took the animals on by train, passing through Vienna, Dresden, and Berlin, and unloading a number of them for the local zoo at each of these cities. Even so, when they got home the old house and garden in Hamburg could hardly accommodate the animals they still had with them, and it was not long before the family moved to a house set in two acres of ground.

Shortly afterward, the boom in animal importing began to decline, because so many hunters had taken up the work that supply exceeded demand. Carl looked around for a new way of expanding his operations. Though his attention had long been engrossed in trade, he still hankered after the line of work that had fascinated his father; namely, showmanship. Now, through a friend, he stumbled on a chance to get into it. The friend, a painter of animals who had come to look at some reindeer that had just been imported, remarked that Carl should have brought in along with the deer some of the human beings that lived in reindeer country; a family of Lapps would be very picturesque. In those simple days, when frontier regulations hardly existed, it was easy to find a Norwegian who was willing to bring a group of Lapps to Hamburg, and soon there they were, complete with skis, sledge, and reindeer. The human curiosities calmly put up their tent in the Hagenbecks' back yard and settled down. Carl had found a new source of income. "All Hamburg came to see this genuine Lapland in miniature," he reported contentedly. After the Lapps were repatriated, Hagenbeck brought in Nubians. They were supplanted by Eskimos from Greenland, who proved such a success that Carl took them on tour to Berlin, Dresden, and Paris. From that time on, he was almost never without an "ethnographic show," as he called these exhibitions. There were Somalis, Indians, Kalmucks, Ceylonese, and many others. Without realizing it, he was following in the footsteps of Ippolito, a Medici cardinal of the sixteenth century who maintained a human zoo.

In 1885, Hagenbeck concluded that the public had probably had enough of ethnology for a while. Besides, he had a new venture in mind—animal train-



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The listing below may suggest dates for your family's Learn-in.

Discovery—The Declaration of Independence; The Constitution; Where the Sea Begins; The Island People; When the Circus Comes to Town. Sunday, Oct. 1, 8, 15, 22 & 29 (11:30-12 Noon)

The 21st Century—The Computer Revolution; The Four-Day Week; Bats, Birds and Bionics; Medical Electronics. Sunday, Oct. 1, 15, 22 & 29 (6-6:30 pm)

The Fighting Prince of Donegal—Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color: From the historical novel on Ireland's 16th Century struggle for freedom. Sunday, Oct. 1, 8 & 15 (7:30-8:30 pm)

Andrew Wyeth—Who, What, When, Where, Why: Examination of the outstanding American artist's appeal. Tuesday, Oct. 3 (10-10:30 pm)

World Series—Full coverage of the classic. Starting Oct. 4 (time TBA)

Raymond Burr Visits Vietnam—The actor's impressions of Vietnam. Friday, Oct. 6 (10-11 pm)

Three Philosopher-Theologians—Visual imagery interprets the writings of modern thinkers of three faiths: Buber, Bonhoeffer, Teilhard de Chardin. Sunday, Oct. 8 (10-11 am)

Barbra Streisand Special—Barbra Streisand in a special from New York City. Wednesday, Oct. 11 (10-11 pm)

Duke Ellington—Bell Telephone Hour: A study of the jazz innovator on tour. Friday, Oct. 13 (10-11 pm)

Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night CBS Playhouse: Original play about an aging man's dilemma, starring Melvyn Douglas, Shirley Booth, others. Tuesday, Oct. 17 (9:30-11 pm)

American Profile—A study of Canada and the question of a "mosaic state" vs. a melting pot. Friday, Oct. 20 (10-11 pm)

Johnny Belinda—Poignant drama of a deaf-mute girl, starring Mia Farrow, Barry Sullivan, Ian Bannen, David Carradine. Sunday, Oct. 22 (9-11 pm)

The Long Childhood of Timmy—Updated documentary of a retarded child and his family. Monday, Oct. 23 (10-11 pm)

Kismet—Armstrong Circle Theatre: Jose Ferrer, Anna Maria Alberghetti, Barbara Eden, George Chakiris and Hans Conried in an adaptation of the Broadway musical. Tuesday, Oct. 24 (9:30-11 pm)

With Love... Sophia—Sophia Loren with Jonathan Winters, Peter Sellers and Marcello Mastroianni in a musical produced in Rome. Wednesday, Oct. 25 (10-11 pm)

Regularly Scheduled Programs—Monday through Friday: Captain Kangaroo/Today/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour/Who, What, When, Where, Why with Harry Reasoner

Thursdays: Good Company

Fridays: NBC News Special/Bell Telephone Hour

Saturdays: Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/G-E College Bowl/Wide World of Sports/ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Directions/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/The Catholic Hour/Issues and Answers/The Frank McGee Report/The 21st Century/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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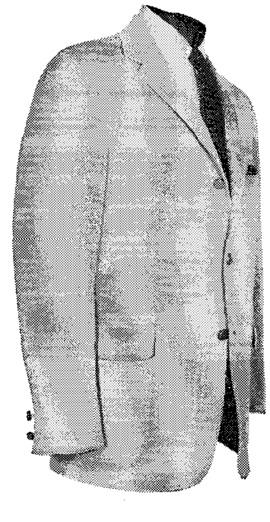
ing. At that time, trainers' methods were harsh. They whipped their beasts to make them go through their paces and, when they failed, punished them with red-hot irons. Carl had always been distressed by these practices, and now he was convinced that they were not necessary. In 1887, he set up a circus ring in the garden of his Hamburg house, engaged a trainer who agreed to abide by his employer's revolutionary notions, and started trying out these notions on dogs and cats, training them to do tricks without the use of force—"except in cases of gross disobedience." It worked quite as well as the whips-and-hot-irons routine, if not better, and the trainer was converted. Now Carl was ready to try out his system on big cats. He selected twenty-one lions, then tested each animal and discarded those that did not respond properly. Only four lions passed all tests, but their success, he later wrote, was "astounding." He went on to report proudly, "They carried out all sorts of tricks, the climax of the performance coming when the trainer harnessed three of the mighty carnivores to a chariot and drove triumphantly around the cage." Before long, the animal act had evolved into a full-fledged circus, which in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries toured not only Europe and England but most of the world, including the United States, Latin America, and Japan.

Carl had also become interested in breeding experiments. What with these, the circus, his training work, and some new researches into acclimatization of wild animals, he was feeling cramped for space in St. Pauli, and so were the animals. He resolved to leave Hamburg for the open country, and in 1902 he bought several acres near the village of Stellingen, then a couple of miles beyond the Hamburg city limits. He was somewhat worried at the prospect of being such a long distance from town, but at last he would be in a position to construct, according to his own theories, a zoo different from any other in the world. "I desired, above all things, to give the animals the maximum of liberty," he wrote. "I wished to exhibit them not as captives, confined within narrow spaces, and looked at between bars, but as free to wander from place to place within as large limits as possible. . . . I desired to refute the prevailing notion that luxurious and expensive houses with complicated heating apparatus were necessary for keeping wild animals alive and healthy. . . . A certain point must be fixed in the garden from which might be seen ev-



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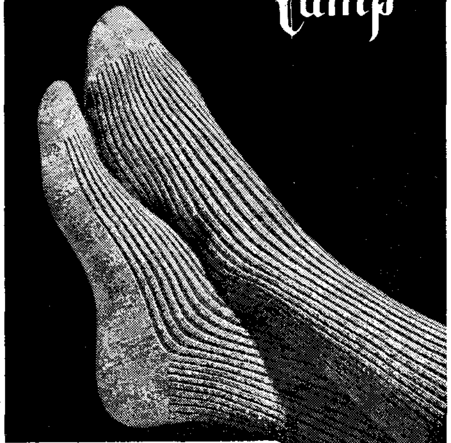

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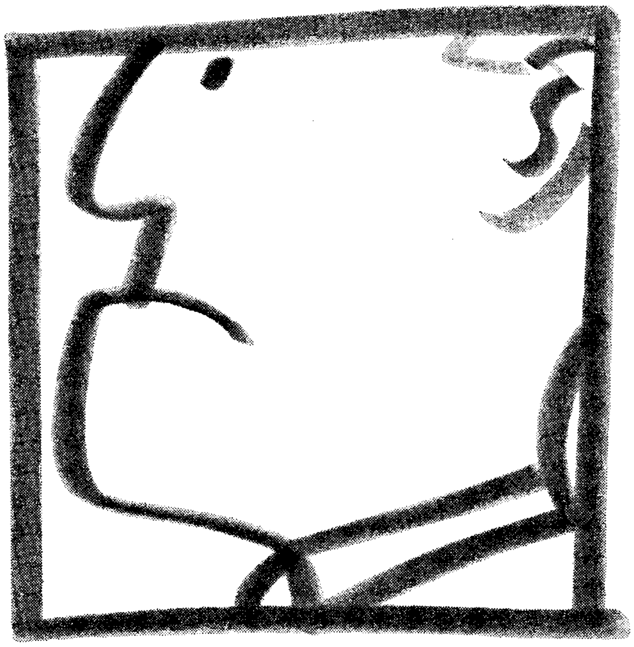

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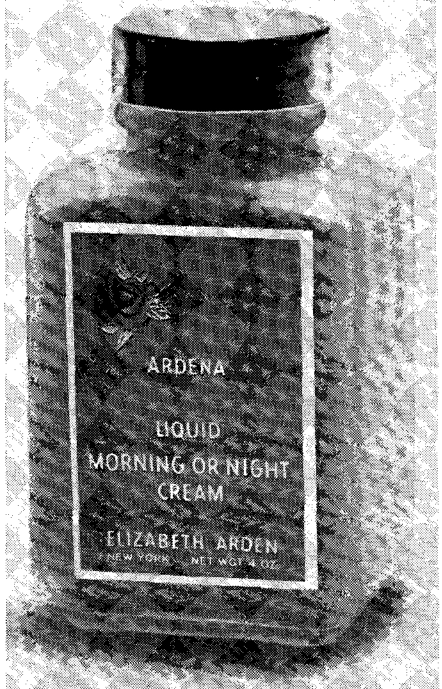

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ery kind of animal moving about in apparent freedom and in an environment which bore a close resemblance to its own native haunts." Hagenbeck designed artificial mountains for chamois and wild sheep and ibex, wide commons for the plains animals, and glens for carnivores, and planned the layout in such a way that these features, instead of having rails or bars, would be separated from the public paths by deep trenches. (He also made room for animals that were not part of his zoo but were to go on to customers, for he had never abandoned his dealings in animals. In 1904, for instance, he had to accommodate forty-three elephants at one time.) The trenches, or moats, were carefully designed on the basis of knowledge that Hagenbeck had gained while training animals. Each species, he learned, has a maximum leap, and he had measured it—both the apex and the distance. The moat for the lions must not be narrower than so much. Another distance was needed for tigers, and yet another for bears. As an added precaution, he planned his landscape so that it would be difficult for an animal even to gather momentum for a leap.

The park, when it opened in 1907, was immediately popular, and very soon became famous. Zoos far and wide adopted moated enclosures in imitation of those at Stellingen, and before Carl's death in 1913 the Hagenbecks went from triumph to triumph. The Rome Zoo was built and equipped by Carl and his son Heinrich, and among others built on the Hagenbeck model are those at Detroit and Milwaukee in the United States. In the Second World War, the Hagenbecks suffered badly. Stellingen had long since become part of Hamburg, and in one of the devastating air attacks of 1943 eighty per cent of the zoo was destroyed in ninety minutes, and four hundred and fifty animals were killed. But in 1945 (the year Heinrich Hagenbeck died) Carl-Heinrich and the other members of the Hagenbeck family began picking up the pieces, and by 1950 Hagenbeck animal collectors were again overseas and the zoo was almost ready to begin a new life.

Nowadays, the only reminder of the Hagenbeck circus is a little animal show given daily at the Training School—the building in which Carl Hagenbeck worked on his theories of handling animals. During my visit, I attended a performance, sitting with a number of families around a little circus ring in which a monkey, clutching a frilly doll's parasol in one hand,

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walked a tightrope, a young elephant balanced on a rolling barrel, a baboon rode a pony around the arena, jumping on and off in approved equestrian fashion and leaping through paper-covered hoops, and sea lions went through their paces. There was an Old World touch to the acts; a troupe of monkeys, for example, was pulled around the ring in a tiny carriage that took one's mind back to the days of Queen Victoria—but then there is much in Germany generally that recalls Queen Victoria. I suspected that the show went on chiefly because of the proprietors' filial piety; it was obviously still a great attraction, though.

Most of my day was given over to sightseeing with Mr. Hagenbeck. I had had one sample of Hagenbeck's distinctive exhibition techniques when I entered the main gate. There, as one steps inside, Kodiak bears loom up on the right, sauntering about a clearing that looks for all the world like part of the ground one is standing on. Now, as I walked along the winding path with Mr. Hagenbeck, a strange-looking hare with exceptionally long legs lolloped across the path right ahead of us. "It is no use telling me that that animal is in an enclosure," I said.

Mr. Hagenbeck laughed. "Of course it isn't," he said. "We leave our Patagonian cavies free to roam about, like the birds. You'll see a lot of free-ranging demoiselle cranes and jungle fowl and sacred ibis."

Much of the network of paths was shaded by trees and tall hedges. When I spoke of this, Mr. Hagenbeck said, "Yes, and you will notice that all our paths are marked with arrows and numbered, so the visitor won't get lost or double back on his tracks. That's necessary because the woods are so dense. Yet all this vegetation—every tree and bush—was brought in, you know, and planted. When my grandfather bought the land, it was just a potato patch—a *flat* potato patch, at that."

A bend in the path brought us out into the open, and we paused. "Here," said Mr. Hagenbeck, with a wave of his hand. "This is one of the original panoramas—the African Plains."

A very natural-looking stream separated us from a meadow in which zebras and ostriches were grazing peacefully together. Back of them was a range of striated rocks and boulders, closed in on either side by trees. Beyond the trees, and seemingly a long way off, reared the head of a mountain, as steep as those in traditional Chinese paintings.

"It's all artificial," Mr. Hagenbeck

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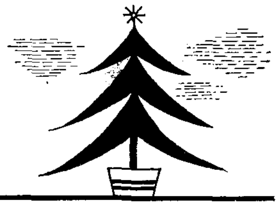

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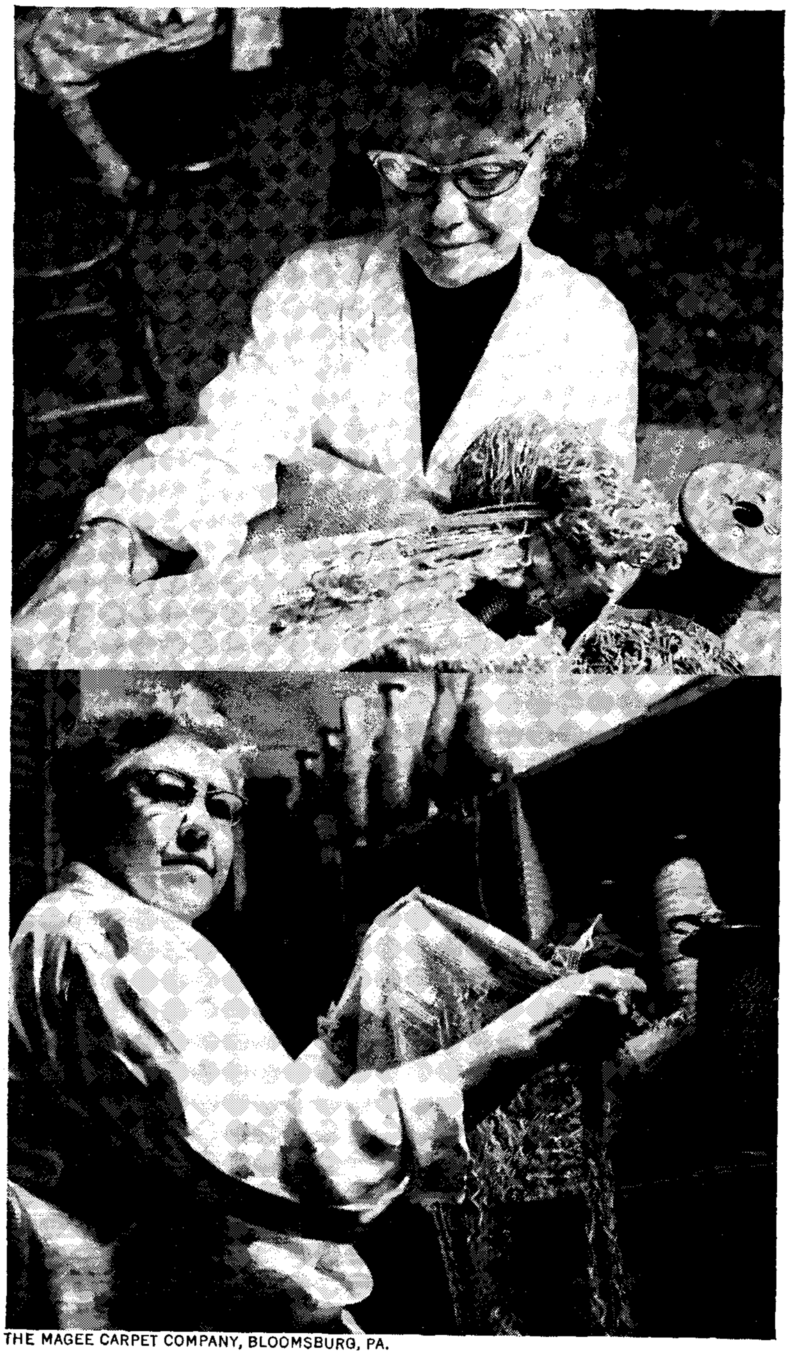

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said. "Mountain, rocks—everything, in fact, but the animals and the vegetation. As I said, this was a part of the earliest zoo. Most of it survived the bombing, but we had to rebuild the mountain. It's convincing, isn't it?"

Mr. Hagenbeck led the way to another famous original exhibit beyond—the lion pit, or glen, without bars. "My grandfather called it the Carnivore Glen, and there are some photographs of him standing in it surrounded by lions and tigers," he said. "All the rock is made of the same concrete composition as the mountain you saw, and in the rear, out of sight, are rooms where the lions go at night. If it's necessary, we can heat those rooms, but we don't provide artificial heat for the animals except in unusually bitter weather. Over here"—we turned a sharp bend—"we have elands in a breeding group. Nice beasts, elands. Then come the giraffes, and beyond them are smaller ungulates. And here we are, right at the foot of the mountain. Barbary sheep—they have the freedom of the mountain." We walked around the structure until we found some bright-reddish-brown animals of familiar shape. "What are those?" asked Mr. Hagenbeck, like a schoolteacher.

Feeling rather foolish, I gave the obvious answer: "Goats."

"Yes, but goats with a difference," he said. "They come from Robinson Crusoe's island, Juan Fernández. In the days of sail, seamen left the ancestors of these goats on the island to assure themselves of a meat supply if they should come again. Then, when they stopped coming, the goats simply became wild animals. This kind of reverse process often takes place when domestic animals are left to their own devices. Anyway, these goats, being isolated, remained absolutely characteristic of the old stock. After hundreds of years on Juan Fernández, they are invariably of that unusual reddish brown."

We had gone around so many turns that I had lost my sense of direction. Now the path branched away from the mountain, and Mr. Hagenbeck said, "We've left the African section, and here we have South American animals, and next we'll see Australian." Beyond the Australian section, we stopped at the edge of a grassy *allée* that extended, between two rows of trees, all the way to the horizon—or seemed to. I noticed an enormous jardiniere of blue-and-white porcelain standing in a meadow to our left. It must have been at least seven feet high, and it looked incongruous, like one of those irrelevant

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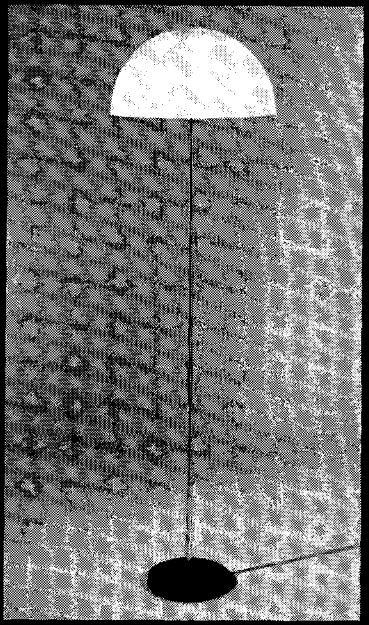

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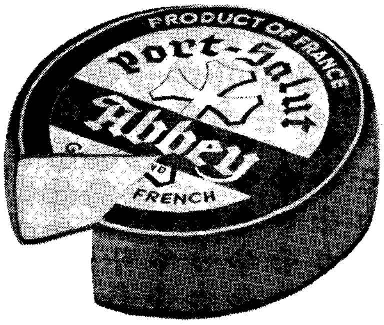

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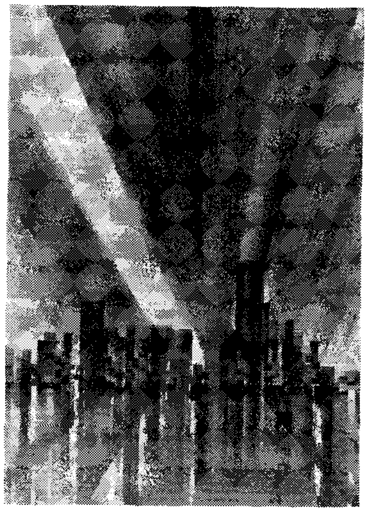

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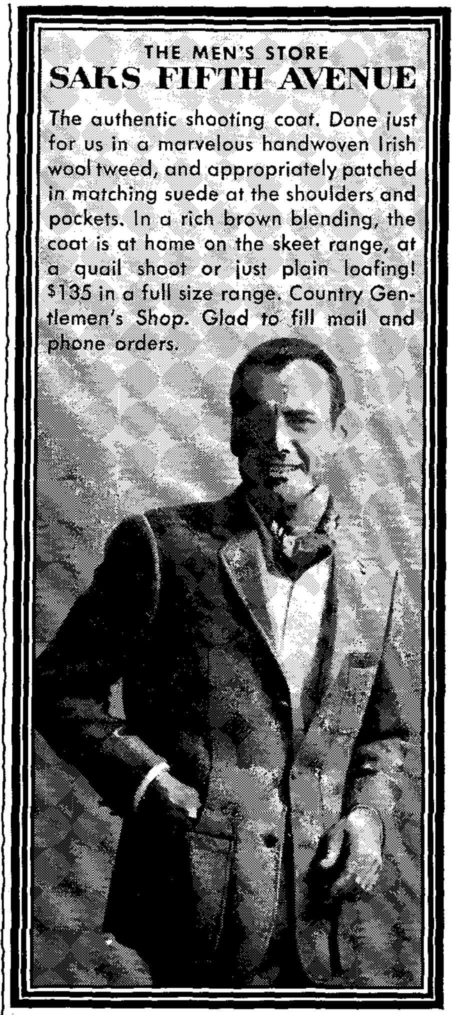
objects in a Dali landscape. The meadow also held a number of cranes, stalking about and scratching at the grass. In the distance I could see what looked very much like—indeed, was—a Japanese torii, or arch, and beyond its red lacquer glitter there appeared to be another one. When I asked about these objects, Mr. Hagenbeck shrugged off my question, muttering something about the Oriental section, and I gathered that I was anticipating things. Just now, I was to be shown India: another glen—this one for tigers—which had stone caves, an overhanging ledge, and a broad pool. I recognized the glen immediately; I had seen replicas of it in half a dozen other zoos. Mr. Hagenbeck called my attention to the pool—a widened section of moat—saying, "Tigers like to swim. They should always have water."

Now trees gave way to a clearing, where we stood on a gently arched bridge over a stretch of ground that, in turn, gave way to a lake, which seemed to stretch off for miles. Scattered over the grass at its edge or half immersed in the shallows were great cement figures of prehistoric lizards. There was an iguanodont, and one of those dinosaurs that are often pictured in comic strips, and one of the sort with frills down its back. An alligator-like creature was depicted in the act of crawling out of the water, jaws agape. I had seen similar figures in Japanese zoos, but these were immeasurably better and far more cunningly placed.

We finally crossed a bridge into Far East country, marked by a Burmese temple on the lake, where ornate lions guarded two stairways leading down to a platform just above the water, and other grotesque animals guarded the walls. This place, like many of its surroundings, Mr. Hagenbeck said, had been badly damaged during the bombing. In this portion of the park, Heinrich Hagenbeck had placed a number of other objects not usually seen in zoos—large Japanese bronzes. On one of them, which had been sheared off near the base by a bomb, was a plaque commemorating the terrible 1943 air raid.

I next found myself, with a slight sense of dislocation, back in a zoo, as we arrived at the pachyderm house. To one side of this shelter, an Indian rhinoceros, with a single horn and an armored-looking hide, stood reflectively, after the manner of his kind. Mr. Hagenbeck said that the rhino's mate had produced a calf and was expecting another. I asked if this wasn't some sort of record, and he admitted that no Indian rhinos had previously bred in



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captivity. Nearby, a group of children were feeding some African and Indian elephants. The feeding of animals by visitors is a very sore subject with zoo-keepers, and I asked Mr. Hagenbeck what his policy was. "We allow feeding within reason," he said. "No visitor can feed our meat-eating or fish-eating animals, our giraffes, or our apes. But elephants, antelopes, and deer can be fed little cakes that we sell, made of flour and fruit. We don't like feeding, but the public does, and . . ." The compromise was one that I had heard of before. The Frankfurt Zoo, I had learned, firmly declares all feeding *verboten*, but in almost all other zoos, in Germany and elsewhere, the authorities, confronted with the public's incurable urge to feed animals something, *anything*, protect the beasts against illness, and augment the zoo's revenue, by selling prepared packets of food.

Mr. Hagenbeck was as modest as he had been about the rhinos when we arrived at the next exhibit—a breeding herd of onagers, or Persian wild asses, which are now almost extinct in their native land and rare even in zoos. Inside a large, well-fenced paddock, the onagers were frisking—pale-gold beasts, smaller than most horses but larger than domestic donkeys. Indeed, it was hard to think of them as related to donkeys at all, they were so lithe and graceful and lively. One of them recognized Mr. Hagenbeck and came up to have his nose rubbed. Then he turned to inspect me, and obviously did not approve, for he laid back his long ears, bared his teeth, leaped into the air, and kicked. Mr. Hagenbeck chuckled and said proudly that onagers could be very fierce. He added as we departed, "At sunset, when the rays catch them just right, their coats turn a strange color—almost lavender." I looked back for a last glimpse of the golden beasts. Out in the middle of the field, another one frisked and kicked at nothing.

We passed by a herd of zebu, the humped cattle of India, and I mentioned that I had seen the same sort of cattle in Brazil. "Brazilian cattle breeders like them best of all, and try to get cattle with at least some zebu blood, because they can walk long distances without losing much weight," I said. "Herders have to take their stock for miles in Brazil."

"Yes, I know," Mr. Hagenbeck replied. "My grandfather introduced those cattle to South America, and most of those you saw were undoubtedly descended from his stock."

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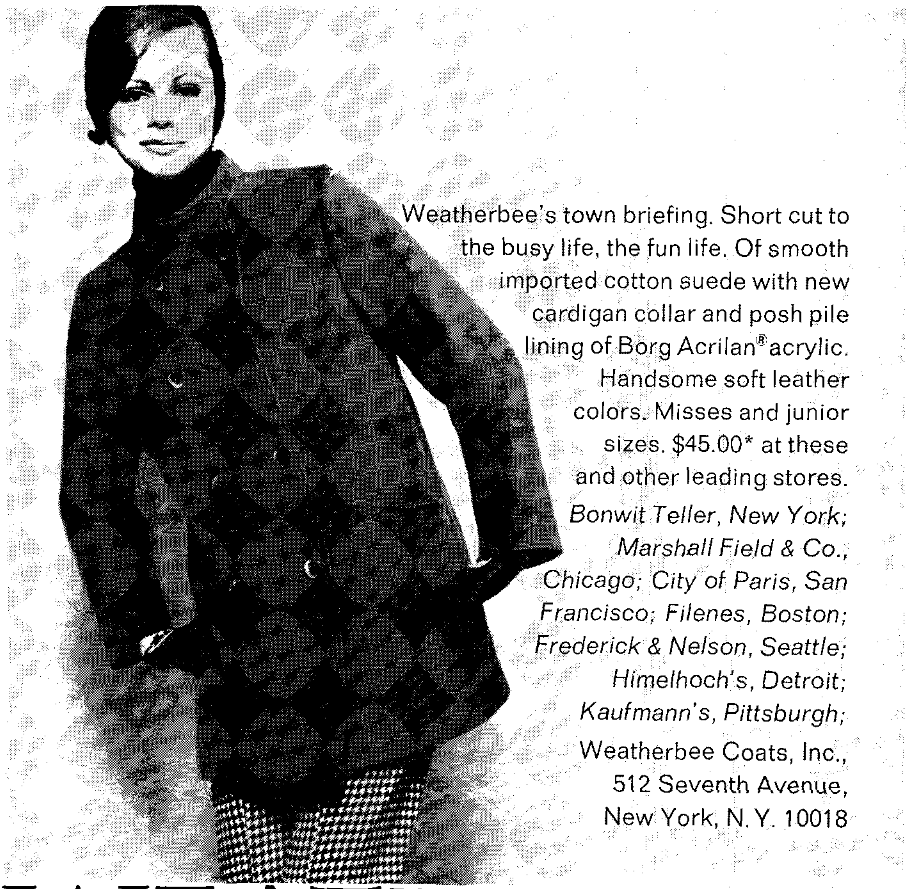

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his animals up if the different kinds got on together and were accustomed to similar conditions, and his grandsons have followed his example, at least in the case of the anthropoid apes. In a sort of kindergarten cage, fitted out with seesaws and climbing apparatus, a number of young chimpanzees and orangutans were playing together. One thing about this group struck me immediately—the unusual liveliness of the little orangs. Ordinarily, these redheaded apes are rather quiet and slow-moving in captivity, even when they are young. (As they grow older, they slow down even more.) But these children were as lively as their companions the chimpanzees. One orang, walking upright, carried a rubber tire across the cage floor with the single-mindedness of a three-year-old child until he came to a bench with projecting seat slats. He carefully hung the tire on the slats and stepped back to admire the effect. Along came a chimp and pushed the tire off. Then the little apes went into a wrestling match.

"That's precisely the idea," Mr. Hagenbeck said when I spoke of what I had noticed. "Our orangs don't get a chance to be lazy—the chimps keep them too busy." He looked reflectively at another orang, in the next cage—an older animal, who was presumably free to be as lethargic as he wanted, since no chimpanzees were with him. He wasn't lethargic, though. He moved about at quite a brisk pace. "Orangs are very intelligent," Mr. Hagenbeck said. "Probably they are cleverer than chimps, but they can't be bothered to prove it."

As we walked on, Mr. Hagenbeck said, "I want to show you another display that dates from my grandfather's time." It was the Polar Panorama. Polar bears were walking around a rocky hillside, and just as we came up, one dived into the water at its foot. It all looked craggy and very cold. To the left, in what I would have sworn was the same water, seals were diving after fish that a keeper was throwing to them. And at this point, in spite of my resolution, I let myself be fooled again. Earnestly, I said, "But you can't keep those animals all together in one place, Mr. Hagenbeck! Don't the bears eat the seals?"

He smiled triumphantly. "Of course they would, if they could get across, but they can't. Clever, isn't it?"

It made me feel no better to reflect that the trick was as old as the park itself. Still, I was in good company; even Thomas Edison was once a victim of Hagenbeck's optical illusions. Visiting the zoo in 1911, he rounded a clump of trees and found himself staring into the eyes of a large lion only a few feet away. Nothing separated them, it seemed—not so much as a bush. Thomas Edison was scared stiff.

BEFORE I left Hamburg, Mr. Hagenbeck told me a little about the family's worldwide business of collecting and selling animals, and I resolved to look further into the activities of animal dealers, not many of whom are either as famous or as well equipped as the Hagenbecks. Indeed, the work of the dealer nowadays is not nearly as important as it was in the great nineteenth-century days of animal collecting. For one thing, most major zoos now obtain their animals either direct from the hunters or by trading with other zoos; for another, the increasing emphasis on breeding within the zoos themselves means that fewer animals need to be captured in the wild.

I recalled an encounter I had had with a wild-animal dealer when I first came to New York, in the nineteen-thirties, and lived in a furnished room. One day, having wandered for some reason down to Fulton Street, I came upon Trefflich's bird-and-animal store and went in. Half an hour later, when I came out, I was the owner of a small bear cub with an endearing bowlegged stance. I had got it at a bargain price, but my landlady didn't appreciate that fact. She told me to take the bear straight back where it came from, and there was no arguing with her. The cub went back.

A few months ago, both because I had fond memories of my lost bear and because I had heard that Trefflich's was soon to vacate its premises, a victim of the World Trade Center (it has since relocated on Liberty Street), I retraced my steps to Fulton Street. Here time seemed to have stood still—at least for Trefflich's establishment, though newer buildings stood nearby. Well known to two or three generations of animal buyers, it was an old four-story red brick structure, with the name

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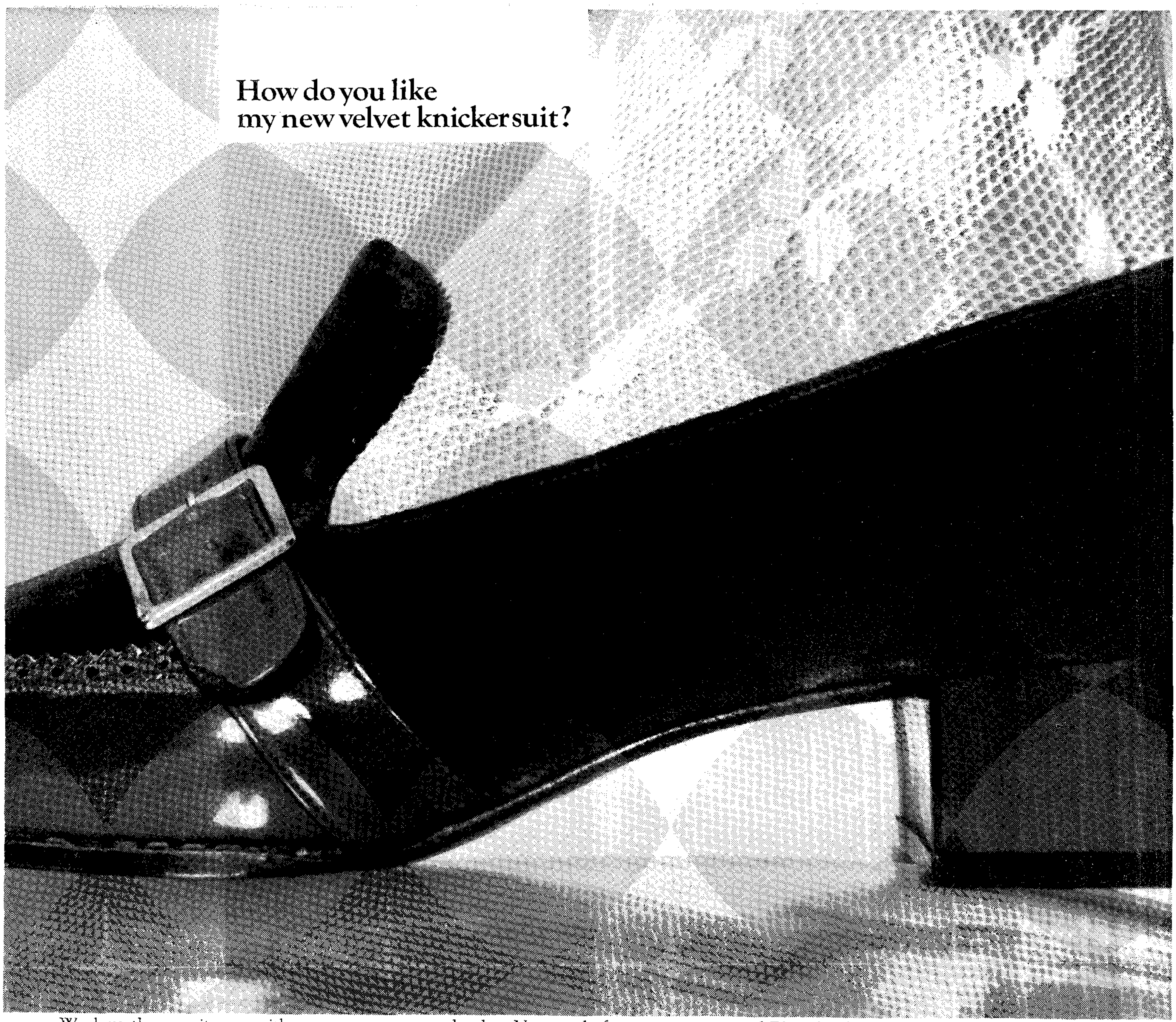
painted on it from the attic to the bottom of the third floor, in the style of a younger, more ebullient day. Indoors, I found a scene that, for confusion and



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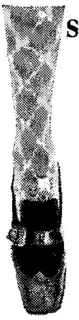
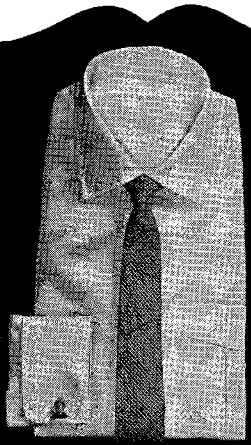
Mademoiselle  shoes.



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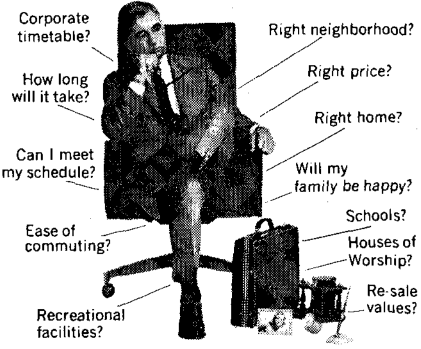
profusion, compared with the bazaar of Istanbul. There were the noises, for one thing—predominantly barks and birdcalls. For another thing, there were boxes and sacks all over the place. A counter at the front was heaped with prepared animal foods and coats for dogs. From a recess behind it a salesgirl had just fished a small animal, perhaps a horned toad, for the critical inspection of a small boy. In the rear of the room, an alcove was lined with cages of various sizes holding birds, garter snakes, tortoises, a fairly large anaconda, a half-grown Airedale, pugs, some small lizards, and an assortment of hamsters labelled "$2.98 each." When I asked a boy who was sweeping the floor where I might find Mr. Trefflich, he stopped sweeping, leaned on the broom, and stared at me suspiciously. "You from the municipality?" he demanded. "Building inspector or something?" Upon being reassured, he indicated a steep staircase behind him and resumed his work.

Upstairs, I found myself in a huge, barnlike room, with cages stretching nearly all the way from the rear of the house to the front and then giving way to a few partitions. Mr. Henry Trefflich, a bearded man of about sixty, sat behind one of these, talking into a telephone, and he motioned to me to sit down. I looked around, and got a mild shock as my eyes met the beady false ones of a young stuffed chimpanzee on top of a whatnot in a corner. Not far from this animal was another stuffed primate, with a moth-eaten tail, clinging to an artificial tree trunk. Everything was very dusty.

"Looking at the chimp?" asked Mr. Trefflich as he put the receiver down. "I keep it there as an object lesson. It died from careless handling—needn't have happened. Excuse me a minute."

Mr. Trefflich picked up the phone again, dialled a number, and began talking into the instrument without any salutation: "Listen, Judy, you got any ring-tailed monkeys? You know what I mean—white-faced, *you* know, with white front and brown elsewhere. They call 'em capuchin. Colombian, aren't they? Export's prohibited now, so you don't see many around. Let me know."

He put the phone down, and we talked about his years as an animal dealer. "I'm from Hamburg—landed here in 1923," he said. "I'd always been close to the animal trade. My father had a connection with the Hagenbecks—used to trap little animals and train them. He was in the Navy for a while, but in 1906 he started a regular business in animals, going to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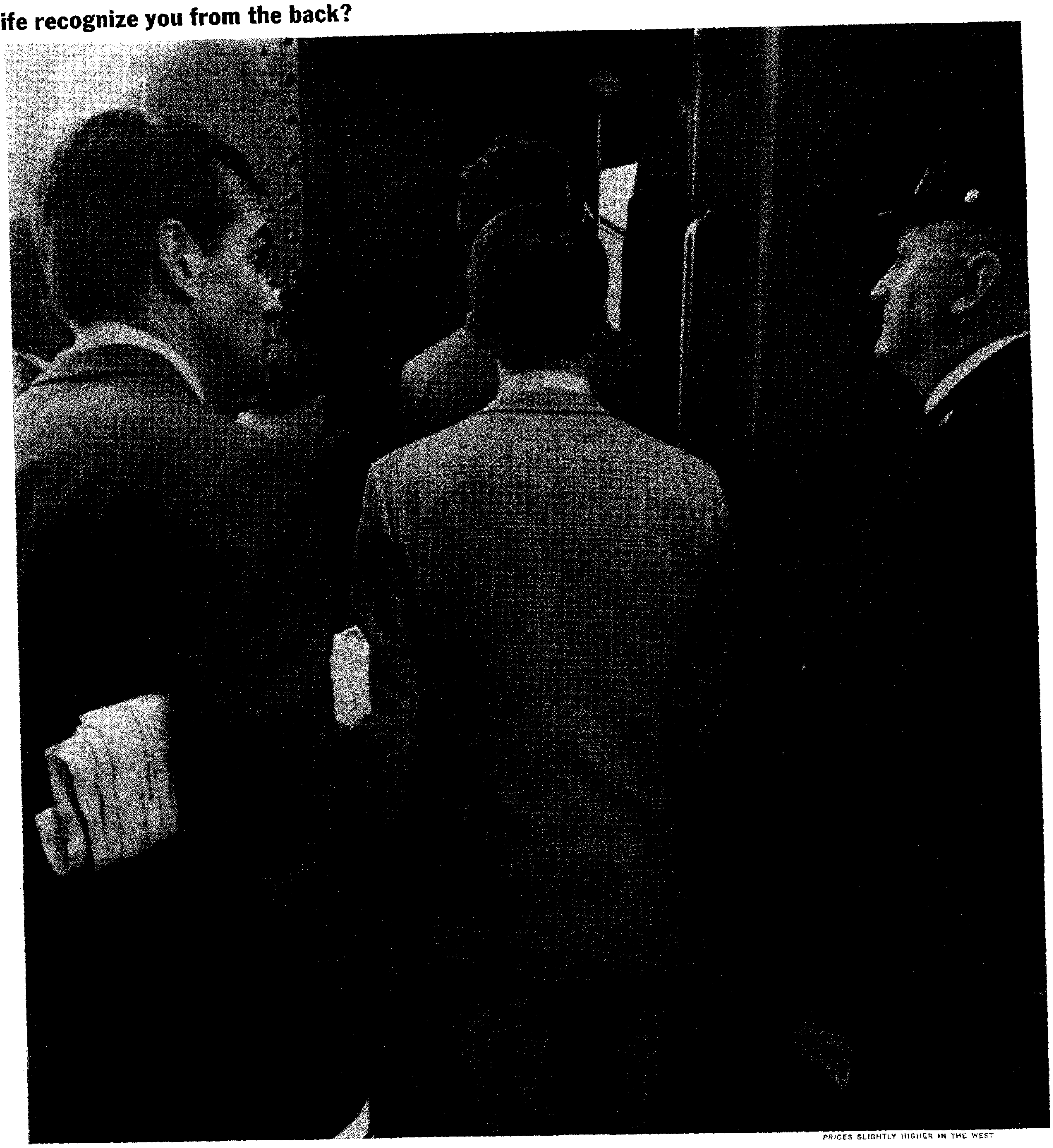

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India to catch them and send them back for Hagenbeck. Later, he had a zoo of his own at Hamburg. As a boy, I used to go out collecting with him. The fact is, I ran away from home and landed here illegally. I worked in restaurants, and all that, and saved up money so that I could go into business for myself. It's fascinating what you can do in this country—or, anyway, used to be able to do. I set up in business here in this building in 1930, and though I've done related work all over the place from time to time, this has been my headquarters ever since. For a long time, monkeys were my main import; people called me the Monkey King of America. In 1939, I brought in eight baby gorillas at once. I've introduced a lot of gorillas into this country, all in all, but African animals are only a part of my stock. All that retail stuff downstairs isn't by any means the backbone of the trade. I keep it up because people are used to it. Of course, I do a lot of trade with zoos all over the world, but it isn't the way it used to be. Today, a zoo is too much like a department store; the man who really runs it is the business manager. He's absorbed in a lot of sidelines, so he doesn't concentrate on the animals as he ought to. He puts in too many devices for getting revenue out of the public. It isn't good for the collection. Besides . . ." Mr. Trefflich sighed. "It's not the same world it used to be. Everybody is stocking up on arms, everybody threatening war—what's the matter with the world? In my business, you run into national barriers everywhere you turn, and I often think of old Hagenbeck and the way he did things. He used to hire people from all nations to look after the Hagenbeck animals—paid their fare to Hamburg, and took good care of them. If we had all done that, we wouldn't be having all this trouble today. We're strangers."

The telephone rang, and Mr. Trefflich answered it. A woman's voice crackled for a bit, and then Mr. Trefflich said, "Dead? Are you sure?" The voice, replying, sounded sure. "Well, put it in the icebox, and when you have time, bring it back here and we'll see what was the matter. . . . No? Well, now, let's see. What did you pay for the lizard? . . . All right, bring it in and we'll give you back your two dollars."

He turned back to me. "One of the most important things we do is supply rhesus monkeys to laboratories," he said. "You know—for virus research and that kind of thing. This firm supplied ninety per cent of the rhesus they

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used in finding out about the Rh factor. We also have lots of calls for squirrel monkeys for hepatitis research. It's easier to get squirrels now than it is rhesus."

Mr. Trefflich then called one of his assistants and asked him to take me around to look at the animals. Chimpanzees, African monkeys, a skunk, and an Alsatian puppy occupied the front row of cages. When I went back to say goodbye to Mr. Trefflich, he gave me a reprint of two pages about himself from *Current Biography 1953*, in which he is quoted as saying, "Monkeys can teach human beings a lot. They rarely fight among themselves in the jungle." The article also says that on May 11, 1946, about a hundred rhesuses escaped from the Trefflich building and ran wild in the Washington Market area. Neighbors, police, and firemen helped the S.P.C.A. to round them up. Mr. Trefflich was called to court to answer a charge that he had failed to safeguard wild-animal life and had caused injury to the public. He weathered the storm, but the next year some more of Trefflich's monkeys made their escape—this time at the docks where they were being unloaded. I also learned that in 1950, at a country place in Virginia, Trefflich's established a "monkey-reconditioning" center, in which as many as a thousand animals at once could get a chance to settle down a little before being sent on to their purchasers.

I thanked Mr. Trefflich and left. Two little girls were coming into the store as I went out, and before the door swung shut I heard one asking, "Do hamsters eat meat?"

THE establishment of Fred J. Zeehandelaar, another bird-and-animal dealer, could hardly present a greater contrast to Trefflich's. Seeing the one right after the other, I wondered if *I hadn't made a mistake* in supposing the two firms were in the same business. Mr. Zeehandelaar lives outside New Rochelle and has an office in that city's downtown section. On my way there from the station, I looked in vain for any signs of wild animals in back yards. None of the office buildings seemed to have back yards, and even a cat would have found it hard to get a foothold in Mr. Zeehandelaar's office, upstairs in a two-story building. He is a man full of vitality, which can be detected in his ringing voice and his constant activity. Apart from the fact that the walls were covered with photographs of animals, his surroundings were like a stockbroker's. There were

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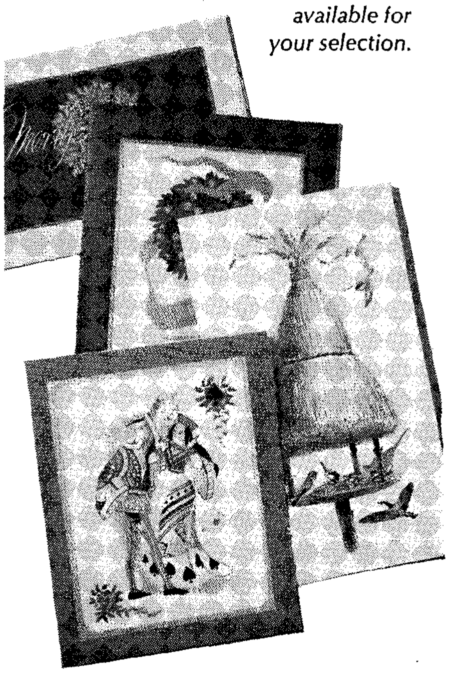

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a lot of electronic gadgets, with particular emphasis on elaborate push-button telephones. Before demonstrating some of these, Mr. Zechandelaar showed me his library, which dealt almost exclusively with animals and animal collecting. He had obviously read all the books, for he could quote from most of them—everything from "Untruths About Animals," by Orville A. Lindquist, to the latest *International Zoo Yearbook*.

"As you can hear from my accent, I am from the Netherlands," he said. "Born in Amsterdam. Like every other able-bodied man in that country, I was in the war. I was in the Army in 1940 when the country was invaded and taken. I stayed there for a while; then I spent fourteen months making my way to England, where I joined the Free Dutch Army in 1942. After the war, I emigrated to New York. I arrived with five hundred dollars, which I spent fast. I got a job with an import-export firm downtown, and they put me to work handling the export of industrial chemicals and the import of spices from India, Indo-China, Madagascar, and so on. We also had a sideline in copper mining. Well, in 1949 the pound was devalued, and thirty-five other countries promptly devalued their currencies, too. Overnight, the United States changed into an impossibly expensive country for all the foreign companies we did business with, and our firm was badly hit. They couldn't import, so we couldn't export. We had to concentrate on importing—mostly spices—but we knew we had to have something else as well. A clove shipper in Madagascar wrote to me suggesting that he send us some monkeys and snakes. He said he had a lot of both commodities, and would be glad to send samples. Selling animals was a good idea, and I thought I'd try it. The trouble was, I didn't know anything about animals. I wrote to all the zoos in the States that I'd ever heard of, offering them monkeys, but I didn't know how to spell the monkeys' names and I didn't know where the monkeys came from. For instance, I said I had rhesus from Africa, beautiful specimens. Well, there certainly isn't a zoo man anywhere who doesn't know rhesus are Indian. Besides, I didn't know what prices to quote. I didn't know anything. Among a number of jeering replies I got was one that corrected the price I'd quoted for rhesus, which was ninety-eight dollars apiece. I'd simply picked the figure out of the air. This correspondent said that I was nuts—that the regular selling

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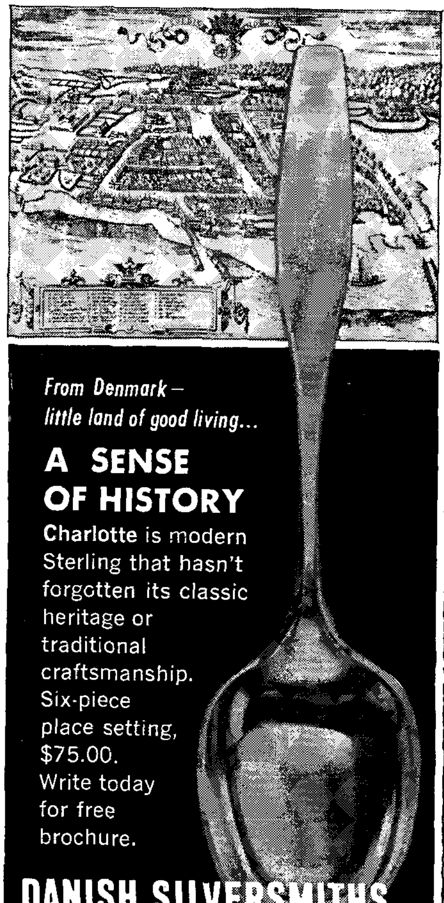

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price for a rhesus was thirty-eight dollars. I wrote back to him, and to all of the other zoo men I'd written to, apologizing for my typographical error and offering rhesus for thirty-six dollars apiece. He didn't answer that one. In fact, no orders came in, but I got a letter from Roland Lindemann, of the Catskill Game Farm, in Catskill, New York—a well-known animal breeder and dealer—asking, 'Who are you, what are you doing, and what do you know about animals?' I replied that I dealt in rare animals of exceptionally fine quality. One day, Lindemann showed up at my office. Waiting for me, he heard the people there talking about ingots, textiles, sheet metal—all the things the firm dealt in—and he grew more and more puzzled. Still, he waited until I came in, and we had a talk. He told me about his game farm; I told him what I could about the animal aspect of our business. Finally, he said, 'As far as I can see, you know absolutely nothing about animals.' I said, 'Yes, that's true.' He said, 'But you understand business, I suppose. How would I go about getting hold of forty zebras?' Now, at the time I was sending out those letters to zoos I had also written to all the United States embassies abroad, asking them to put me in touch with animal dealers in their countries, and I wrote to a lot of foreign embassies in Washington. I'd had two or three replies from countries in Africa where there are zebras, and I figured that if I sent cables to those people, I could get forty zebras. I said, 'How much?' and he said, 'How do I know?' We talked it over and agreed that he would pay what the owners asked and all the costs of transport—freight, insurance, import duty, quarantine—plus twenty-five per cent. Then I sent my cables, and I got a reply from Arusha, in Tanganyika, the next day, saying they had the zebras, at two hundred and two dollars each. By the time we got them here, the cost would be about seven hundred dollars apiece, plus twenty-five per cent. I signed the contract, and three months later thirty-nine zebras arrived—one had died on the way. It worked out to more than I'd figured—seven hundred and eighty-seven dollars each, plus the twenty-five per cent, which went to the firm, of course, because I was only an employee. Before long, zoos all began asking who the fellow was who had rounded up so many zebras so fast, and I was launched."

Mr. Zeehandelaar smiled. "A year after that first deal, Lindemann came

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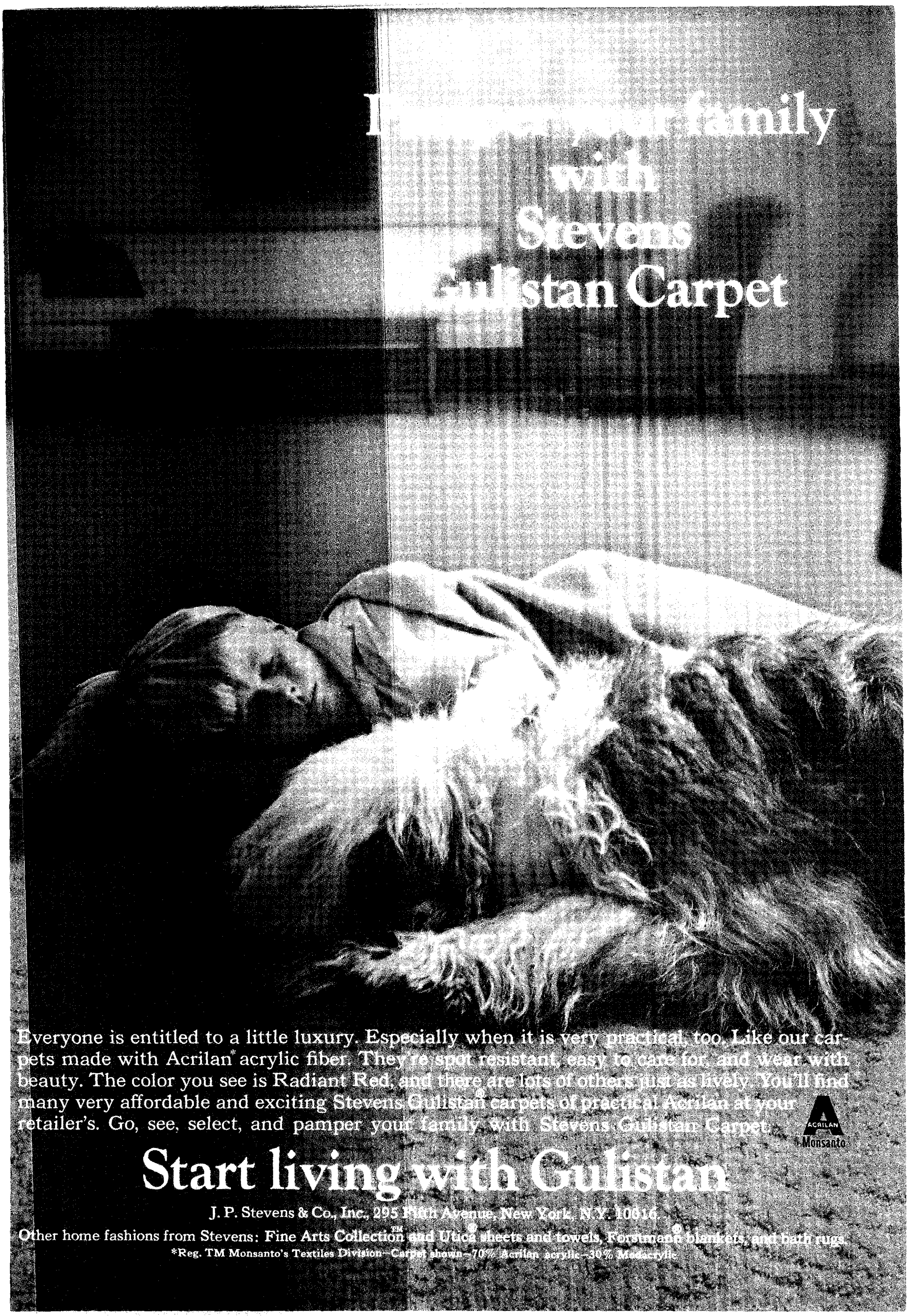

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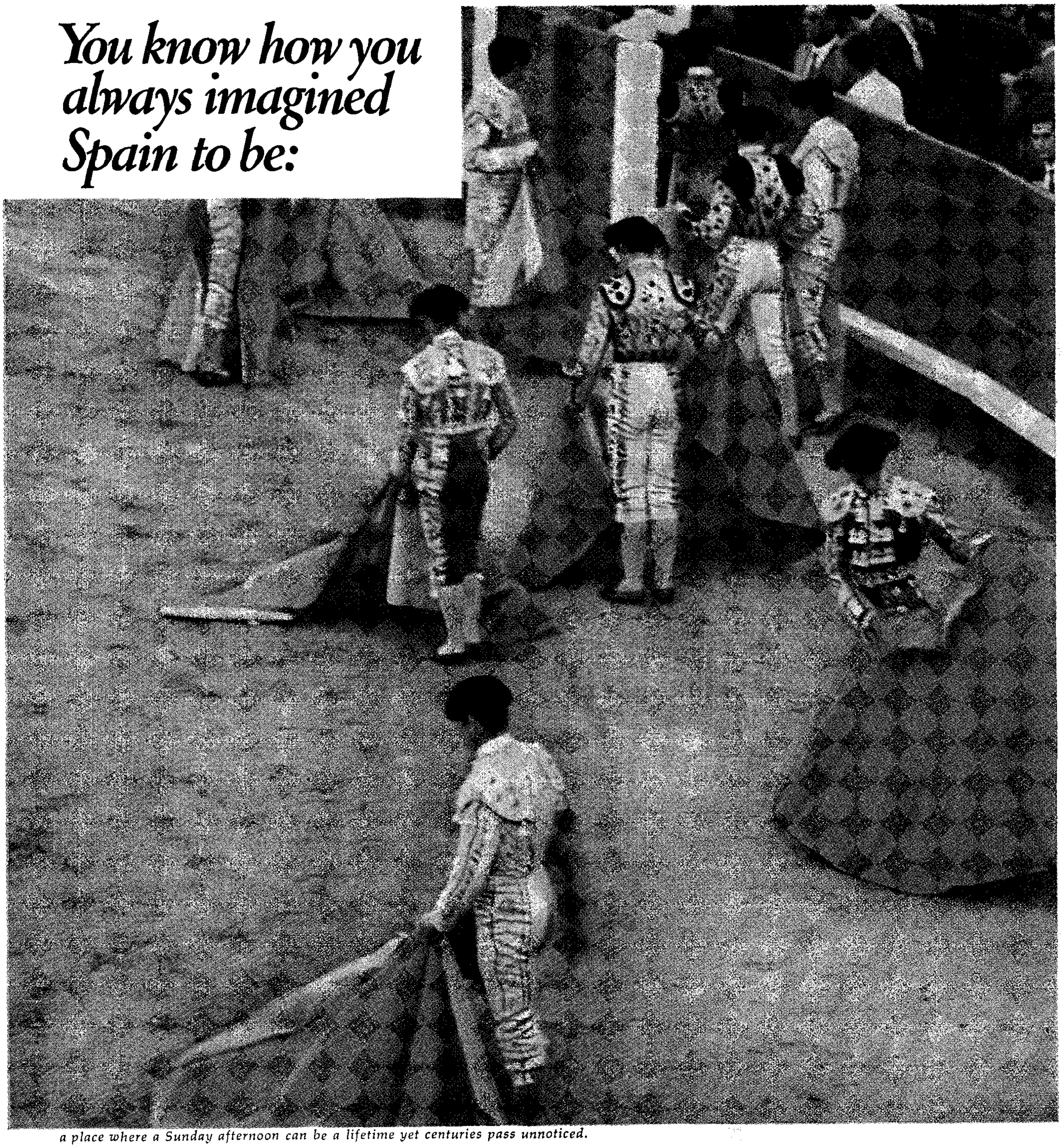

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back and asked me to get him a hundred and forty-six giant red kangaroos. I must have got in touch with every farm in Australia. I got the kangaroos for three hundred and fifteen dollars each, plus the twenty-five per cent. At that time—1954—such kangaroos were worth five hundred dollars, so Lindemann was able to make a fantastic deal selling them elsewhere—something I didn't realize at the time. Then I woke up a little. His orders went on, growing bigger—twenty-six dromedaries, eighty-seven wallabies—until I said to myself, 'He's passing these on to zoos. Why don't I sell to zoos myself?' I went to the zoos and told them I could supply anything they needed. They pooh-poohed me, so I said, 'All right, what do you want? Give me a list of animals you say I can't get—they're the only ones that interest me.' I got my lists, and I admit they included some animals I couldn't get then and can't today. But I supplied ninety per cent of the items. I travelled for the firm for four years, making seventy or eighty thousand a year for them, but we quarrelled because they complained that I was losing them lots of money, and I never got credit or commission for what I earned for them. In 1957, I broke away. At the time, I was living in a two-family house here in New Rochelle. Since then . . ." He broke off with an expressive gesture. Clearly, he no longer lived in a two-family house.

But what of the animals, I wanted to know. Didn't he ever have any direct contact with them?

"Oh, yes," he said. "I go down to see them on their arrival at the docks or the airport, to oversee the formalities. Certainly I see them. I must make sure they are fit, according to contract, and I take a vet with me. But they don't come to New Rochelle. My hobby is communications. I'm communications crazy. My whole business is done by phone, cable, telegraph, and Telex—that's a Western Union tape machine. Zoo people like the setup, because personal contacts are very important in their business, and, remem-

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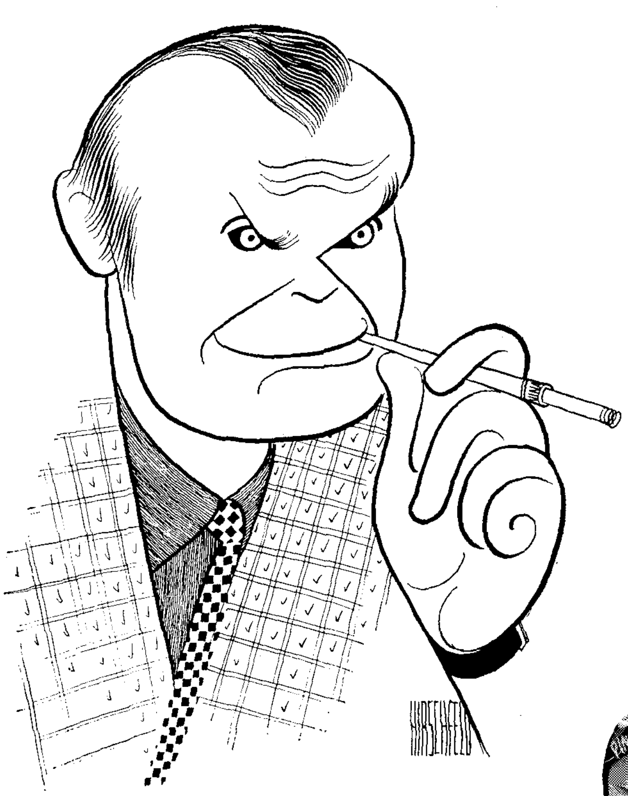

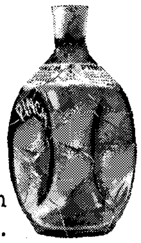

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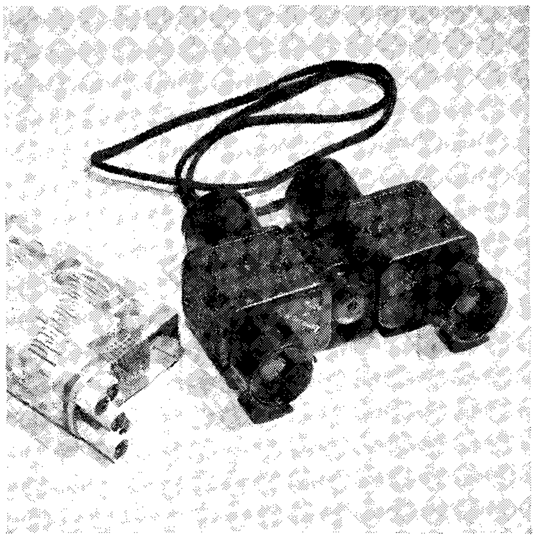

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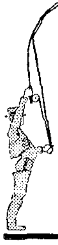

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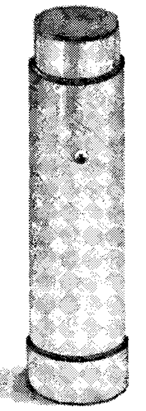
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ber, in the animal trade you're dealing with people who are—ninety per cent of them—totally ignorant about everything but animals. The other ten per cent are the business people—bankers and so on—and so long as they know what you're doing you're all right with them, but I concentrated on the ninety per cent. Keeping in touch with everybody is indeed necessary. I tell them, 'Zeehandelaar will take care of you. No Wall Street mongers are in on this.' They like that. There's nobody in the business who doesn't know me. They don't all like me—some hate me—but that's all right, as long as they speak about me."

Before I left, Mr. Zeehandelaar handed me a batch of clippings. One was from an August, 1963, copy of the New Rochelle *Standard-Star*, and it showed a photograph of Mr. Zeehandelaar standing beside a baby elephant, with the caption "Importer Fred J. Zeehandelaar with one of his 'grandchildren.' The New Rochelle wild-animal fancier says he considers all offspring of animals he has imported as if they were his own grandchildren."

—EMILY HAHN

(*This is the third of a series of articles. The fourth will appear in an early issue.*)

•

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•

The Newcomers are wives of newly-appointed members of the Faculty. During the year they gather in various groups, organized about their individual interests. In the spring Mrs. Pusey invites all the Newcomers to the Presidential residence for a farewell party.—*Harvard Alumni Bulletin.*

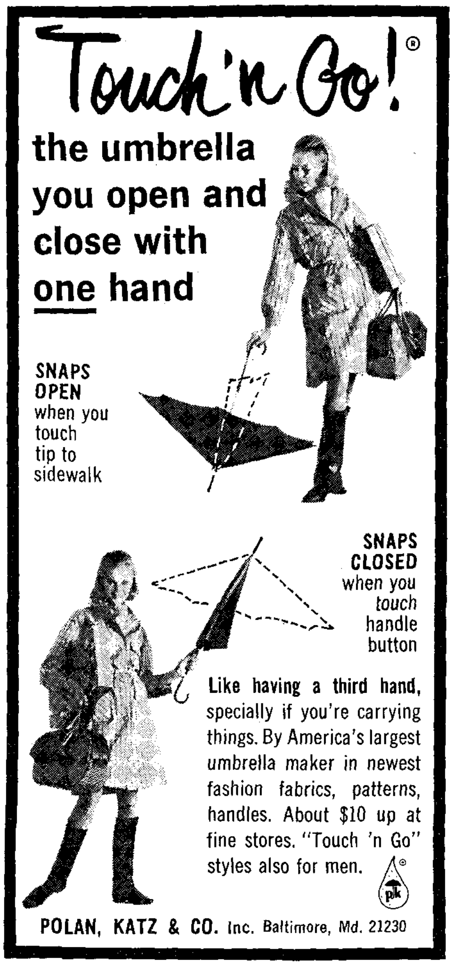
And their husbands still don't know what happened.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Washington Post*]

However, there appeared to be what officials referred to as "two schools of thought" within the Administration about the wisdom of meeting Latin requests for modern U.S. weapons. One school feels that the U.S. should refuse such requests since the Latins would buy the equipment elsewhere anyway. The other school argues that the U.S. should refuse as a matter of principle.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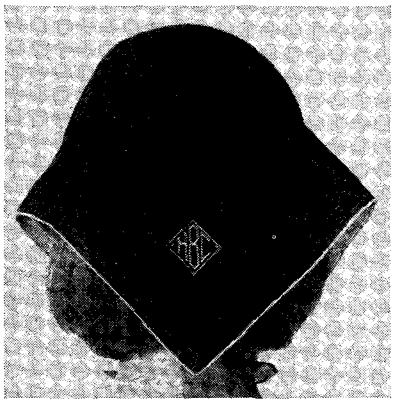
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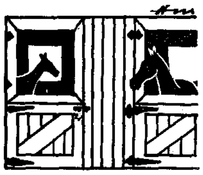
THE RACE TRACK

Make Way for the Captain's Gig



THOUGH the Futurity has lost the glamour that clung to it in the old days at Belmont Park, its seventy-eighth renewal at Aqueduct last Saturday was a sizzler. Running for only the fourth time, Captain's Gig won it by three lengths from Vitriolic, the odds-on favorite, in 1:15⅘—the fastest six and a half furlongs ever run over the course. Only six colts went to the post—a far cry from the years when a score of two-year-olds thundered down the Belmont straightaway. Vitriolic impressed the paddock dilettantes, but the one who caught my eye was Au Secours, a big, handsome fellow worth keeping in mind. Captain's Gig looked remarkably fit and ready, and from a quick start he and Exclusive Native went together head and head until the latter weakened with a furlong to go. And no wonder, for the first quarter was run in 0:22⅗, the second in 0:23⅕, and the third in 0:23⅘. At such a pace, one or the other had to crack. Vitriolic, who began slowly, finished fast, but not fast enough to close the gap. It was the third successive time that a colt from the Wheatley Stable-Phipps establishment has been second in this blue-ribbon event; last year Bold Hour beat Successor by half a length, and in 1965 Priceless Gem beat Buckpasser by the same margin.

Owned by Harry F. Guggenheim, who was winning his second Futurity—his first was with Never Bend in 1962—Captain's Gig is a dark-bay or brown colt by Turn-to out of Make Sail. At first glance, you'd say he was black, and he is by no means lacking in the conventional good looks known as quality. Perhaps he's slightly on the small side, but to make up for any shortcomings in that direction he has a smooth, powerful way of galloping and a first-rate turn of speed. His initial start was at Saratoga in the middle of August and his next the first week at the Big A, both of which he won. Then he was beaten by a nose. His earnings total $101,343, of which $90,493 was first money in the Futurity. Incidentally, that race was the first major success with the Cain Hoy horses for trainer Roger Laurin, who

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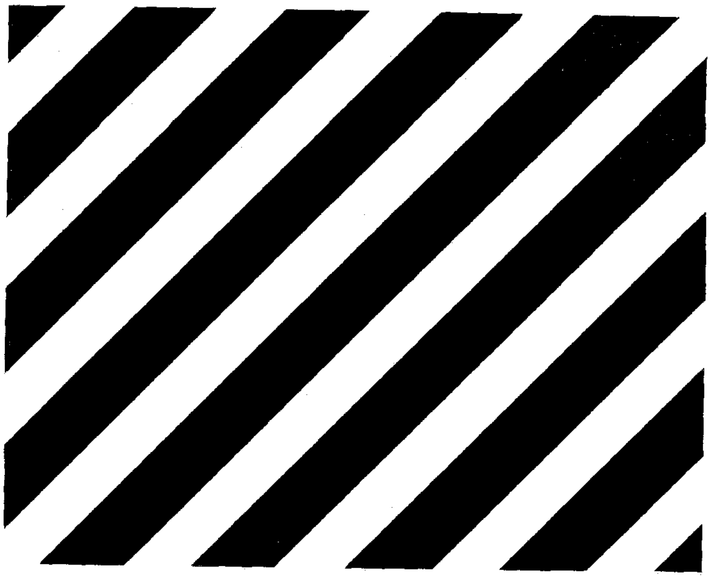

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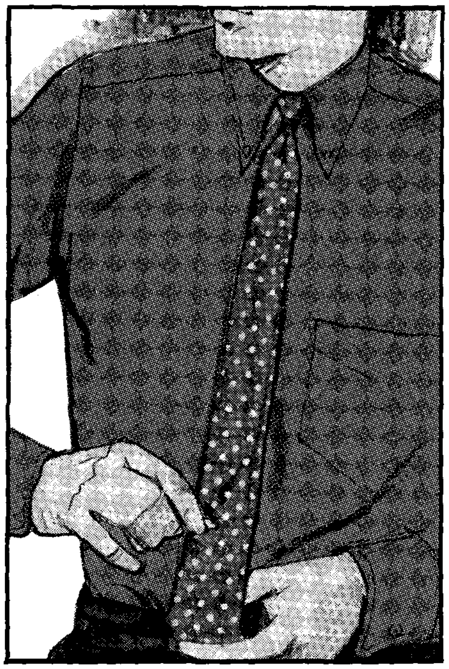

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took charge of the stable in the autumn of 1965.

Just an old pushover for unbeaten Queen of the Stage, I thought she should have started in the Futurity, and I wasn't the only one who had that notion. However, in view of the way Captain's Gig ran, I'm glad Eddie Neloy reserved her for the Frizette Stakes a week from Saturday.

AS expected, Ring Twice, who had run with Buckpasser and Damascus, had no difficulty in dealing summarily with the field he met in the Stymie Handicap earlier in the week, winning by lengths from Spoon Bait, Moontrip, and eight others. An aftermath of the race was the suspension of Ycaza, who rode Gala Performance, for rough riding. But for the penalty, he would have been on Captain's Gig, who was ridden by Shoemaker. You may remember that Ycaza, who is under contract to Cain Hoy, didn't ride Never Bend in the 1962 Futurity, either; he'd been set down at Arlington Park, and again Shoemaker got the mount. Speaking of jockeys, Cordero rode the first three and the last two winners on Futurity day.

DOWN at Atlantic City last week, Flit-to won the United Nations Handicap in the closest four-horse finish in the annals of that event. The margins as he, Assagai, Munden Point, and Fort Marcy passed the post were a neck, a nose, and a head. Later, Munden Point's number was taken down because he had blocked Fort Marcy in the stretch. Flit-to, who carried 110 pounds—twelve less than Assagai and fourteen less than Pretense, who wound up next to last—started off slowly but, moving up around the stretch turn under a hustling ride by Woodhouse, passed the leaders in the last fifty yards. A four-year-old by Turn-to out of Countess Fleet, he is owned by Robert Lehman and trained by Jim Conway, who developed such runners as My Request, Miss Request, Pucker Up, Primonetta, and Chateaugay. Maybe Conway has something here.

THE Woodward Stakes, weight for age at a mile and a quarter, will be run at Aqueduct this weekend. The probable starters are Buckpasser, Handsome Boy, Damascus, Dr. Fager, and, I suppose, Pretense. You pick it.

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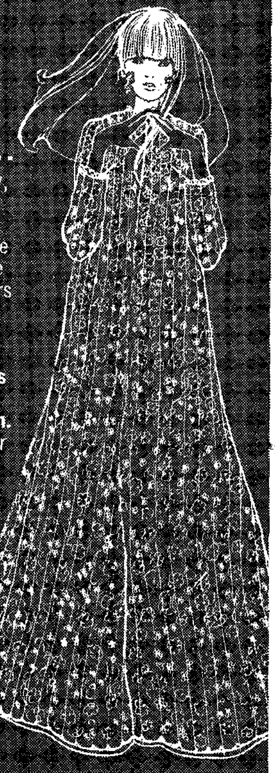

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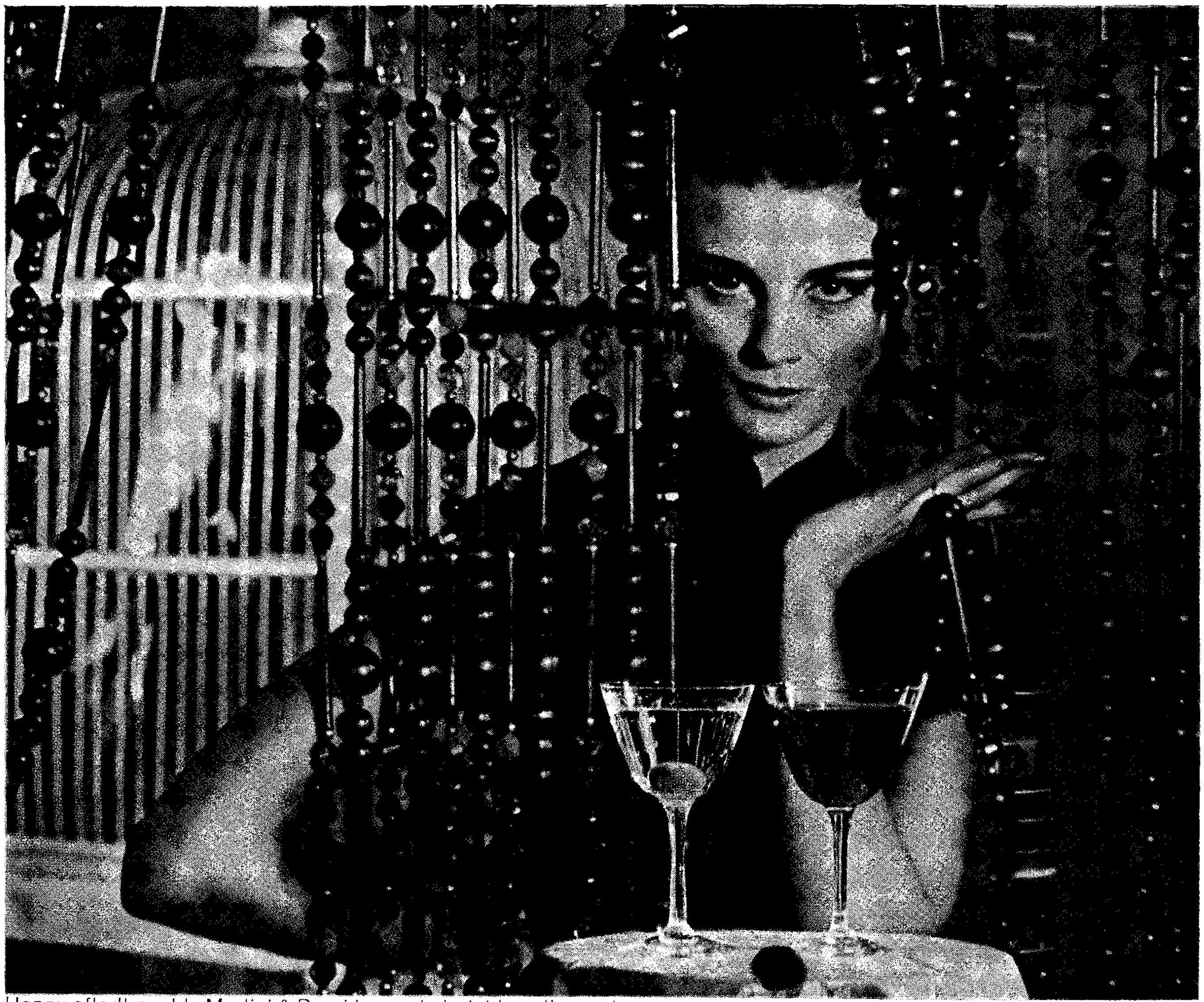

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THE AIR

A Day in the Life

SAIGON

ONE Thursday morning recently, very early—about six o'clock—but with the sun already up and the air already sticky and warm, John Laurence, who is twenty-seven years old and a correspondent with C.B.S. News, pulled himself out of bed at the slick but not notably comfortable Marine-built press center at Danang, put on his green combat fatigues, filled up his two canteens with purified water in the kitchen, and, together with his cameraman, a twenty-five-year-old named Keith Kay, and his sound man, a thirty-one-year-old Vietnamese named Pham Tan Dan, headed off in the direction of Con Thien, a Marine artillery outpost three-quarters of a mile south of the Demilitarized Zone. Con Thien isn't very far from Danang—about a hundred miles—but it is hard to get to nowadays. Laurence and his crew took one of the big C-130 transports that make regular thirty-minute flights to the Marine base at Dong Ha, then boarded a truck in a convoy that leaves Dong Ha each morning on the westerly route along what's still called Route 9, toward the village of Cam Lo. There were about twelve vehicles in the convoy, mostly trucks, and mostly carrying ammunition, food, water, mail, and some Marines who had been on leave or in hospitals and were being returned to duty at the artillery batteries. Laurence rode in an open truck with a dozen Marines, his sound man, Dan, nearby, and Kay, the cameraman, perched on the cab, half-leaning against a machine gun mounted there. The young Marines read the comics from last Sunday's paper and talked easily among themselves. One asked Laurence what he was doing there, and he said he was going out to do a show about Con Thien.

"When's it going to be on?" the Marine asked.

"With any luck, in two or three days," Laurence said.

A couple of them joked about that. It can take between seven and ten days for letters to go from a soldier in the field in Vietnam to the States, and one man had wanted to write his family and tell them there was going to be a TV show about his base.

"Anyhow, you can't be sure," said Laurence. "You never know what's going to get on."

Another asked him, "What kind of film are you using?"

"Sixteen-millimetre color," said Laurence.

The Marine thought for a moment. "If you're shooting color, you really ought to go down to Khe Sanh, because of the beautiful greens and browns," he said. "You know, they have six different shades of green down there."

After about a forty-minute drive, the convoy stopped at Cam Lo, which was once a village but is now just another Marine artillery battery. The road from Dong Ha to Cam Lo is reasonably safe these days (except at night), but the road from Cam Lo north to Con Thien hasn't been so successfully pacified as yet. There had been two ambushes within the last ten days—some Marines had been killed in the first one—so the convoy waited for two tanks and two ONTOS (an ONTOS is a track vehicle, a little smaller than a tank, mounting a cluster of six 106-mm. rifles, six 50-calibre spotting rifles, and one 30-calibre machine gun) to come up and join it. During the ride from Dong Ha, Laurence had noticed a seemingly introspective young Marine, sitting toward the front of the truck, who had something written on the back of his flak jacket, and while they were stopped he asked him about it. The Marine—Corporal Edward Broderick—said it was a poem he'd written a few months before. Laurence asked him if he would recite it on camera. The Corporal nodded. Kay clambered down from the cab of the truck, Dan adjusted his sound equipment, and Laurence held the mike.

"I don't know that I can remember it right off," the Corporal said, looking at Laurence's mike.

"Well, try it once on your own," said Laurence.

The Corporal took off his flak jacket, read the poem, then put the flak jacket back on again. "O.K.," he said.

Kay's camera started whirring. The Marine stared straight ahead and recited. "When youth was a soldier," he began, his voice low and flat, "and I fought across the sea,/We were young and cold hearts, of bloody savagery,/Born of indignation, children of our times,/We were orphans of creation, and dying in our prime." Everyone in the truck was very silent.

Kay was shooting back through Laurence and the Corporal to the other trucks in the convoy.

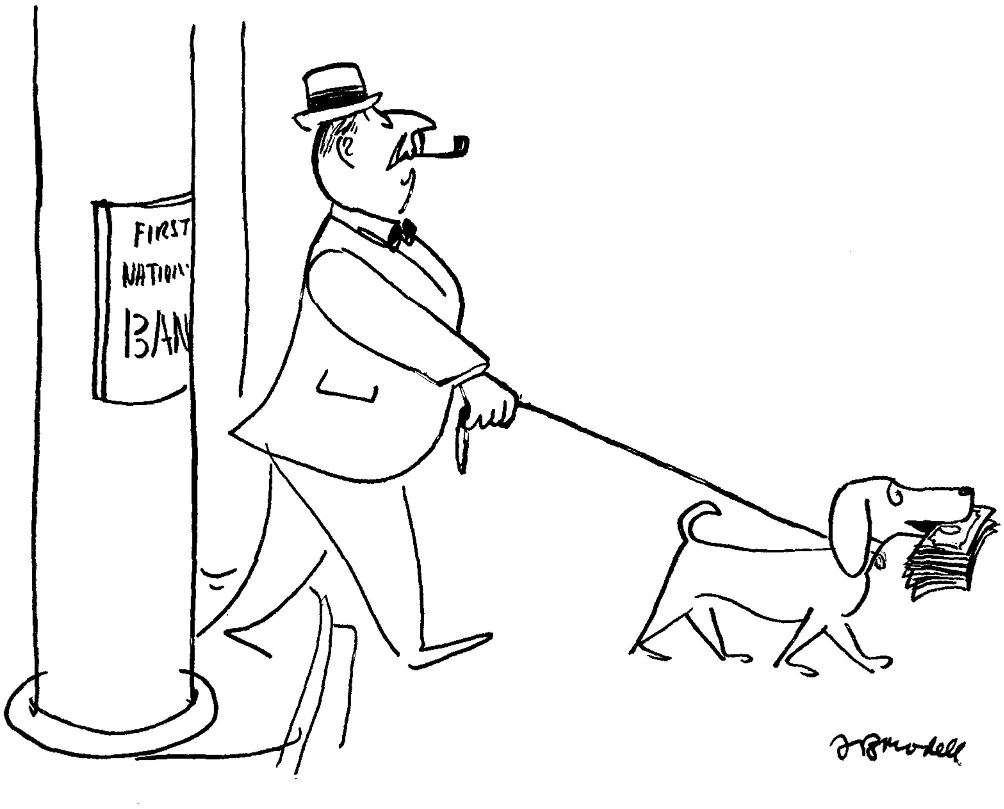
"What made you write that poem?" Laurence asked.

"Well, just the way things are," the Corporal said. He then went on to say some things about how it was better anyway to be in the front lines at Con Thien than back at some base camp like Danang.

Laurence asked him what his overriding feeling about the war was right now.

The Corporal thought for a moment. "Better to be fighting the Communists here than fighting them back in San Diego," he said.

Two tanks appeared, rumbling down the road from Cam Lo, and



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Laurence called to Kay that he was going to try to do an "open" (meaning an opening for the film piece) before the convoy got under way.

"We don't have much time," Kay said.

"I'll ad-lib it," Laurence said. He moved to the seat in the truck that was nearest the tailgate. Kay once again took up his station near the cab and started up his camera. Laurence, still holding the mike, stared at the floor for a moment. "The convoy for Con Thien goes once a day, and it does not stay long. It is the only source of supply for the Marine outpost on the Demilitarized Zone; it rides the only road that goes there," he began. "The convoy carries food, water, and ammunition, and returns the few men who have been lucky enough to get away for a few days. . . ."

When the convoy started up again, the Marines seemed to be in a changed mood. Some went back to reading comics, but the road was really too bumpy, and for the most part they just sat in silence and stared out at the muddy, reddish-brown dirt on either side of the road, the dry-looking scrub, the rolling, dark-green hills extending into the distance. Shortly, one by one, they started inserting ammunition clips in their M-16s and putting them on safe. Laurence nodded at Kay, and Kay's camera began whirring. Twenty minutes farther on, at a place called Charlie Two, near the entrance to a Marine battery, the convoy passed the burned hulk of a light tank, lying abandoned twenty feet off the road. One of the Marines took hold of Laurence's arm and started telling him about the ambush ten days before (he'd been one of its victims), pointing to where it had happened, describing how the tank had been hit, telling him in an intense, informative way what a serious fight it had been. The men had now stopped every other activity, and were only looking out on either side of the road with peering, impassive faces. The convoy bumped along. The sun grew hotter. For the first time, some of the men began to sweat a little.

AROUND noon, the trucks reached Con Thien—the end of the road. The road points directly toward the camp, then stops at the base of a slight hill. The convoy stopped, and there was a good deal of discussion among the drivers as to how far the trucks should go up toward the camp, because of the accuracy of the enemy artillery across the D.M.Z., and because of the mud, and because many of the trucks

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were carrying ammunition. "Hell, let's take 'em right up," the driver of Laurence's truck said, and the trucks roared up the hill.

Everybody quickly clambered out. Beyond the hill is a shallow valley, and in the valley sit the gun emplacements, just the barrels of the guns showing, the rest hidden behind sandbags, and everything in view—sandbags, terrain (there are no trees, no vegetation, just sandbags, guns, empty shell cases, and boxes of ammunition)—light brown, the color of dry dirt. Laurence and his crew walked down the hill, each man wearing a pack, and Kay and Dan carrying their equipment besides. Laurence asked someone which was the command bunker (since most of the men were either naked to the waist or wearing olive-colored T-shirts, it was hard to tell rank), and the man pointed to the largest bunker in the camp, built right into the side of the hill. The executive officer came out to greet them—a Marine major in his mid-thirties, who seemed a bit tense.

"Hi," said Laurence. "I'm Jack Laurence, of C.B.S. News. We've come up to take pictures of you winning the war up here."

"How long are you planning to stay?" the major asked.

"Oh, just as long as we need to get some action," said Laurence. "A day, a week."

"You really want to spend the night up *here*?" the major said. "We haven't had any press around in about three weeks."

Laurence and his crew threw their packs off outside the bunker and followed the major in. Inside, it was very dark; a few men were sitting silent at tables, with candles for light. Four military-band field radios were squawking. There was a large map standing upright in the center of the bunker, about eight feet high and divided into three panels, like a screen.

"What about something to eat?" Kay whispered to Laurence. "I haven't had anything all morning."

The major walked over. "Come on," he said, "I'll give you a briefing."

Laurence and Kay and Dan stood in front of the big map, and the major pointed out the various places where the battalion's companies were now operating.

A soldier came hurrying in with a message for the major.

"Kilo Company is in contact with snipers," the major said, and showed them where Kilo Company was on the map.

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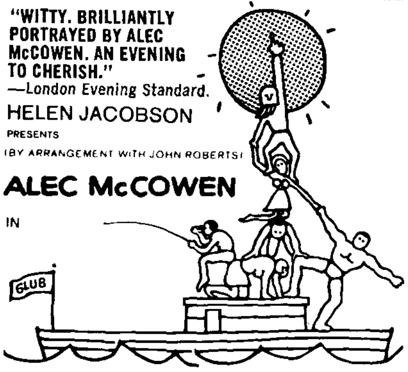

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last, and Laurence, Kay, and Dan (whose Vietnamese face had been stared at suspiciously by some of the officers in the bunker) stumbled out into the sun, where the sergeant major came over and handed them each a can of C rations—in this case, something described on the label as "turkey loaf."

A man in a green T-shirt who had a bright-red mustache came over and introduced himself as Captain Jansen, and began to tell Laurence about how to take cover during an artillery barrage. "Above all, don't follow me when you see me running down the side of the hill," Jansen said. "I like to be off by myself when the shells come in. I have this feeling that the round that has your number on it shouldn't kill anyone else—and I certainly don't want to get someone else's round. Actually, the best thing for *you* to do is watch the other guys. When they start running, hurry after them." Jansen went off to sit on the ground nearby and read *Stars & Stripes*.

Everything seemed relaxed. Laurence took out his pocket compass and fooled around with it. A soldier came up to him and said that Lieutenant Colonel Lee R. Bendel, the battery commander, was still tied up but would be available shortly. Laurence wandered off to take a look around, walking away from the command bunker up toward the top of the hill, and stepping over cast-off shell cases and the ruins of the Colonel's shower, which had been destroyed by an incoming round. At the top, he stood for a moment trying to figure out from his compass where true north was. From a bunker nearby, a voice was saying, "I swear I got the actual word. We're going in four days. Colonel's orders." Other voices chimed in from other bunkers. "Hey, we're getting out. We're getting out of here."

A corporal came up and asked Laurence to come down the hill a bit and see the new infrared radar beam—a large green machine, on the order of a searchlight, that was mounted on a jeep. The corporal explained in a proud manner how the infrared beam worked—you turn it on at night and wear infrared goggles, and then you can see the V.C. when they move across the ground in the dark. Suddenly, in midsentence, the corporal's head turned toward the north. He quickly got down on his knees and seemed to be looking at the ground. He glanced up at Laurence. "Hell, no sense staying out here," he said. "Let's get in a bunker." Laurence and the corporal started walking quickly, then ran. From somewhere, a voice yelled, "Incoming!" There was a large explosion quite far away. Laurence and the corporal tumbled into a bunker where there were about twelve other men. Everyone else seemed very casual.

"I'm Jack Laurence, from C.B.S. News," said Laurence.

"Have a beer," said one of the men.

Some of them were talking about the war, and Laurence took out a small tape recorder and turned it on. "What do you think of the enemy?" he asked.

A big Southern corporal leaned forward. "When we first came up here, we used to call the enemy Victor Charlie," he said. "But now we call him Charles. Mister Charles."

"Lord Charles," somebody else said, and laughed.

The men talked on—with Laurence recording their words—about their frustrating efforts to get at the enemy artillery. "Our shelling don't seem to have much effect, because those enemy guns keep hitting the camp every day," said one. "Often, we get about a hundred rounds a day."

"Why are you crazy enough to come up to Con Thien?" one man asked Laurence.

"You're here," said Laurence. "We might as well tell the people back home how well you're doing."

After about twenty minutes, in which there was no more shelling, the corporal in charge of the infrared radar machine told Laurence it was O.K. to leave. "I'll show you the observation post," he said. They walked toward it—the sun now very hot, everything hot and dry. A voice again yelled, "Incoming!," and Laurence and the corporal ran forward and tumbled into a small, open bunker, with a telescopelike object, a field radio, and two young soldiers all lying on the bottom. This turned out to be the observation post. There was another big explosion, also far away. The two soldiers didn't seem to be frightened, but they both had their heads flat to the ground. A voice came over the field radio. "Do you see where those rounds are coming from?" One of the soldiers raised his head sufficiently to reply to the radio. "No, sir. Don't see a thing," he said, and he grinned at Laurence. "Every time we get incoming, that lieutenant calls on the radio and asks us if we see where it's coming from, and every time we say, 'No, sir, we don't see a thing.' The fact is, those damned guns of theirs are firing from the back slopes in the D.M.Z., and they're too far

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away and too well camouflaged for us to do much about them."

After ten minutes or so, when the shelling again seemed to have stopped, Laurence got out of the observation post and ran back to the command bunker to look for Kay and Dan. Colonel Bender was there. Kay was seated on the floor inside the bunker, reloading his camera, and when he had finished plugging it into the battery pack over his shoulder, Laurence and his crew went outside again, quickly following the Colonel, who had muttered something about wanting to get a "better vantage point" from which to see his two companies. The better vantage point turned out to be on the rim of the same hill Laurence had been standing on earlier, only on the far side, in the direction of the road, away from the camp and out of sight of it. It was a lonely-seeming spot, which had obviously not been much used—at least, not by Americans. Near where they were standing, Laurence spotted five small foxholes dug into the side of the hill. The shelling now seemed to have stopped completely. The Colonel was standing on a small, jutting piece of ground, peering below him through binoculars. "You can see Kilo Company moving down there," the Colonel said. "Look—three fingers to the right of this tree." He pointed. "See them?"

Laurence, who wears glasses, peered below him and, about three-quarters of a mile away, saw a line of Marines walking in the open across a field. Just at that moment, there was a loud, sharp pop, pop, pop-pop-pop, pop, and a few seconds later a string of mortar rounds exploded in a line across the field, in the midst of the Marines. There was a moment of absolute silence.

"Are you sure those are *our* troops?" Laurence asked the Colonel incredulously. "Aren't *we* shelling *them*?"

Some of the Marines in the field could now be seen to run forward, and a few seconds later another barrage of shells exploded, this time making a much deeper sound. Laurence heard Kay's camera whirring, and turned back to him to ask, "How much of that can we get?"

"Just the smoke," Kay said. "The damned lens isn't long enough."

"Well, get a little of the smoke out there," Laurence said. "Perhaps it can be used."

"O.K.," said Kay. "But it's not going to be very clear."

Captain Jansen came up with a field radio on his back and stood beside the Colonel. The Colonel alternately lis-

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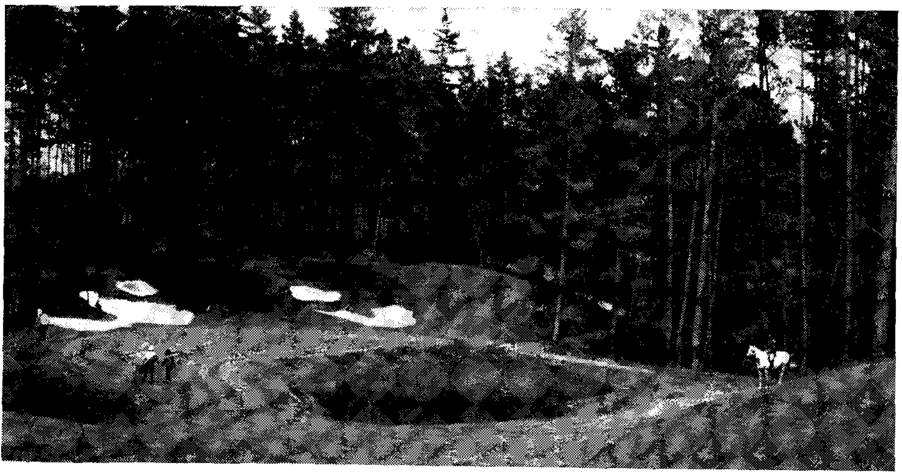

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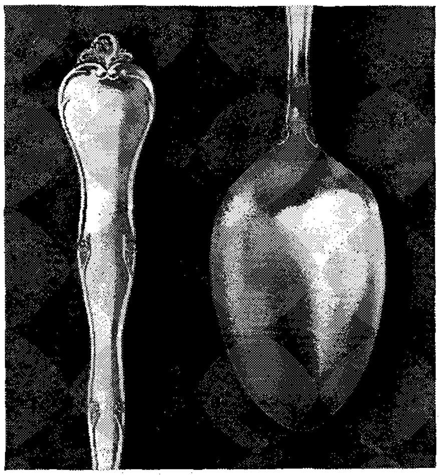

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tened to chatter coming out of the radio and peered down through his binoculars at the again silent field. Laurence dropped on one knee to get out of Kay's picture, and extended his mike toward the Colonel.

"Every time we move, we take heavy fire," a man's voice said over the radio.

"O.K., it looks like we've got the grid on the one that's getting—that you're getting the incoming from," the Colonel replied. "Hold your present positions. I hope you're in holes there as best you can."

Two jets suddenly appeared above the Marines in the field—narrow, pointed F-4Cs, circling at about five thousand feet. Kay aimed his camera toward them. One of the jets went into a dive, came in very low—no more than a couple of hundred feet above the ground—passed over the field, and then climbed again.

"A dud," said Captain Jansen.

The second jet came in and made the same pass, and suddenly the far edge of the field exploded with a black-and-orange flash, and a bright sheet of fire rushed forward very fast.

"Maybe that will show up," said Kay. "But don't count on it."

The radio was now very active, with several excited voices talking back and forth. "We're in very heavy contact here," one man's voice was saying tensely.

The Colonel, speaking calmly, asked the man to tell him which way he was facing and where his platoons were.

"Tell him to make his strafing runs one hundred metres in another direction!" a second voice called.

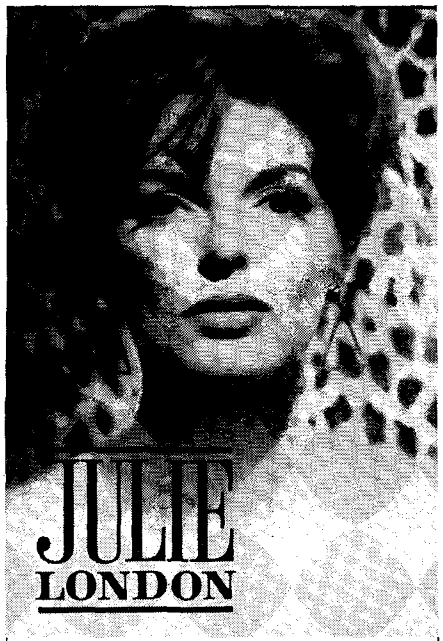
"We're *still* in very heavy contact!" the first voice called.

The Colonel put down his binoculars and held the radio. "O.K., Bill," he said, speaking in a fatherly tone. "Just try to pull your people together and get them linked up to Mike Company. This is still your show."

There was silence for a moment. Then the voice came back: "I think we may have to have help. We might get overrun."

"All right, Bill," the Colonel said, still in a fatherly voice. "I'm going to try to bring Mike Company up to you. I'm positioning tanks to fire in your support. But I *have* to have your coordinates—your position."

Just then, somebody yelled, "Incoming!," and Laurence, who until that instant had been kneeling on the ground beside the Colonel trying to tape the dialogue, jumped into one of the foxholes, and so did Kay and Dan.



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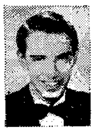

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Kay's camera was still whirring, although he was holding it to cover his face. A shell exploded somewhere on the other side of the hill. Laurence looked over the edge of the foxhole and saw the Colonel and his staff all flattened out on the ground, the radio chattering but none of the Marines talking—just olive-green backs on the ground.

"We've *got* to get some of this," Laurence said to Kay.

Kay raised his head from the foxhole and pointed his camera at the Colonel and his staff. At that moment, Captain Jansen turned his head and saw Kay, and then immediately the staff jumped to its feet as several shells burst with great thumping noises. The Captain organized the staff into separate foxholes. Laurence moved forward into the foxhole now occupied by the Colonel and Captain Jansen, and motioned to Kay to continue taking pictures. The artillery barrage was coming in steadily, with two or three very loud, ground-shaking explosions at a time. The staff were all crouched low in the foxholes, except for the Colonel, who was standing up, with one foot on the edge of the hole, and leaning forward. Laurence huddled low over his microphone and spoke in a soft voice: "You don't spend long in Con Thien before the action starts. Some time ago, two companies from the battalion defending this outpost ran into enemy contact, and it has become increasingly heavy. Colonel Bendel is watching the action less than a mile away and moving his troops into position."

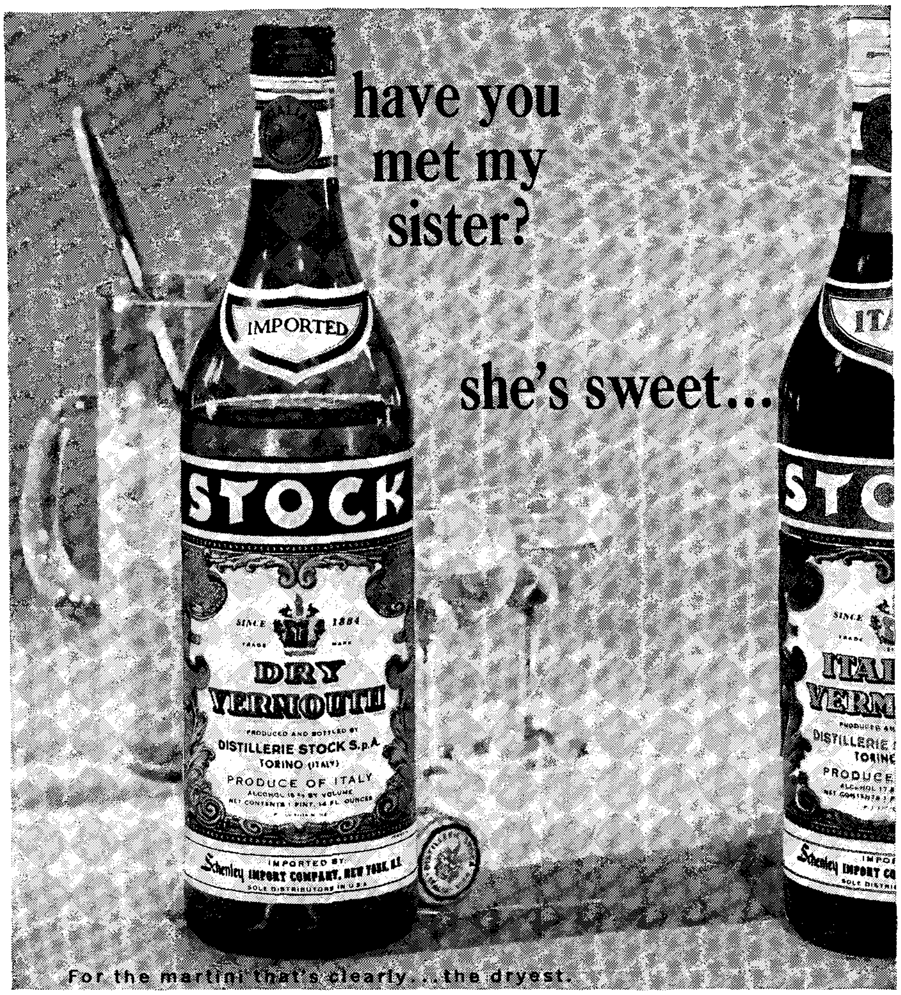
"O.K., look," the Colonel was saying to an officer who had come up. "Do you see where that smoke is?"

"Yes, sir."

"That far, where the shells landed, is about three hundred metres," the Colonel was saying. "Right where that big tree is out there, three hundred to four hundred metres southeast."

The noise from the battlefield now became very intense as the air strikes continued: a loud roaring of jet engines, sounds of gunfire and machine-gun fire, the constant explosions of the shells, and then some strange little buzzing sounds, which, Jansen explained to Laurence, were made by bullets going by very close. The Colonel, who was on the radio again, trying to get Mike Company to move around toward Kilo Company, also appeared a little mystified and irritated by the buzzing. "Don't worry about them," said Jansen. "They're almost spent."

In the middle of the shelling, a ma-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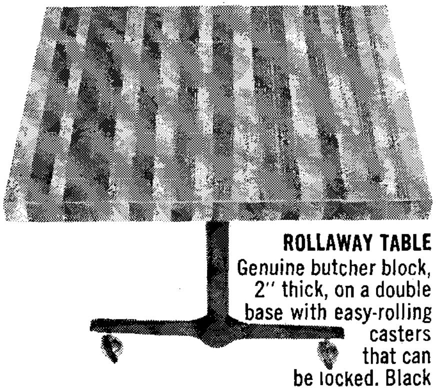

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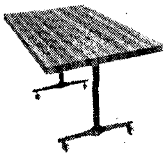

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jor appeared, running across the hill. "I've got to have those coördinates!" he yelled. "I *can't* fire if I *don't* have those coördinates!"

The Colonel repeated the request over the radio, and a voice came back apologetically: "I didn't have my map, but I have it now. I'm trying to figure where we are."

The major turned to go back, caught his foot on the wire running between Laurence's mike and Dan's sound box, and sent the mike spinning out of Laurence's hand and across the ground. "Goddam wire!" he said.

The Colonel turned. "Look, some of you people just move on back."

"You're all right where you are," Jansen said to Laurence.

Kay, in the meantime, had run back to the command bunker to get some more equipment, and was now crouched in his foxhole trying to change film inside his changing bag—a black cloth affair with two sleeves in which he had inserted his arms. It took about five minutes, and he finished just as a fresh barrage hit, apparently right inside the camp.

More and more bullets were now buzzing by. The Colonel continued to stand with one foot on the edge of the foxhole. Jansen was seated on the edge. Laurence got up beside Jansen, and, with Kay's camera on the three of them, again spoke softly into the mike. "That whistling sound you hear is incoming artillery fire," he said. "You may actually be able to see it landing."

Kay somehow overheard him and quickly panned his camera from right to left, and just at that point four artillery rounds burst, with great crashes, inside the camp. The Colonel looked around. "Let's make sure we spread out here," he said.

"That one landed about one hundred and fifty yards away," Laurence said into his microphone, and then glanced back and saw that Kay was furiously taking his camera case apart.

"Goddam camera won't work!" Kay yelled to Laurence. In a moment, he had it working again.

Two helicopters came into view and landed beside the camp, their engines roaring, the dust blowing up around them. Soldiers appeared from within the camp carrying men on stretchers—men who had been wounded by the artillery bombardment. Kay's camera was rolling on them; then, once again, he stopped and began to pull his camera apart. This time, it wouldn't start up again. Kay was cursing and muttering as he and Dan crouched in their fox-

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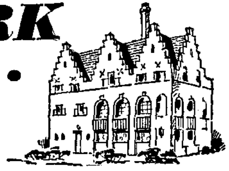

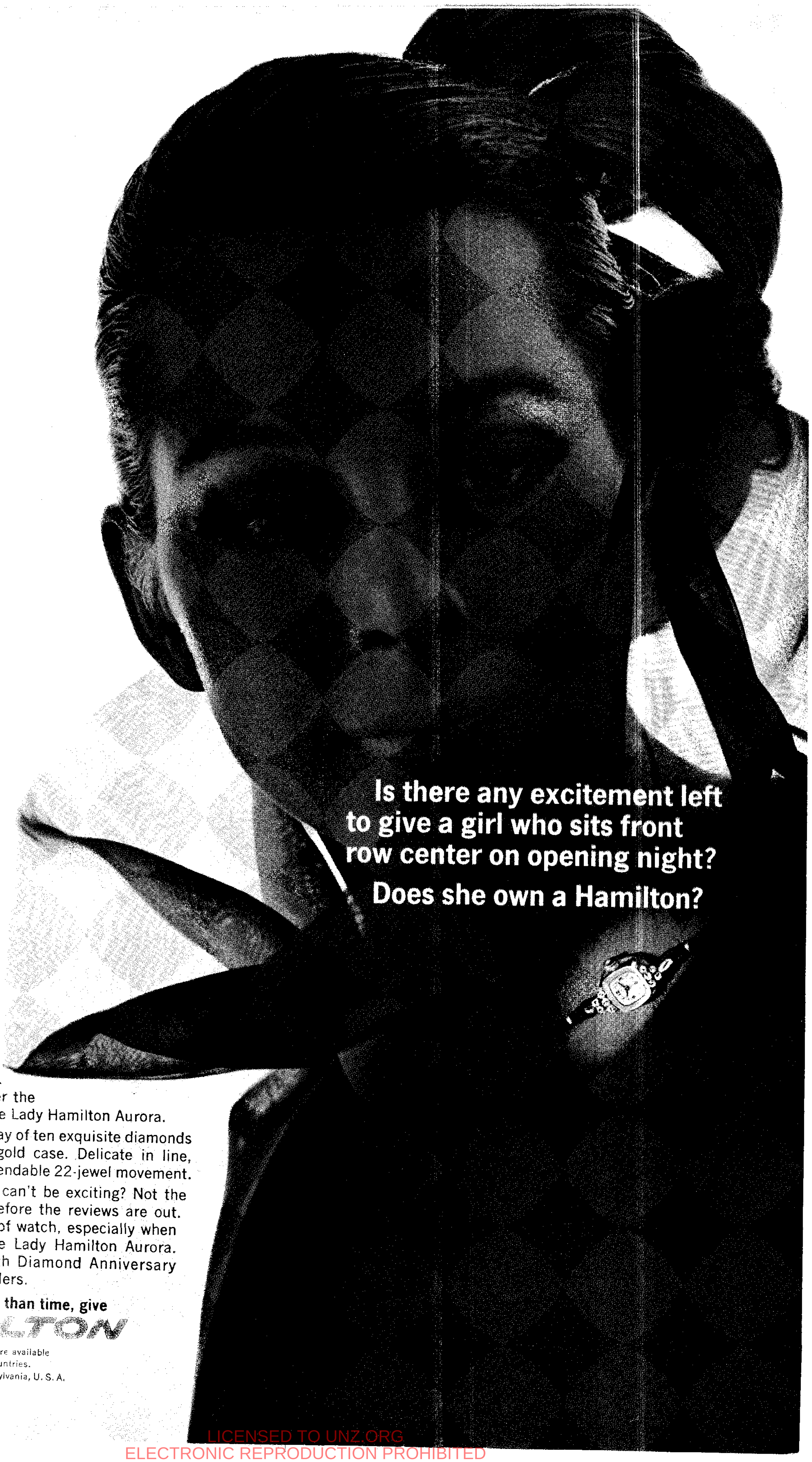

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hole, pieces of Arriflex littered around them.

"What is it?" Laurence called.

"It's the battery pack," said Dan. "It's out of power."

Kay and Dan continued to fiddle with the camera. More shells landed nearby. Captain Jansen remained seated on the edge of the foxhole. One shell landed very close by, shattering the ground, and sending off shock waves. Laurence, with nothing to do and suddenly edgy, tumbled back into the hole. "It's O.K.," Jansen said to him. "It's not close enough to hurt you, and the next shell won't be in on top."

Kay called to Laurence that the :amera was really dead.

"Are you sure?" Laurence asked.

"I'm sure," said Kay.

"If you want to get out of here, you :an go back with the convoy," Jansen ·aid.

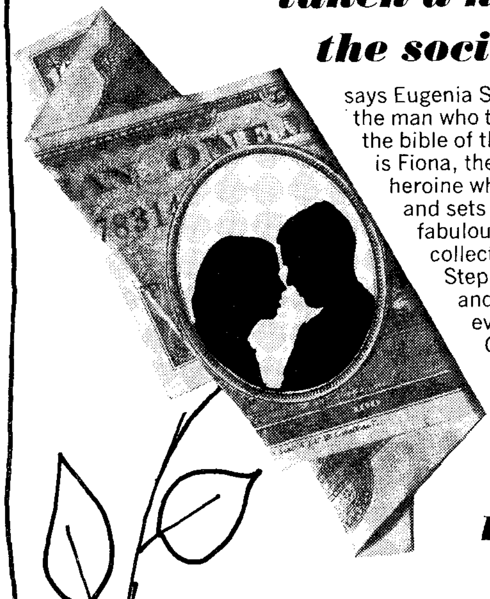
Laurence considered for a moment. 'O.K.," he said. "I guess we will."

The three C.B.S. men got all their ear together, while the Colonel went n directing Mike Company up to a osition on Kilo Company's flank. 'Now, if you'll just get everyone nked up . . ." the Colonel was saying ıto the radio. Jansen formed Lauence, Kay, and Dan into a line, spaced bout ten feet apart, and walked them own the side of the hill toward the oad. The Colonel looked at them over is shoulder. "That's a real fine squad ou got there, Jansen," he said. Jansen, eeming embarrassed, waved at him. ust as they neared the foot of the hill, nother incoming round came in, and ney all dived into a tiny three-foot-eep pit, sprawling on their backs on op of each other—except for Jansen, 'ho sat on the edge, remarking, "I'll now when it's going to hit us." An ıcredibly loud explosion burst nearby, ıaking the ground shake, and they all oked up, to see that a fire had started the midst of a stack of wooden ates containing 105-mm. ammunion.

A sergeant appeared, running. It 'as the convoy sergeant, who had just ought the ammunition up. "If that uff blows, we're dead," he said.

A lieutenant also appeared on the ın. "Get back! Get back!" he yelled. It's going to blow!"

A number of men rushed out of the earby bunkers and ran away from the re. No one had told Laurence what do, and he stood transfixed beside ansen, who continued to sit still, 'atching. A Marine with a small and-held fire extinguisher appeared riefly, made some dancing motions



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toward the fire, and then sped off.

A captain appeared a little distance away, yelled, "*Everybody in the hole!*," and disappeared.

The fire continued to blaze.

"For Chrisake!" the convoy sergeant said. "*Somebody's* got to put it out!"

"Incoming!" a voice yelled, and this time Laurence and Jansen both dived into the tiny hole with the others. When they stuck their heads up again, the convoy sergeant was walking back across the ground toward them holding an empty five-gallon water can. "Fire's out," he said. He dropped the can on the ground. "If you're all coming with me," he said, "let's get the hell out of here." He pointed to a jeep about fifty yards away and started to run toward it.

Laurence, Dan, and Kay chased after him, their packs bouncing on their backs. The sergeant clambered into the jeep, which was a small one, and the others began to fall in after him.

A voice in the distance yelled, "Incoming!"

"Everybody in?" the sergeant called, starting to pull away as Laurence dived into the back, his legs sticking out behind the tailgate. A couple of shells landed nearby—great crunches. The sergeant had his foot all the way down on the accelerator and was tearing across the terrain—skidding, turning, with all four wheels sometimes leaving the ground as they hit a bump—muttering incessantly, "Don't worry. We're going to make it." A huge explosion hit just behind, shaking the jeep. "Goddammit, they're trying to get us," he said, and added excitedly, "But they're gonna have to catch us!" He pushed the accelerator to the floor again and, reaching down between the legs of the man beside him—it was Kay—picked up a submachine gun and handed it back to Laurence, saying, "Hey, kid, know how to use this?"

Laurence took the gun, looked at it in bewilderment, and passed it to one of the soldiers, who put it on the floor beside him. Two more loud explosions hit, off to one side of the jeep. The sergeant was driving at top speed, the jeep screeching around the curves of the hill. In a couple of minutes, he reached the rest of the convoy—a line of trucks parked at the edge of the road, with Marines standing beside them.

"Everybody onto the trucks!" the sergeant yelled. "Let's get the hell outa here!"

Laurence, Kay, and Dan climbed

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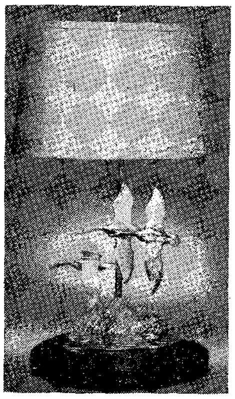

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onto a truck with six or seven Marines, and in a second all the trucks were moving, with Marines hanging on to the backs and sides and being hauled inside by friends. The convoy hurtled south along the road to Cam Lo.

About halfway to Cam Lo, gunfire started from the right side of the road, its source invisible—sharp cracks and pings, a few at first, and then more and more. The Marines fired back as they sped by. One truck was hit and caught on fire. The rest of the convoy reached Cam Lo in forty minutes, and stopped. The sergeant came around the truck to see Laurence. His eyes were very bright, and his right hand was bleeding. "I've had enough today," he said. "I'm not going any farther." He glanced abstractedly at his hand. "Come on and stay with us tonight," he said. "I'll buy you boys a beer." It was about six o'clock.

LAURENCE went into one of the tents, took off his pack, sat down on a bed, and started to write in a small notebook. The sergeant brought him a can of beer, which Laurence placed on the floor beside him, and when he had finished writing he called to Dan, who was just outside the tent setting up his sound equipment, that he was now ready to do the "voice-over," meaning a tape of his voice to be used with various filmed sequences of action. Laurence thereupon took a pillow from ne of the beds, put it in the center f the bed, put his microphone on the illow, and sat down on the edge of he bed.

"Level," called Dan from outside he tent.

"The enemy is one hazard, nature nother. . . ." Laurence said.

"O.K.," said Dan.

Laurence took a breath. "Convoy o Con Thien," he said into the microhone. "Narration. Cameraman, Kay. ound man, Dan." He paused. "The nemy is one hazard, nature another," e began, glancing at the notebook, which was on the bed beside him. "Two days of rain have nearly washed ut the soft dirt road. It will be imassable within a month, with the comig of the fall monsoon. The convoy rrives safely, unloads quickly, and urns around, because the camp is connually under artillery attack." He aused again for a moment. "Every ew minutes, and sometimes every few econds, the guns go off, their guns nd our guns, whistling and pounding with the incessant, methodical efficien-

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cy of a carpenter hammering nails. In the battle outside the camp, at least twenty men are killed on both sides, perhaps a hundred wounded, as each recovers its casualties quickly and prepares for the night of shelling, and the following day of fighting."

THE convoy spent Thursday night in Cam Lo, and the next day it went back to Dong Ha, running into a company of Marines along the way—in a field a few hundred feet off to the side of the road—who were being shelled by rockets. Kay's camera was working again (he had had it recharged with a generator in Cam Lo), and, crouching with Laurence and Dan in a hole by the side of the road, he photographed some of the action—tanks racing out of range, soldiers running—for the few minutes that the shelling lasted. The convoy reached Danang an hour or so later.

Laurence called Edward Fouhy, the C.B.S. bureau chief in Saigon, who asked him to ship the film down to him right away, in the hope of getting it home in time for the Saturday-evening news. Then Laurence ran back inside the C.B.S. hut in the Danang press center and quickly scribbled out a "voice-over close," and, with his mike on the bed, as at Cam Lo, and Dan outside the door with his equipment, recited it in a measured voice: "The next day, on the road to Con Thien, another American company is shelled in an open field a hundred yards ahead, again with amazing accuracy, this time with rockets. One tank is hit, a tread knocked apart, and the rest of the tanks, vulnerable to rockets, pull back out of range. They carry away some of the casualties from the rocket attack—some of the young men the Corporal wrote his poem about." He paused, then added, "John Laurence, C.B.S. News, on the road to Con Thien."

After that, Laurence packed the cans of film and tape in a big yellow net bag and took them to the Danang airbase, where he put them aboard an Air Force flight to Saigon. A C.B.S. man in Saigon rushed them onto the Pan American flight to San Francisco, where they were put aboard a United Airlines flight to New York. The film didn't arrive in time for the Saturday news, so it was shown on Monday night, when it ran for four minutes and prompted a congratulatory telegram to Laurence, Kay, and Dan from Walter Cronkite.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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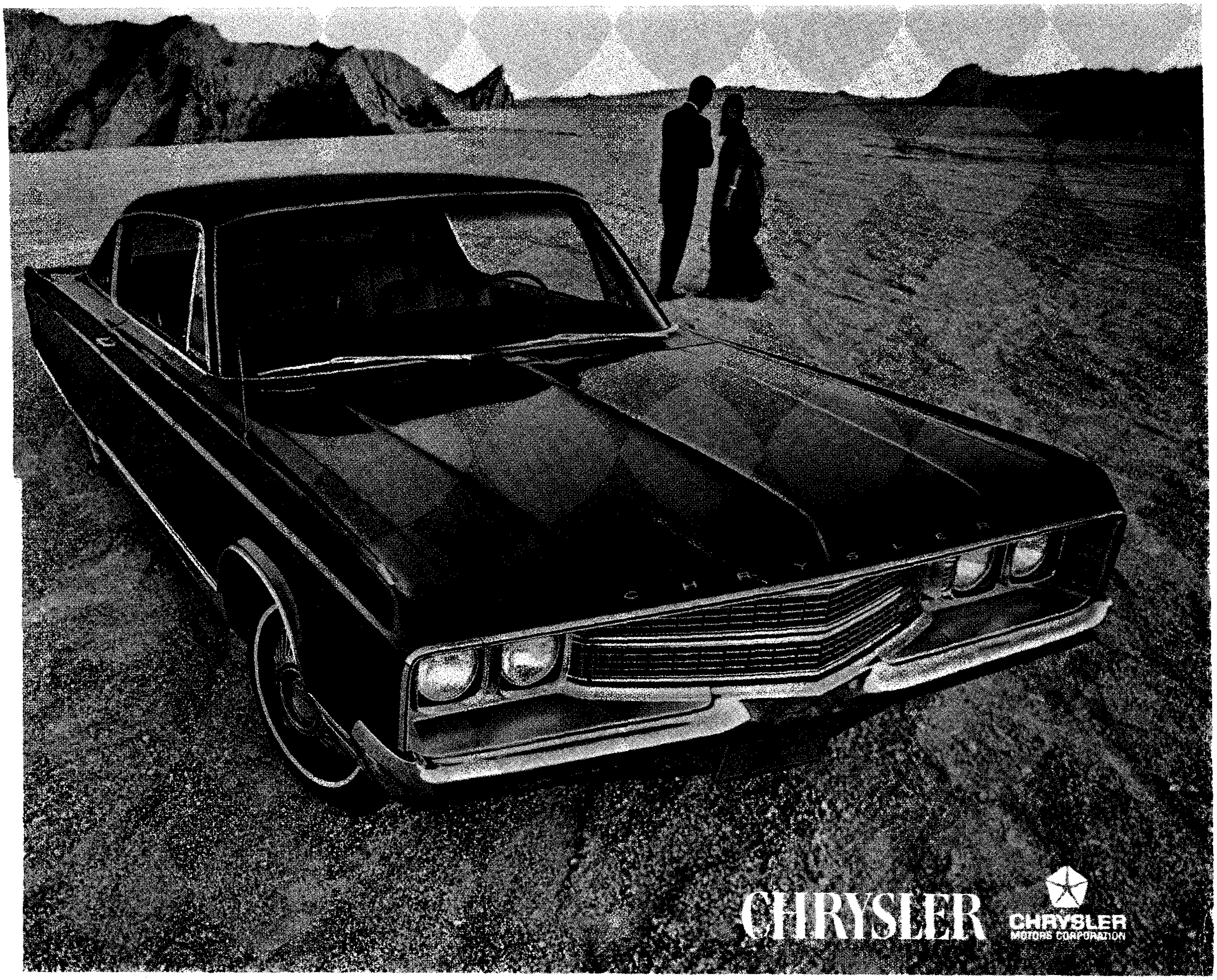

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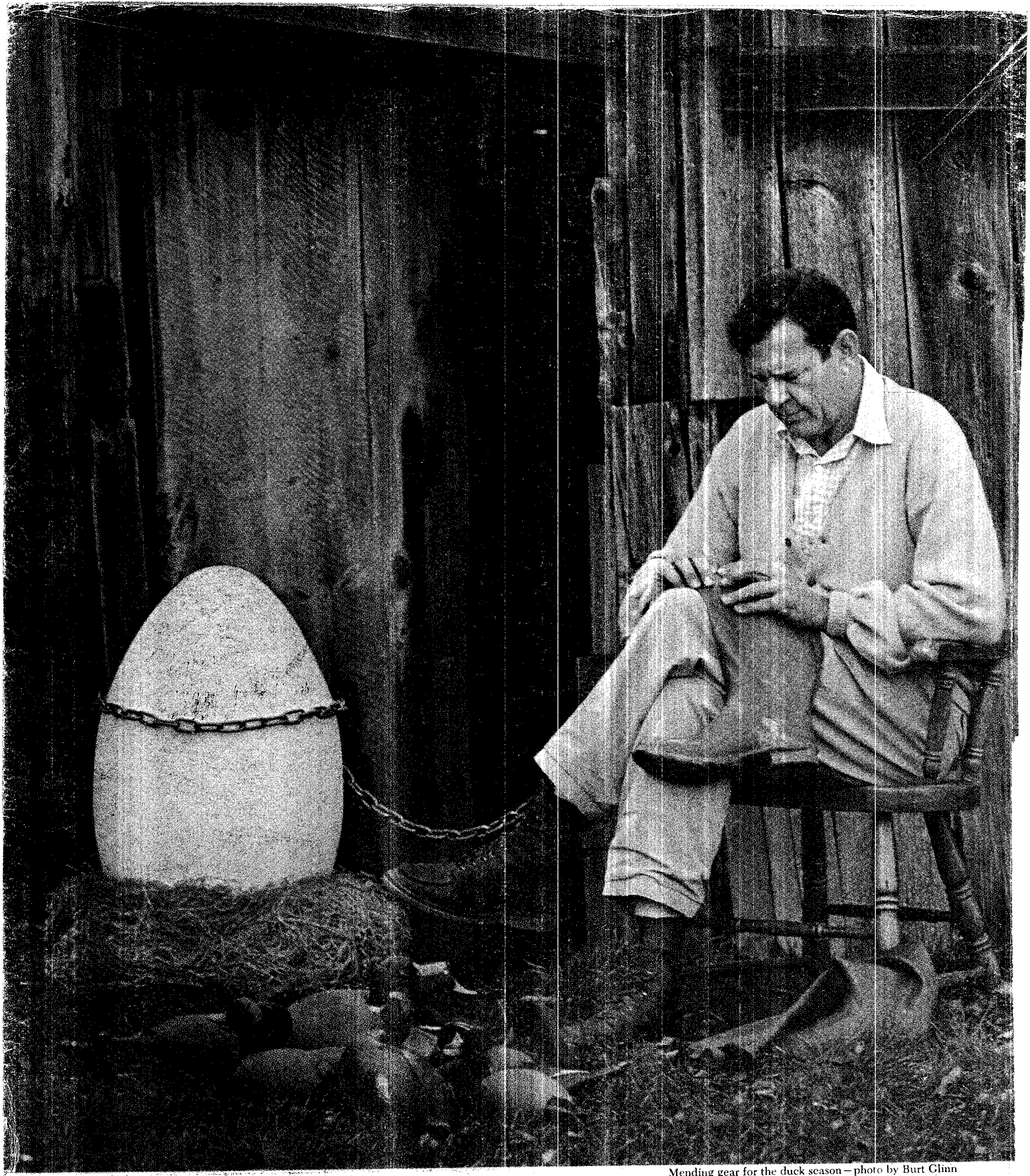

Mending gear for the duck season—photo by Burt Glinn

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